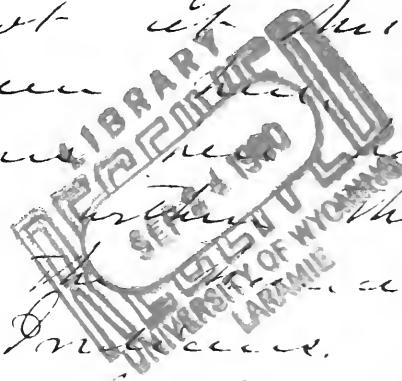


Miss Anna Maria Fletcher

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Annals
of Wyoming
Spring 1974



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KATHERINE HALVERSON

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JOHN W. CORNELISON

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Reproduced on the cover are portions of the first and third pages of the letter written to Amanda Mary Fletcher by General George A. Custer, referred to on page 19. The original letter is part of the private collection of G. M. Brady, Memphis, Tennessee, and is used here with his permission. The full text of the letter is:

“Fort Riley, Kansas
Jan. 27th, 1867

“Miss Amanda Fletcher

“Yours of the 4th inst. came duly to hand. Your sister of whom you make inquiries, is not at this Post nor has she been here. There are two persons here however who saw her within the past two months in the hands of the Cheyenne Indians. The Indian who claims her is a chief called Cutnose. One of the persons who saw her is Lieut Hale of the 7th U. S. Cavalry the other is a guide and rancheman named Comstock who lives near Camp Collins on the Utah road. At the time your sister was seen the party of Indians having her in charge were about two hundred and fifty miles west of this point on the Smoky Hill route to Denver City, near Big Creek a short distance this side of Fort Wallace. This party of Indians has moved northward since, but I suppose could still be found if desirable. The guide Comstock to whom I refer was in the fight in which your sister was taken prisoner near Fort Halleck. He saw your father after the fight was over and states that your father was slightly wounded in one of his arms. He has had a great deal of experience with Indians and is of the opinion that the only and surest way to obtain the release of your sister is to ransom her which would be probably by giving for her one or two horses. I would be glad to assist you in any way in my power.

“Please communicate with me. Your sister was in good health and was kindly cared for by the Indians being considered a great favorite by them.

“Very truly yours
G. A. Custer
Bt. Major General USA
Comdg at Fort Riley”

Amanda Mary and the Dog Soldiers

By

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM

The documents and historical papers which Mrs. Trenholm used in writing this story were acquired in November, 1973, by the Historical Research and Publications Division of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, from Mrs. Farr. The material is now among the historical collections of the Division. Editor.

It was August 5, 1972—107 years and 5 days after the Dog Soldiers attacked the Fletcher family at the Rock Creek Crossing of the old Overland Stage Route, now known as Arlington, Wyoming.¹ Mary Elizabeth Farr and her husband, Judge Merrill R. Farr, had come from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, to piece together the fragments of the story her grandmother, Amanda Mary Fletcher Cook, had told her. They also hoped to find out what became of her great aunt, Lizzie Fletcher, who is known in the history of the West as “the white Indian Girl.”

Mrs. Farr had been unaware that a picture was extant of Lizzie until she discovered it recently in a book on the Arapaho Indians.² She began writing to the author, who invited her to Wyoming to visit the area where the attack took place and the Wind River Indian Reservation where she could meet some of the Arapaho elders who knew her great-aunt and her Indian husband, John Brokenhorn.

1. The location of the Overland Trail (Overland Stage Route) Crossing is 300 feet west of the southwest corner of the northeast quarter of Section 30 Township 19 North Range 78 West of the 6th Prime Meridian, according to information supplied by Peter Goodall, County Surveyor, Carbon County, Rawlins, Wyoming, July 27, 1972. A marker is located in front of the old Arlington summer resort, now called “Wildwood Resort.” The site is where General John Charles Fremont conducted his survey in 1843 and where the Overland Trail and the Cherokee Trail crossed Rock Creek. The Overland Trail originally followed the Oregon Trail, but it was abandoned in 1862, though the telegraph line was built only the year before. It then followed the Cherokee Trail, so called because a band of Cherokee Indians went this route to California during the gold rush. The second Overland Trail, which avoided the Sioux along the North Platte, was also known as the Overland Stage Route.

2. Virginia Cole Trenholm, *The Arapahoes, Our People*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970), following p. 206.

She brought with her a "treasure chest," a metal box containing a legacy of letters and valuable historical documents. These, covering a period of more than 60 years, reveal the life story of Amanda Mary—or Amanda as she was sometimes called—and the events following the tragedy that beset her and her family that ill-fated day in 1865. Her collection forms the basis for this story.

One question uppermost in Mary Farr's mind that day in August was: Why did Jasper Fletcher, her great-grandfather, pull away from the protection afforded by the 75 wagons in his train to risk his life and the lives of his family? She dismissed as romantic nonsense the statement of Sarah Larimer, a Sioux captive, to the effect that Fletcher had a beautiful daughter who fell in love with a young physician with the train.³

According to Mrs. Larimer, "they walked, rode and sang together, after the manner of young people. This," she maintained, "did not coincide with Mr. Fletcher's views of propriety, and he detached his teams from the large train, thus traveling by themselves." There is no record to substantiate this bit of gossip, which seems unlikely since the Fletcher girls were then two and 13 years of age, rather young for a love affair. In her reminiscences, Amanda, the older, considered herself a child at the time of the attack.

Could Jasper Fletcher have been unaware that he was entering dangerous country? This also seems unlikely because recent events were without question discussed among the emigrants up and down the trail. Besides coming in contact with them, he had been among those—perhaps half of the train leaving Omaha—who digressed from the trail for a side trip to Denver, where the family remained "camped on a creek" two weeks.

He went there, it is true, because he was a mining engineer, and the place intrigued him. He had been part owner of extensive mining interests in England before coming to America. In spite of his preoccupation, he must have been aware of what had happened. It is hard to believe that the people of Denver were not still discussing the Sand Creek Massacre, which had taken place only eight months before. Since the massacre had an indirect bearing on the Fletcher story, it should be reviewed briefly.⁴

3. Sarah L. Larimer, *My Captivity and Escape, or Life Among the Sioux*, (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remson, and Haffelfinger, 1870), pp. 149-150.

4. For a most readable account of the incident see Stan Hoig, *The Sand Creek Massacre*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1961). Details and testimonies may be found in "Massacre of Cheyenne Indians," Report of Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, *Senate Report No. 142*, 38 Cong., 2 sess., 1865; "The Sand Creek Massacre," *Sen. Exec. Doc. No. 26*, 39 Cong., 2 sess., 1867; *Annual Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1864, pp. 136-167, 216-257; *The Rocky Mountain News*, April 27, August 24, September 24, and December 17, 1864; June 2 and 24, August 6 and 19, 1865.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the Upper Arkansas—that is, the Southern bands of the two tribes—who preferred to remain at peace were ordered, in the summer of 1864, to report to Agent Samuel G. Colley at Fort Lyon (Colorado⁵). There they were to be safely provided for until the hostile members of the tribes could be subdued. Black Kettle, chief of the Cheyennes, and a few Arapahoes under Left Hand, in compliance with this order, settled down unarmed and subsisting on prisoner rations, in the place specified.

Major E. W. Wynkoop, then officer in command of the First Colorado Cavalry, was stationed at Fort Lyon. When he heard Governor John Evans, of Colorado, state that the Third Regiment of Colorado Troops had been raised "in response to his representation to kill Indians, and Indians they must kill," he ordered the friendlies to bring their women and children nearer Fort Lyon for protection.⁶ Because of his sympathetic attitude toward the Indians, Wynkoop was transferred elsewhere early in November, and Major Scott J. Anthony, who had charge of the First Colorado Cavalry, was placed in command.

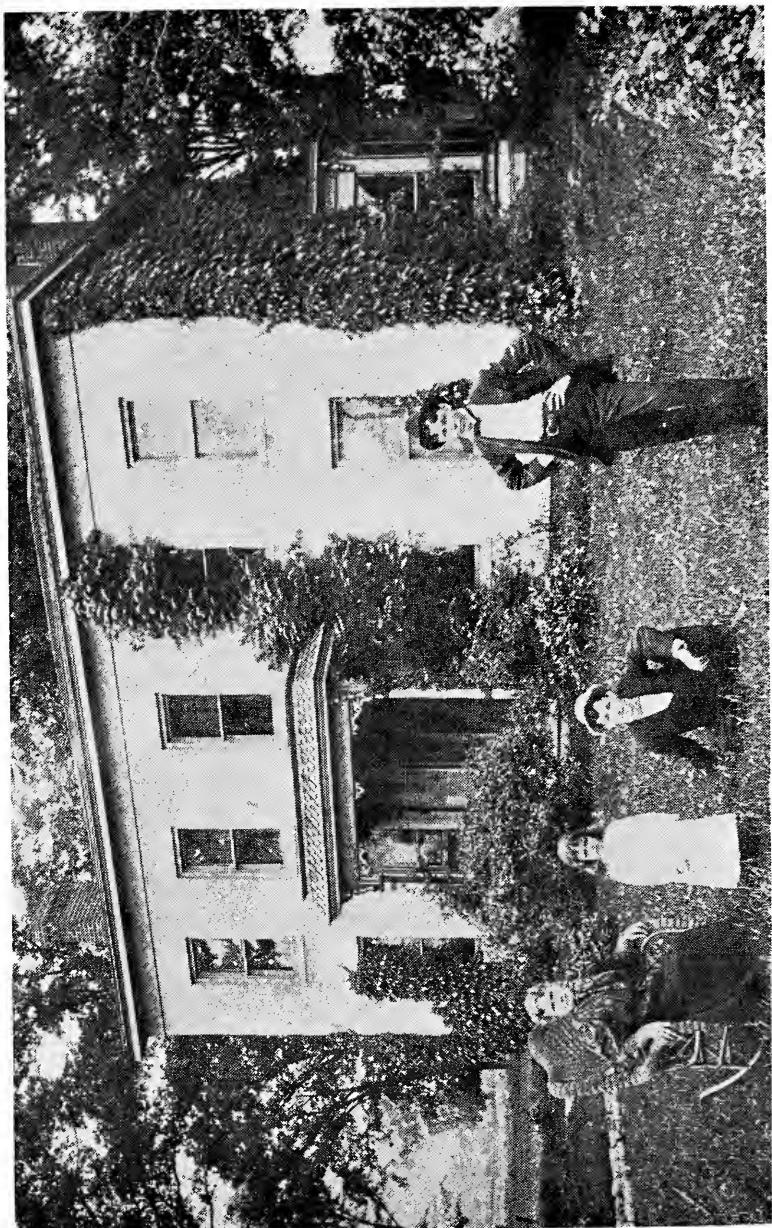
Here, under the promise of protection, the Indians were attacked, November 29, by Colonel John M. Chivington, commanding the Third Regiment and the First Colorado Cavalry. He surrounded the camp and slaughtered indiscriminately. According to a government document, the incident "scarcely had its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity. Fleeing women, holding up their hands and praying for mercy, were brutally shot down, infants were killed and scalped in derision, and men were tortured and mutilated."

It is stated that this unprecedented attack cost the government \$30 million and "carried conflagration and death to the border settlements. . . . The result of the year's campaign satisfied all sensible men that war with Indians was both useless and expensive."

Much of the bloodshed and suffering might have been prevented had a peaceful solution been reached to the problems preceding the Sand Creek Massacre. The Fletcher family was destined to be among those who were to pay dearly for the debacle, where the Indian casualties amounted to around 150, with perhaps two-thirds of these women and children. Black Kettle, his wife, Left Hand,

5. John Evans, "Proclamation to the Friendlies," June 27, 1864, may be found in *The War of the Rebellion*, Series One, (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1880), Vol. XLI, Pt. 1, p. 964; "The Sand Creek Massacre," *op. cit.*, p. 55; and *Annual Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1864, p. 218.

6. "Indian Depredations," in Court of Claims, Nos. 2170, 2172, 2947, pp. 21-23.



George Bent and Sand Hill, who was to figure prominently in the Fletcher story, were among those who escaped.

When the survivors reached an encampment of their people on the Colorado-Kansas line, about ten miles south of the Nebraska border, they discovered that Spotted Tail's Brûlés and Pawnee Killer's Oglalas were with their people. According to Lieutenant Colonel W. O. Collins, in a report written May 12, 1865, the Brûlés had about 175 of their total of 350 lodges, in the same location with 150 of a total of 500 lodges of the Oglalas.⁷ These apparently were the Sioux under Spotted Tail and Pawnee Killer, for he later places them with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in the Powder River Country. Besides the 325 lodges of Sioux, there was an unnamed Northern Arapaho chief with 80 lodges. He had been on his way to visit his Southern kinsmen.⁸ Learning that Chief Little Raven had gone with most of the Southern Arapahoes below the Arkansas, he ruled against proceeding farther and decided to spend the winter with his allies. Together, the lodges numbered more than 400. With 20 people and three warriors, the number estimated to a lodge, there must have been more than 8000 Indians, with 1200 warriors already assembled.

These Indians were so incensed by the accounts brought to them that they did not wait for favorable weather to launch their campaign. They began by passing the war pipe to the Sioux, then to the Arapahoes. Both tribes accepted, and in their large intertribal council they laid their plans.

According to Indian protocol, the Sioux, who smoked first, were entitled to take the lead and have most of the say in what should be done. They decided that the settlement at Julesburg, Colorado, should be their first objective.⁹ Then, like angry hornets, they swarmed toward the trail along the South Platte. Women went with the warriors to bring back the expected plunder on extra ponies.

Before they reached the Platte Road, Black Kettle, chief of the Southern Cheyennes, pulled away with 80 lodges of the less hostile

7. Colonel W. O. Collins (report), May 12, 1865. Indian Office Records. National Archives.

8. George E. Hyde (ed.), *Life of George Bent*, written from his letters and re-edited by Savoie Lottinville, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1968), pp. 165-168.

9. Eugene R. Ware gives an account of the Julesburg attacks from the standpoint of the military in *The Indian War of 1864*, (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1960), p. 540.

(See photo opposite page)

Mary Farr Collection

"THE OAKS"

Amanda Mary Fletcher Cook, seated in the rocking chair, with her cousin, Grace Purce, and her sons. Charles is sitting on the grass, and standing is Frederick Sutton Fletcher Cook, father of Mary Elizabeth Farr.

members of his tribe. He then went south to join Little Raven's Arapahoes and their Kiowa and Comanche friends.

The Indians launched the War of 1865—the so-called "bloody year on the Plains"—with destructive raids along the trail and two major attacks at Julesburg. In the first, on January 7, 15 soldiers were killed and so much plunder was taken that it required three days to carry it away. In their savage thrust northward, the Sioux worked to the east, the Arapahoes the west, and the Cheyennes in between. Briefly, they were masters of the Overland Trail which they paralyzed. They were so numerous that the few available soldiers in the vicinity were powerless to quell them. In one day alone they attacked six stations and ranches, while they prepared for a second major onslaught on Julesburg.

On February 2, about 1500 braves converged on the settlement in their second attack. They took everything they wanted, then set fire to the hay stacks and the buildings at will. But before their mission was completed, they disappeared up Lodge Pole Creek. Their mysterious disappearance was attributed to the knowledge that a detachment of troops was approaching.

As the Indians swept northward, they killed, burned, and looted all along the way. There was no obstacle in their path until they reached Mud Springs Station, halfway between Lodge Pole Creek and the North Platte. The telegraph operator called for help before the hostiles could cut the wires.

After a forced all-night march, troops from Camp Mitchell, between Fort Laramie and Mud Springs, arrived in time to blunt the first real attack. After Colonel Collins arrived on the scene with 25 cavalrymen, the Indians found the risk was too great, so they called off their raid, broke camp, and crossed the North Platte.

Colonel Collins, with additional reinforcements, again engaged them in the vicinity of the mouth of Rush Creek, along the North Platte. Here a howitzer, dispatched from Fort Laramie, proved too much for the hostiles, who continued northward to their respective camps in the Powder River country. There they waited for the grass to green.

When their horses were in good condition in the spring, the Arapahoes began preparing to return to their favorite camping grounds in the Medicine Bow area. Fearing repercussions from their past deeds, the hostile Arapahoes left their women and children in Black Bear's secluded, well-guarded camp on Tongue River, in northern Wyoming. Then, with their allies, they proceeded toward Fort Halleck.¹⁰ It was an ideal place to prey on the emigrants on the Overland Stage Route.

Colonel Collins observed in his report previously mentioned

10. Fort Halleck (1862-66) was built at the foot of Elk Mountain, in the Medicine Bow Range of Wyoming, to protect travelers on the Overland Stage Route.

that the Medicine Bow area was "thick" with Indians, with more coming. The first to arrive in the Arapaho haunt were friendly, but Collins feared that the hostile Cheyennes and Arapahoes from the south might inflame their northern kinsmen with accounts of their wrongs, "imaginary or otherwise," or force them into open warfare. He admitted that the Indians had reason for being disgruntled because of the rush of emigrants through their lands and the destruction of their game. Their patience, he conceded, had been worn thin.

In the same month Collins made the above observation, an attack on Deer Creek Station by about 200 Indians was repulsed, but not before one soldier and one Indian had been killed. The hostiles managed to drive away 26 head of horses. St. Mary's Station on the Sweetwater was attacked and burned May 27, by about 150 Indians, but the garrison managed to escape to South Pass. The hostiles destroyed 400 yards of telegraph wire and set fire to the posts.

About the same time, a contingent of seemingly friendly Sioux, who had turned themselves in at Fort Laramie so that they would not be considered hostile, staged an uprising as they were being transferred to Fort Kearny, Nebraska. They refused to go to the land of their Pawnee enemies. Before the affray was over, they had killed the captain in charge and four soldiers. Of the 18 Indians slain, four were their own chiefs whom they killed because they were not sympathetic with their plan. They then fled westward to join the Arapahoes.

Colonel Thomas Moonlight of Fort Laramie went in hot pursuit, but the Indians out-maneuvered him. Before making their getaway, they robbed him of his horses, and the colonel and his men had to return on foot.

By the middle of July, General Connor concluded that most of the depredations along the mail routes had been committed by the Arapahoes and a number of Sioux the government was feeding at Camp Collins, Colorado, and at Fort Halleck. He believed that all of those congregated at the two places were on the warpath except Friday's peaceful band. He wired General Grenville M. Dodge, July 13, for permission to launch his long anticipated offensive. Though he made no reference to the Dog Soldiers, they were now in the Northern Arapaho country, and they may have been largely, if not altogether, responsible for the attacks on the stations and the depredations along the trail.

General George A. Custer admired the Dog Soldiers, "the turbulent and uncontrollable spirits of all of the tribes," as he called them.¹¹ They were considered Cheyennes, and they were prin-

11. George A. Custer, *My Life on the Plains*, (St. Louis: Royal Publishing Co., 1891), p. 125.

cipally of that tribe though they also included the most daring of the Arapaho and Sioux. Custer described them as "fine looking braves of magnificent physique, in appearance and demeanor more nearly conforming to the ideal warrior than those of any other tribe."

That other Arapahoes besides Friday and Little Raven were not in accord with the dissidents is apparent from the fact that Medicine Man, head chief of the northern bands, was elsewhere in July. With 120 lodges, he was camping on "Little Chug"—that is, on North Chugwater Creek in southeastern Wyoming. This was his choice of a site for a reservation, and Agent Simeon Whitley of the Upper Arkansas Superintendency had been asked by Governor Evans to investigate its possibility. Vital Jarrot, newly appointed agent on the Platte, pointed out its limitations and advised against it.¹²

Judge and Mrs. Farr and their party surveyed the landscape while their station wagon, simulating the speed of the covered wagons of her great-grandparents, crept along Highway I-80, the approximate course of the Overland Stage Route between Laramie and Arlington, Wyoming.¹³ They discussed the various aspects of the Indian War of 1865. They talked about the depredations, the repeated attacks on the stations, and finally the dramatic Battle of Platte Bridge which took place July 25, 1865, near present Casper.¹⁴ Surely the telegraph lines along the trail must have buzzed with the details of this major conflict of the year. There had been time for news to flash along the line because some of the Indians taking part at Platte Bridge were unquestionably in the war party at Rock Creek.

Mary Farr spoke of her great-grandfather, a determined man who had sold his property and forsaken his native England in 1861 to bring his family to "the land of promise." After learning of the discovery of gold in California, he had become a man possessed of a single purpose, to seek his fortune in the new country. He must have been frustrated by being delayed in Iowa, where Lizzie was born and his wife became a semi-invalid, following a prolonged illness. But he did not give up his dream.

12. Vital Jarrot to General Patrick E. Connor, July 15, 1865; Connor to General Grenville M. Dodge, June 15 and 25 and July 13, 1865. War Department Records. National Archives.

13. Besides the Farris, the party included the author and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Morrison, of Cheyenne. Morrison is an authority on the graves along the trail. West of Laramie, the stage route lay somewhat to the south of I-80.

14. George Bent, who took part, gives a firsthand account of the battle, Hyde, *op. cit.*, pp. 214-222. A detailed account may be found in J. W. Vaughn, *The Battle of Platte Bridge*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963). See also Agnes Wright Spring, *Caspar Collins*, (New York: Columbia University Press, 1937), pp. 214-222.

When Lizzie was almost two years old and his wife had regained her health sufficiently to travel, the family set out on their long anticipated Western adventure. Besides their five children—including three boys, William, Jasper, and Oscar, who were younger than Amanda Mary—they brought possessions that indicated that they were people of more than average means. Their most important property was a green metal box, about 12x18x8 inches in size, to which Amanda referred as “the family treasury.” It was later to complicate her effort to seek restitution for loss at the hands of the Indians.

Besides being determined, Jasper Fletcher was an impatient man. Whatever he had heard about the hostiles swarming through the country was secondary to the accomplishment of his purpose. He had two horse-drawn wagons, and he chafed under the realization that ox teams in the train were delaying him. Amanda spoke of him as a man full of self-will, determination, and grit.

It was, in all probability, a hot day, with the sun glaring down upon him from overhead, just as it was doing that day in 1972. There was an hypnotic serenity about the countryside, which was rocky and barren except for the cottonwoods and willows bordering the stream. And there was not an Indian in sight!

Jasper was anxious to reach a shady spot where he and his family could pause long enough to enjoy their noonday meal. So casting all caution aside, he urged his horses forward and pulled away from the slow-moving train. The explanation was as simple as that. Reliving his experience, Mary Farr, for the first time, understood the reason for her great-grandfather’s reckless action, and she sympathized with him. She, too, was anxious to reach the pleasant shade so that she could help spread out a picnic lunch and have a drink of ice water from a thermos jug—not creek water which was all the emigrants had. It was noon, just as it had been 107 years before, when the Fletchers made their irrevocable mistake.

In her writings years later, Amanda mentions three men who camped near their wagon train, July 30, the night before reaching Rock Creek. They claimed that they were on their way from Salt Lake to Denver.

When the wagon master, “an old and experienced scout,” remonstrated with them for traveling in such a small party in hostile Indian country, they laughed at him and said there was nothing to fear, that all of the Indians were on reservations. That in itself should have made him apprehensive. If he had been as experienced as it was claimed, he should have known the country better, and he should have been aware that the Indians were not on reservations, that the entire train was in danger.

During the year 1865, 75 emigrants were killed in various attacks between the Big Laramie River and Bridger’s Pass, the route they were traveling. That some of the attacks occurred before

the last of July is apparent. The wagon boss may have been complacent because it was doubtful that Indians would attack a 75-wagon train. Unless they were actively engaged in battle, they did not as a rule risk their lives needlessly. The fact that they did show their animosity later in a token attack on the large train is proof that they were on the warpath.

Amanda commented, "Little did the honest travelers think they had been deceived by their apparently open-hearted guests of the night before."

At 10 o'clock the following morning, three "frontiersmen" came galloping toward them. They, too, said that they were from Salt Lake, and they inquired about the men who had camped with the emigrants the night before. They claimed they had been traveling together and that they had become separated. When asked about the Indians, the new arrivals said they had not seen a lodge or a moccasin track. Before leaving, they tried to buy a well-bred mare, tied to an end gate. It belonged to Amanda, and no amount of money could induce her father to sell. The men left in a surly mood.

When Fletcher expressed his fears to the wagon boss, the latter admitted that the men were not above suspicion. He thought that they were probably highwaymen, but he in no way linked them with Indians. Amanda states, quite logically, that had the Fletchers known that the renegades were attached to a band of "prowling hostiles," they would not have pulled away from the wagon train. She was also convinced that they, the two mysterious trios, were in some way connected with the agent and his Indian wife at Rock Creek Station. The fact that it was spared, but the Little Laramie Station was burned in the same foray, would indicate that she might have been right.

The Rock Creek station was on the opposite side of the stream, which was spanned by a wooden bridge. But the family did not have a chance to cross before the hostiles sprang their surprise attack. Amanda later testified that after the attack was over the Indians crossed the bridge, and her captor paid some of the money taken from the Fletcher wagon to the station keeper.

In a speech before the National Explorers' Club in Long Beach (1924), she told how the attack seemed to her. She stated, "There was a wild whoop. From every rock and brush, it seemed, sprang an Indian in full war regalia. I had never seen an Indian before, and I stared in amazement at their war paint and feathers. Frightened, I seized Mother by the hand, at the same time snatching up my baby sister. The Indian ponies circled and wheeled, their riders hurling spears and wielding axes [tomahawks] as they rode their horses over us."

At the sight of the Indians the wagon master gave orders for the train, now at the top of the slope approximately a mile away, to corral in preparation for an attack. The Fletchers had reached the

creek, and they had staked their horses out to graze. They were at the mercy of the hostiles.

Jasper sent the boys scurrying into the brush, meanwhile covering their retreat as best he could, and he called to his wife and daughters to find protection among the willows, but before they had time to do so, the Indians were upon them. Obviously, Mrs. Fletcher, a semi-invalid, was too frail to be of use, so a warrior killed her with his spear. As she sank to the ground, she implored, "Take care of Lizzie."

When Amanda knelt at her mother's side, a warrior galloped by and snatched the child from her arms. Except for a brief glimpse of her about 10 o'clock that night, when she was crying alternately for her mother and for her sister, Amanda did not see her again during her captivity. A half blood told her that she cried so much the Indians had to kill her. This she was forced to believe as she found no further trace of her.

In her autobiography written in pencil on now-yellowed scratch-paper, Amanda says, "In the presence of my dead mother's body . . . I saw my captor receive into his hands from another Indian in our wagon, our family treasure box. . . . They broke it open, they burned some of the papers. I think this box [contained] about twenty thousand sterling, in gold and bills."

The hostiles worked fast because of the fortified circle at the top of the slope. Then they made a brief impetuous attack upon the wagon train, as we have mentioned. After that they withdrew as they seemed aware there was a government freight train farther up the road. When the warriors had crossed the stream, they went up a mountainside where they joined their families. From the higher elevation, Amanda could look down on the flaming wagons. A white boy who had been captured in New Mexico told her as they watched, "That is the way we treat them all." He seemed to be able to identify with the Indians, whose life was more appealing to a boy than to a girl.

After draining dry a cask of brandy the Dog Soldiers had found in one of the wagons, they became wildly drunk. Chief Nei-mir-vier (elsewhere spelled Neei-Mai-Rear, also Minimick, better known to the white man as Sand Hill) and his wife saved Amanda's life by pushing her into the middle of a tipi they had provided. Even so, the Indian women, enraged by the presence of the white girl, slashed at her through the sides of the lodge skin and caused scars on her back she would carry the rest of her life.

Mary Farr recalls tracing these with an inquisitive finger while she listened in wonderment to the tales her grandmother recounted. At the time she had no idea of the meaning of Dog Soldiers, nor could she appreciate all that Amanda told, but she realized that she had suffered through a harrowing experience that had left bitter lines in her face and a scar on her memory. She would never forgive the Dog Soldiers for the cruel treatment she received!

The next day after the attack at Rock Creek, the warriors tied Amanda on a saddle and proceeded eastward for three days before making camp. Along the way, they plundered a wagon, shot a man and his children and abducted his wife. She whispered to Amanda one night that the Indians were going to kill her, and she slipped a "housewife," to her and asked her to give it to her husband if he survived. A wedding ring and a baby's gold ring were in the flannel-covered sewing case. Amanda carried it until the Indians found that she had it and took it away from her.

Then, according to her records, the hostiles had a brush with soldiers from Fort Laramie. During this encounter, a warrior stood over her, ready to kill her if her presence became known. During the night, the Indians stole away, and the troops did not follow. As there is no mention of this other than Amanda's, the commanding officer may have considered it just one of the frequent encounters with the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, which may not have amounted to an incident worthy of note. The soldiers had no way of knowing about the captive.

It must have been about this time that she was told to write a public notice to the effect that the Indians were fighting because of the Sand Creek Massacre. This, she said, was fastened on a tree.

The girl was disguised as an Indian to further avoid detection. Each morning her face was painted and her hair blackened with grease and soot water. By holding her head to the ground, the women would burn her eyelashes and eyebrows with hot ashes. Though she was young for such responsibility,, she had the full care of 14 ponies, apparently the property of Sand Hill, though she does not say. And yet she could not ride. Horses were for the warriors. In their constant wanderings, she had no idea where they were because she could not identify the streams they crossed. While she walked with the women she was constantly subjected to their taunts and abuse.

Finally they reached the main camp of the tribe which she believed was in northeastern Colorado. No doubt Spotted Tail's Brulés, Pawnee Killer's Oglalas, and the unnamed chief's Northern Arapahoes had all come together for another grand encampment.

One day while there Amanda saw a child dressed in Lizzie's clothing, and she thought it was her sister. When she mistakenly recognized her, one of the chiefs ordered the woman and the child to leave the tipi. It could have been at this encampment that the girls became the property of two different tribes. The boy, too, may have fallen into the hands of the Northern Arapahoes.

Following the council, the Dog Soldiers, with whom Amanda traveled, proceeded southeastward into Kansas. Besides having to contend with the abuse of the women, she also had to endure exposure in all kinds of weather. She was fortunate in being able to swim, but she lacked dry clothing, and the Indians were not

generous with blankets. According to her reminiscences, her most terrifying experience occurred when they were crossing a stream during a thaw. The ice broke loose, and it looked as if she might be swirled to her destruction on a floating cake. When she jumped into the icy water and swam to shore, the braves cheered her. This gave the women further cause for resentment.

The Dog Soldiers were camping on the Arkansas River in the spring of 1866 when Charles Hanger, of West Liberty, Ohio, came to trade. He had been associated with the Arapahoes under Little Raven all winter, but he had been induced to go to the Dog Soldier camp because they had told him they had plenty of money. Relative to their windfall, Amanda later stated that they did not know denominational values. They considered all bills of like nature. "I tried to tell them different," she recalled later, "but they could not understand me. The first time I had to count this money for my captors was soon after I was captured. . . . Neei-Mia-Reah, my captor, had at one time 1700 bills in one lot, another family of the same tribe had what I knew to have been \$12,000. I saw it."

Although Amanda realized that she might be killed for exposing her identity, she felt that she preferred death to the way she was forced to live. Bravely she stepped into the tipi where the bartering was in process and asked the trader for a cake of soap. One of the braves knocked her down because she had been ordered not to speak a word of English.

The trader was baffled, since she had the appearance of an Indian. Once again she went into the tipi while he was there, this time at the insistence of the women who wanted to get rid of her. Hanger, by then convinced that she was white, talked to her further, and he promised that he would ransom her if it took everything he owned. The Indians, inveterate traders, realized that they were in a good bargaining position, so they let them talk. The white man began at once making plans for her release.

He had arrived at an opportune time as negotiations were underway through which she would be traded to the Kiowas and taken south of the Arkansas, where she might never have been heard of again. Hanger finally agreed to pay \$1665 for her in trade goods. This figure is his. Amanda for the most part stuck to the \$1600 round figure, but in one published interview the sum became \$2200, which was either an error in reporting, or a result of faulty memory. She was 72 years old at the time, and as she grew older she seemed to magnify the details of her case.

Sand Hill forced the trader to give him his fine horse and a gun before he would let her go. Thus she was freed from the Dog Soldiers. Her records are vague regarding her transfer to Little Raven's camp. Hanger says he sent her with Poisal, probably the son of John Poisal and wife, Snake Woman, an Arapaho. If so, he may have been in the Dog Soldier camp as an interpreter as well as a trader. John Poisal's daughter, Margaret, later served as

interpreter for Little Raven at the Medicine Lodge Treaty in Kansas. She had been the wife of Thomas Fitzpatrick, first agent for the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who had died while representing them in Washington. In Oklahoma the name Poisal became Pizzel.

Little Raven had been at Sand Creek until shortly before the unjustifiable attack, but he had moved to his camp on Smoky Hill. Left Hand was supposed to have followed but he was prevented because of illness. Although he was reported to have been killed, evidence points conclusively to the fact that he was one and the same Left Hand who was Little Raven's successor as chief of the Southern Arapahoes in early reservation days. Left Hand had vowed that he would never fight the white man, no matter what happened, and to our knowledge he kept his word. He dropped from sight for a time following Sand Creek, but was later found to be in Kansas. Indications are that he might have been with Little Raven south of the Arkansas while his brother, Neva, No-ta-nee, and other members of his band were with the hostiles north of the Platte.

Hanger completed his trade with the Dog Soldiers and followed Amanda to Little Raven's camp. Then he turned her over to Major E. W. Wynkoop, special agent at Fort Larned, Kansas. Wynkoop placed her in the care of Mrs. Hiram Dryer, wife of Major Dryer, commandant on the post, and she and the other women in residence made clothing for her as she was destitute. He tried without delay to locate the surviving members of her family by sending notices to newspapers in Denver and Salt Lake City.

Wynkoop, accompanied by Mrs. Reuben Howard, wife of the sutler at Fort Zarah, Kansas, took Amanda to Atchison, where she was turned over to Thomas Murphy, superintendent of Indian affairs. While there, she received two letters of great importance to her, one from Thomas Harford, of Pueblo, Colorado, in answer to the item in the *Rocky Mountain News*, and the other from Major Wynkoop, regarding Jasper Fletcher.

The letter from Harford was undated, but it assured her that her father had survived the attack at Rock Creek. He stated that he had been with the freighters who rescued Fletcher after his own train had gone its way in the belief that he "and his entire family" had been killed.

The freighting outfit Harford was with was also attacked at Rock Creek, and three men were killed and buried there. The freighters piled rocks over the graves, which evidently included one for Mary Ann Fletcher. No mention is made of her, but it is only reasonable to believe that Jasper would see to it that his wife was buried before he would leave the scene of his personal tragedy. Since Harford did not mention the boys, they must have been

discovered by another train and taken to Salt Lake, where they were reunited with their father.

Fletcher, who was wounded by arrows, had hidden in a ditch until the arrival of the freighters, whom he accompanied to Fort Douglas, Utah. All desire to go to California was erased from his mind. He had responsibility enough raising three sons.

Wynkoop did not enclose Jasper Fletcher's letter, but he said that he had written to him in response to the item he saw in the Salt Lake City paper. He further stated in his letter from Fort Zarah, April 30, that Fletcher had inquired about Amanda Mary and the "child Elizabeth." Wynkoop, who had answered the letter and had sent her address to him, closed by sending his best wishes for her "future happiness and prosperity."

June 7, 1866, Charles Hanger wrote his first of many letters to Amanda—words of cheer, encouragement, and lasting affection. He was at his home in Ohio, but he stated that he planned to start back the next day to trade with the Indians. He was fascinated with the West and money meant little to him. After acknowledging a letter in which she must have asked if he had been remunerated for his loss, he replied, "I have not but that will make no difference if I never receive it. I feel I am well repaid by restoring you to your friends."

In a letter dated November 24, 1867, he refers to money as if Amanda might again have inquired. "I have enough money," he told her, "so there is no uneasiness on that score, but I have a natural roving disposition, cannot be satisfied no place." After discussing his stock business and his recent illness, he implored, "My dear Mary, if there is anything I can do for you that money is required make your wants known freely, for you know Mary the interest I have taken in you and it is the best act of my life. I remember it with pleasure and I know I shall never forget or forsake you and I feel that you will not forget me." In closing, he asked her to write to him as freely as though she were writing to a father or a brother.

Amanda remained several months at Fort Leavenworth. When Murphy asked her where she wanted to go, she indicated that she would like to return to some British friends of her family in Illinois, where she arrived in December, 1866.

General George Custer, then commander at Fort Riley, Kansas, wrote Amanda a cordial letter, dated January 27, 1867, in answer to a query regarding any knowledge he might have of the whereabouts of Lizzie. He gave her the first word of encouragement she had received, for he was convinced that the girl was alive. She was not at the fort at the time, but there were two men, Lieutenant Joseph Hale, of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, and Bill Comstock, a ranchman on the "Utah Road" who had seen her within the last two months in the hands of the Cheyenne Indians. They told him that she was claimed by Chief Cut Nose and that the two were last seen

on the Smoky Hill Route in Kansas but that they had "probably gone north."

Since Custer had not actually seen the chief and the captive, a possibility of his error in thinking of Cut Nose as a Cheyenne is understandable. At this time he had had very little experience with the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He could have assumed Cut Nose was a Cheyenne as he was with the Dog Soldiers, and they were identified with that tribe. How and when the girl fell into the hands of the Northern Arapahoes, we are unable to establish; but there is little evidence, other than that given by Custer, to indicate that she was among the Cheyennes for any length of time.

The custom of meeting after a conflict and dividing the spoils, with the chief and medicine man being given first choice, was a common practice. Since the attack took place in northern Arapaho country, it could be that Lizzie was awarded to Cut Nose by the Dog Soldiers in accordance with this custom, and for the additional reason they might have wanted to separate the two girls. There is a further possibility that she might have been traded to the Arapahoes.

Cut Nose, the Northern Arapaho chief, first came into notice with Medicine Man, the head chief, in 1842, when Thomas Fitzpatrick visited a large encampment north of the Platte. Theodore Talbot, chronicler for his party, was present when a keg of whisky was brought into camp.¹⁵ During the orgy that followed, one of the braves, in high spirits, picked up Talbot and carried him some distance before setting him down.

Talbot observed: "Most of the Indians are particularly fond of liquor and when it is growing scarce you will frequently see a man take a 'sup' of liquor, hold it in his mouth a few minutes, then empty it into the mouth of his neighbor. When all is gone, they will even breathe on the less fortunate so that they can share the delightful fragrance."

Cut Nose, who delivered an outstanding oration at the 1851 Horse Creek Council in Nebraska, had a fondness for the white man's liquor, which may have prevented him from becoming one of the leading chiefs. Three years after the Great Treaty Council at Horse Creek, Agent J. W. Whitfield, who succeeded Fitzpatrick, mentioned that there was dissension between the Arapaho bands. It was so bitter, in fact, he doubted that they would again unite. The hostility was brought about indirectly by the white man's liquor.

Cut Nose, who had become offensive, aroused the ire of one of the band leaders. In the free-for-all that resulted, an Arapaho was

15. Theodore Talbot, *The Journals of Theodore Talbot*, ed. by Charles Carey, (Portland: Metropolitan Press, 1931), pp. 24-27.

killed and the *Nam-e-sum* (Cut Nose) band fled northward while the rest proceeded south as planned. He was with Medicine Man, Black Bear, Little Owl, and Friday at the unofficial Dear Creek Council, September 1859, but this time it was Medicine Man who spoke. In 1862, when Governor Evans sent a detachment down the South Platte to disperse the Indians "and stop all outrages" they came upon Cut Nose and his band of 70 lodges of seemingly docile Arapahoes.

Although the name of the chief of the band of Northern Arapahoes who smoked the pipe and came north with the hostiles is not recorded, in all probability it was Cut Nose. If so, this would explain the connection between the Northern Arapaho chief and the Dog Soldiers. His sympathy may have been with their cause longer than we know, and Lizzie could have been his reward.

Colonel W. O. Collins did not mention him when he listed the principal Northern Arapaho chiefs as Medicine Man, Black Bear, White Bull, and Little Shield. This either meant that he did not consider him of any great importance or he may have included him when he mentioned that the remainder, not under the chiefs above, were in small bands on the South Platte and the Arkansas.¹⁶ If Cut Nose had gone north at the time of Custer's writing, we have even more reason for identifying him as the Northern Arapaho chief by that name.

That the sympathies of the chief were with the Dog Soldiers is further indicated by his presence on the Smoky Hill Road when they were trying to prevent the railroad from being constructed through their hunting grounds. His picture was drawn by Theodore Davis for *Harper's Magazine* (April 28, 1867) while he was attending a council together with Little Raven, Yellow Bear, and Beardy.¹⁷

The confusion in the identity of Cut Nose must have been on Custer's part rather than Comstock's since the latter was with the hostiles when the girl was taken captive near Fort Halleck. Knowing Indians as he did, Comstock told Custer that he believed the best way to obtain Lizzie's release would be to ransom her. This he thought could be accomplished with one or two horses.¹⁸

Comstock described Lizzie Fletcher as strikingly beautiful—her complexion fair, her eyes blue, and her hair a bright golden hue. Because of the delicate color of her hair, the chief gave her an Indian name meaning "Little Silver Hair." According to the informant, "the chief treated her with great affection and always kept her clothed in the handsomest Indian garments."

George Bent, who may have taken part in the attack at Rock

16. Collins Report, *op. cit.*

17. *Harper's Weekly*, June 29, 1867.

18. Custer, *op. cit.*, pp. 618-619.

Creek Crossing, though he makes no specific reference to his doing so, says that there were 100 warriors at the scene. Amanda was so terrified that she thought the number was three times that. In a previous attack on the Overland Stage Route, roving hostiles had encountered a company of soldiers commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Preston B. Plumb, who believed there were 200 in the party and that they were led by a white man, presumed to be Bill Comstock. To this George Bent replied, "I suppose that I was the man he meant, but I was dressed and painted just like a warrior."¹⁹ Charles Bent, George's brother, had become so hostile by this time that he threatened to kill his father as well as his brother. He, too, may have been at Rock Creek. In one of his letters to Amanda, William Cody (Buffalo Bill) stated that both brothers must have been there.

In his reminiscences and letters, George Bent acknowledges that Mary—that is, Amanda Mary—was captured by Sand Hill's band of Cheyennes near Fort Halleck. Judging by the relentless way she pursued her goal of restitution for her loss, his next statement does not reflect the general tone of her feelings. He claims that he had received a letter from her some years before, and she had said that despite rumors, she was well treated by her captors. He maintains that Sand Hill's wife, a Sioux, was "very kind" to her while she was with the band. Amanda makes no reference to kindness of any sort, except for the time her life was saved by her captor and his wife. She does not indicate that it was done as an act of kindness.

In her original manuscript, entitled "Captured by Indians," she states: "As for telling my experience with the Indians, I cannot command the language that would convey the remotest idea to one not experiencing it, of the freezing cold, sleet and rain, and the torture I would receive from these Indians, or I ought to say, fiends. Yes, they were worse than any name I could give them. If I could have my way about it there would not be one left alive.

"I have almost starved days at a time, without one morsel to eat. Oh how I prayed for death to come to my relief. I have begged them time and time again to kill me. I have often thought, since my rescue that it was my anxiety for them to kill me [that] caused them not to do so. Certainly with me their tenderest mercies would have been instant death.

"They did not, for the first few months, permit me to have a knife in my hand or anything with which I could take my own life. . . . After a time I began to have some hope that in some way or other I would be rescued. I cannot tell why I felt that way nor could I imagine how it could be done.

19. Hyde, *op. cit.*, pp. 204-205.

"Winter was coming on and it was noticed by the Indians that I was more reconciled than I had been, and I was trusted with a hatchet, and when the snow was on the ground. . . I had to climb the trees and cut limbs that the ponies could get the bark to eat.

"That continued all winter. Snow, rain or sleet, I had to go and do that work from early morning till late in the evening with scarcely any clothes to protect my body from the bitter colds and storms. . . One unacquainted with the Indians would very naturally think that if I was out attending a herd of ponies I would escape, but the people who know and are familiar with the ways of the Indians will know that there were always squaws to accompany me to do the same work for their herds, and also to guard me. There was no possible chance of escape. The foregoing is a short statement of how I lived and suffered while in captivity."

The only kindly remark Amanda made about the Indians occurs in this same manuscript, though in this instance she refers to the Southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes who were not affiliated with the Dog Soldiers or in sympathy with them when they were on the warpath north of the Platte. She says, "The Arapahoes [those in Little Raven's band] had been at peace with the whites for a long time and were friendly. I wish to state in this connection that the main tribe or band of Cheyennes was also peaceable. It was only a small band of Cheyennes, comparatively speaking, that was committing these depredations and to distinguish them from the peaceable Cheyennes, they were known at that time as the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers."

Amanda was more liberal than Custer, who annihilated a camp of the same Indians she is talking about at the Battle of the Washita in Kansas, November 27, 1868.²⁰ Here Black Kettle and his wife, who had miraculously escaped from Sand Creek, were among those slain. If the War of 1865 resulted from Sand Creek, we have every reason to believe that the Battle of the Little Big Horn (1876), in which Custer and his entire command were slain, was indirectly caused by Washita.²¹ The Cheyennes say that they knocked out the ashes of their pipes on Custer's heels—that is, they stalked him until the time of his death. Though the Custer Massacre is attributed to the Sioux, they had able assistance from the Cheyennes.

20. The official report on the Battle of the Washita, on the Washita River in Kansas, is given by Custer in the Sheridan Papers, Library of Congress. See also Custer, *op. cit.*, pp. 226-298.

21. The Battle of the Little Big Horn (Montana), 1876, is not related to the Fletcher story, though it proves a point often made by the Indians. That is, a battle is a "massacre" if it is perpetrated by Indians ("the Custer Massacre," for example) but a battle if by the whites. To the Indians, the Battle of the Washita was not a battle but a massacre. Sand Creek is an exception, as there was no question about its being a massacre.

In his autobiography, Bent states that Amanda was ransomed by Sand Hill to John Smith, who was trading for Morris & Hanger and that it was Smith who turned her over to Wynkoop.²² John Smith may have been there as he served both the Cheyennes and Arapahoes as interpreter, though he was not held in high esteem by the latter. Amanda mentions the "half-breed" (Poisal) as the interpreter, and well he might have been for the Arapahoes; she does not speak of Smith. In one of her accounts she discusses the "traders" as if there might have been others present besides Hanger, but she gives exclusive credit to him for effecting her release. Not only did he pay the ransom, but also he became her benefactor for the rest of his life.

Bent further states that Amanda was married and the mother of six children, an excessive number. When she was widowed, she mentioned having one daughter and three sons. According to Bent, she said that she had put in a claim against the Cheyennes, but, as she had already been well paid years before, the Indian Department dismissed her claim, which is far from accurate. Actually she pursued her course relentlessly, in spite of many discouragements. She insisted at various times that she did not need the money—that is, the amount of her claim—but she was determined to have it because she thought it was due her.

Though Amanda must have been a prolific writer, she kept few longhand copies of what she had written. On the personal side, we know that she became the wife of William E. Cook of Davenport, Iowa, December, 1867. Her father had begged her to come to Salt Lake to see him but she was terrified by the thought of again crossing the Plains. Soon after her marriage, her husband accompanied her to Salt Lake, and she stayed with her father until his death, October 15, 1875.

Amanda's case was complicated in the first place by the fact that Jasper Fletcher (45 years of age, January 2, 1866) had filed a claim on that date against the government.²³ In it he sketched his side of the story. He began with the statement that he was a citizen of the United States, although he had only filed his statement of intent. From this it would seem that he considered himself naturalized.

He stated that he was in company with about 200 emigrants and was attacked by a band of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians. They killed his wife, Mary Ann Limb Fletcher; captured his two daughters, "Mary and Elizabeth;" and shot him through the wrist. They robbed him of all of his property and left him destitute, with three little boys to support. He prayed the Honorable Commissioner of

22. Hyde, *op. cit.*, p. 251.

23. "Evidence of Claimants," *Indian Depredations*, No. 5072, Court of Claims, pp. 1-4, 10-11.

Indian Affairs to allow his claim as "just and equitable." William P. Kimball, who must have been with the wagon train, and William Henry Fletcher, Jasper's son, verified his affidavit as they were present at the time of the robbery.

Fletcher listed the following as property taken from him by the Indians:

2 Chicago wagons, worth.....	\$500.00
2 American horses, one branded Q on left shoulder and the other branded W on left shoulder, worth.....	600.00
1 set harness for said horses.....	75.00
4 mules, worth \$250 each.....	1000.00
2 sets harness, worth.....	150.00
1 fine black mare, white face, branded W on each shoulder	400.00
400 lbs. green tea, worth \$3.50 per lb.....	1400.00
200 lbs. tobacco, at \$2.00 per lb.....	400.00
400 lbs. bacon, hams, at 50 cents per lb.....	200.00
300 lbs. sugar, at 60 cents per lb.....	180.00
1 feather bed.....	50.00
1 dozen Mackinaw blankets.....	150.00
8 vests at \$10 each.....	80.00
7 lbs. powder, at \$2.00 per lb.....	14.00
6 boxes of waterproof caps, at 50 cents each.....	3.00
15 lbs. lead, at 40 cents.....	6.00
1 black cloth overcoat.....	50.00
Gold coin.....	250.00
150 lbs. coffee, at 75 cents.....	112.50
1 black silk dress, six or eight other fine dresses, besides all the female wearing apparel, value.....	250.00
3 pairs cloth pants, at \$10.00 each.....	30.00
With all the other articles of men's wearing apparel.....	100.00
1 cook stove.....	75.00
1 Colts revolver.....	30.00
200 lbs. flour, \$20.00; 100 lbs. crackers, \$20.00; cooking utensils, \$50.00.....	90.00
1 set joiner's tools.....	100.00
	\$6295.50

In a second sworn statement, before Chief Justice John Titus March 9, 1867, he indicates that he had corresponded with Amanda, then living with the Cook family, whose son she married in December.²⁴ He speaks of the Custer letter and makes reference to Comstock's suggestion that Lizzie might be ransomed for one or two horses. He affirms that in his "present destitute and comparatively friendless condition," he was not able "to contribute anything to regain his child from the Indians or to enable the other one to join him."

His second claim further complicated matters, for there were obvious discrepancies, which Amanda later tried to explain by saying that he did not want to be an imposition on the government.

24. *Ibid.*, pp. 11-13.



Mary Farr Collection

AMANDA MARY FLETCHER COOK SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE

If he had put in all that the claim should have amounted to, he felt it would "seem inconsistent with his position in life, that of a working man." His second list follows:

3 young horses (good) wagon, and harness.....	\$1000.00
112 lbs. Hyson tea, at \$3.00 per lb.....	336.00
80 lbs. tobacco, at \$2.00.....	160.00
6 prs. pants, at \$11.....	66.00
3 good coats (1 overcoat).....	65.00
3 new vests, at \$5.00.....	15.00
Bags of clothing.....	30.00
Ladies' clothing, some new.....	200.00
9 prs. double blankets (long).....	160.00
2 valuable quilts, at \$15.00.....	30.00
1 set carpenters' tools.....	60.00
1 Colts revolver.....	15.00
300 lbs. flour, at \$10.00.....	30.00
Lot coffee and sugar.....	9.00
60 lbs. ham.....	30.00
Gold coin.....	150.00
	<hr/>
	\$2,356.00

In the "Brief and Argument of Counsel for Claimants," Amanda's attorney, W. W. Martin, states that at the time the second list was made Jasper Fletcher was "broken down mentally and phys-

ically, with the loss of his property, murder of his wife, and capture of his two children. [He was] unable to render an accurate statement of the goods lost, or their value."²⁵

Acting on this premise, Amanda and her brother Jasper, following the death of their father, filed identical lists of property stolen.²⁶ Her statements were sworn to January 24, 1876 in Scott County, Iowa, his February 1, 1876 in Salt Lake County, Utah. Both lists, though joint identical, appear with their sworn statements in the government documents. The list is as follows:

1 Span American horses.....	\$750.00
1 Blooded mare.....	500.00
1 New wagon with bows and cover.....	200.00
2 Sets of carpenters' tools, new.....	200.00
1 Tent, new.....	25.00
2 Sets harness, new.....	100.00
Lot of provisions.....	500.00
9 Suits men's clothing, at \$50.00.....	450.00
15 Suits men's underwear at \$6.00.....	90.00
4 Silk dresses, at \$75.00.....	300.00



Mary Farr Collection

AMANDA MARY FLETCHER COOK IN LATER YEARS

25. "Claimants' Request for Finding of Facts," *Indian Depredations*, No. 380, Court No. 5072, Court of Claims, p. 4.

26. "Evidence of Claimants," *op. cit.*, pp. 14-20.

1 Velvet dress.....	100.00
12 suits ladies' linen underwear, at \$20.....	240.00
10 Suits ladies' cotton underwear, at \$10.00.....	100.00
1 India shawl.....	500.00
2 Woolen shawls, at \$25.....	50.00
1 Set furs.....	75.00
10 Pairs men's boots, at \$10.....	100.00
6 Pairs ladies' shoes, at \$5.00.....	30.00
Lot of sheets, pillow-casings, and towels.....	100.00
2 Sets heavy gold jewelry, at \$50.....	100.00
2 Feather beds, at \$50.....	100.00
4 Feather pillows, at \$5.00.....	20.00
10 Bed quilts, at \$10.....	100.00
3 Pairs heavy woolen blankets, at \$15.....	45.00
Gold coin to amount of.....	2000.00
Notes of the Bank of England, value.....	1000.00
1 Keg of brandy, 10 gals., at \$5.00.....	50.00
1 Set silver teaspoons.....	15.00
1 Set silver tablespoons.....	25.00
1 Set china dishes.....	50.00
	<hr/>
	\$7915.00

J. Q. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, wrote at length on February 11, 1876, to the Secretary of the Interior, reviewing the case and rendering his opinion.²⁷ He pointed out the discrepancies in the three lists submitted. One was the loss of four mules, in Fletcher's first list, amounting to \$1000. Even he did not mention mules in his second list. Amanda in later testimony insisted that there were no mules.

In the following paragraph, the commissioner gives his judgment in the matter: "The fact of the depredation is well established, and the killing of claimant's wife and the capture of two of his children is well known to this office. Without doubt, it may be said that he suffered, in addition to these wrongs and hardships referred to, the loss of some property; but what property was actually lost is not satisfactorily shown. The testimony being very meager, and the statements made by the parties directly interested so discrepant and unreliable, I must report against the claim, and therefore recommend its disallowance."

Previous to this, John D. Miles, Indian agent at the Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency, Darlington, Oklahoma, informed Enoch Hoag, superintendent of Indian affairs, Lawrence, Kansas, on December 10, 1875, that he had submitted Jasper Fletcher's claim for alleged depredations by the Cheyennes to the chiefs and head men in the tribe in council, November 29, 1875.²⁸ When the facts were carefully interpreted to them, as set forth in the claim, they admitted having "committed the outrage." Satisfaction was demanded.

27. *Ibid.*, pp. 8-9.

28. *Ibid.*, p. 4.

It is doubtful that Amanda knew of either of the above documents, Smith to the Secretary of the Interior or Miles to Hoag, when she wrote to Commissioner Smith on May 17 regarding her claim. His reply, June 1, was one of regret that the evidence submitted was "so conflicting and unsatisfactory as to render it impossible to form a correct decision as to the amount and character of the losses referred to." Besides sending her a copy of his office report of February 11—that is, his letter to the Secretary of the Interior, mentioned above,—he told her that he had no power to grant such "relief" as she asked, that it could be obtained only by a special Act of Congress. And so it was that Amanda was paid \$2000, amount due her, per Act of Congress, for her relief, approved June 16, 1880.²⁹ This amount was withheld from the annuities paid the Cheyennes, because of having taken her captive.

In her effort to further her case she made an unfortunate statement in her letter of June 5, 1876 to Commissioner Smith, a copy of which she kept. When she begged him to reconsider the matter, she said, "If I had any money I would pay you for your trouble, and if it would not be against the laws of that office, I would ask if [of?] you to pay the money to me and I would see that you were well paid out of it. . . . I have no powerful friends to lay the charge before Congress, and I ask you, Mr. Smith, if you won't be a friend to an orphan, and as you are so well acquainted with the ways of doing such things, won't you take the matter in hand, and I will give you one-half of the money if Congress see fit to give me relief on the grounds of my having being [sic] taken and held in captivity by the Cheyenne Indians." She was helping the lawyer for the defense build up his case against her, for he could now claim that besides "enflating" the facts, she had attempted "bribery." [In: *Court of Claims; Indian Depredations*, No. 5072, "Evidence for Claimants," pp. 9-10. *ed.*]

November 12, 1885, A. B. Upshaw, acting commissioner, carefully reviewed the case.³⁰ Then he stated that he was "fully impressed from the facts . . . that some remuneration is due the claimant's heirs for losses sustained in the said depredation." But that "this office" felt that the "best and safest basis" for estimating damages, would be to take the figures presented by Jasper Fletcher in his second statement. He, therefore, recommended that this claim be allowed and that the heirs be paid \$2356.

Charles Hanger on June 21, 1887, explained why there had been so long a delay. Writing to Oscar D. Fletcher from Davenport,

29. The amount due Amanda M. Fletcher Cook, for her "relief," was approved June 16, 1880. Formal acknowledgement was made by the department, September 24, and a draft was drawn, October 8, four months after the sum was approved.

30. "Evidence of Claimants," *op. cit.*, pp. 10-13.

Iowa, where he was visiting Amanda, he said the sum recommended by Upshaw had not been paid because there was further investigation in process to determine if it would not be nearer "just and right" to allow the claim of \$6295. He referred to his recent meeting with L. H. Poole, special Indian agent, in Cheyenne. Hanger made his affidavit before Poole, who wrote to Amanda on October 7 that he was recommending that "the amounts and values as set forth in claimant's amended schedule be accepted."³¹

Ten days later, Amanda received a brief notice from Upshaw stating that he wished to inform her that the claimant was not at the date of the depredation a citizen of the United States, and therefore under the act of March 3, 1885, (23rd Stat., p. 376) "not provided for."

Undaunted, Amanda sent her father's naturalization declaration to Upshaw, who replied on November 21 that he had received and filed said declaration, and that it showed conclusively that Fletcher was not a citizen of the United States on the date of the depredation, and therefore not provided for by the terms of the act of March 3, 1885, as indicated in his previous letter.

On October 5, 1880, an account had appeared in the *Daily Gazette*, Davenport, Iowa, which had caused widespread comment. Mrs. Cook seems not to have kept the story in its original form as it appeared, but from a follow up account, it is apparent that she attempted to link the name of Miss Lizzie Fletcher, of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, with that of her long-lost sister. Was there a possibility that Onita, in the skit, "The Prairie Wolf," answering to the name of Lizzie Fletcher, was the captive? Fortunately the newspaper, now fragile with age, reprinted Buffalo Bill's response in its entirety because only the first page is among her collection. The letter was addressed to B. F. Tellinghast, editor, who passed the original on to her.

Cody regretted to say that the Miss Fletcher who played the lead in John A. Stevens' play was not Mrs. Cook's sister, but the incidents involving the Fletcher girls were so well known they might have suggested the name to Stevens. Cody speaks of Comstock, whom he knew well, and he says that he was killed, in July, 1868, by the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers while scouting in Western Kansas. It was his belief that the white men whom Mrs. Cook had mentioned in her letter to him were Charles and George Bent. In his concluding paragraph, he says, "I haven't a doubt in the world that she [the real Lizzie Fletcher] still lives," and he promised to try in any way he could to locate her. Nothing seems to have resulted.

Three days after the article appeared, Amanda was paid the \$2000 due her for her "relief." She refers to this money as "a present for captivity award." It did not modify her attitude toward

31. *Ibid.*, pp. 23-25.

the Cheyennes, who had admitted their guilt and had paid her. She now felt it all the more necessary that she complete her father's naturalization papers, so that she would not be deprived of her rights under the law by not being a naturalized citizen of the United States. While she was working out a solution to this problem, she continued her search to find Lizzie; she wrote letters and her memoirs; and she even started a book, but after a few flowery pages she gave up.

Fletcher, in his original claim, had asked for a reasonable sum. When he was not granted that, he must have reduced his claim on the theory that it would be better to receive a small amount than nothing. Again he failed. The appraisal sworn to by Amanda and her brother, though it did not agree with either of Fletcher's claims, was not exorbitant, except in minor detail.

In 1889, there was an amazing development in the case when Amanda's claim was upped \$100,000. The reason is obscure. If all of her own letters had been kept, the matter might have been clarified.

Amanda had been unable to receive even the amount of Fletcher's second claim because he had not been naturalized. Because of his lack of final papers, she still was not a naturalized citizen when Senator W. B. Allison proposed a bill to be entered in the Senate of the Fifty-first Congress in her behalf. It called for the payment to Amanda M. Fletcher-Cook, for herself and brothers, the sum of \$108,000, with interest from August 1, 1865.

Fearing that the bill might die in committee, Amanda wrote a spirited letter to Senator Allison dated February 20, 1890, a copy of which she kept. In it she showed her resentment over not having been paid the amount she felt was due her. She asked, "How often has Mr. and Mrs. Justice died in committee rooms of the U. S. Senate? . . . Now at the proper time. . . . I want you to stand by *that bill*. . . . That committee ought to *soon present* the bill you *have or had* as it was attached to my affidavit, which makes me not you responsible for my claim presentment. I want *our dues* without further delays by Uncle Samuel or his officers entrusted to paying his debts and obligations. . . . If the committee of the Senate wishes to cut off a *slice from Justice*, let him *cut out the interest* but not one cent of the *principle* in the sum about \$106,000."

Three days later, Amanda received a most informative letter, the first ten pages of which are found in her collection. Though the signature is missing, it was written from Las Animas and was dated, February 26, 1890. Since the unknown writer refers to his brother, Thomas O. Boggs, he would have been in a position to know the oldtimers about whom he wrote. Relative to Kit Carson, about whom Amanda must have inquired, he stated that he lived for a time with Thomas Boggs. His wife died at Boggsville, Colorado, the home of Boggs and Carson, the same year (1867) he

died at Fort Lyon. Besides leaving his private papers to Boggs, Carson also left his children for him to raise and educate.

But of more interest than this to Amanda, the writer promised to find out if there was such a chief as Cut Nose among the Cheyennes. He said he would have his wife ask Mrs. John W. Prowers, the daughter of One Eye, who was killed at Sand Creek. The page with this information is missing. The writer supplied the address of Ed Gary and George Bent, as Fort Sill, Indian Territory. If Amanda wrote to the former, she had no reply, nor did she have direct word from Bent. Her letter to him, with certain qualifications, has been mentioned previously.

In her efforts to find Lizzie, Amanda wrote to everyone she thought could supply her with a scrap of information. After finding out from the War Department that General P. E. Connor did not file a report, which might have mentioned the attack at Rock Creek, she wrote to Colonel Nelson A. Cole, who, in 1865, led a contingent of the ill-fated Powder River Expedition. While Connor was establishing the camp named in his honor, Cole and his men almost perished, more from the weather than because of any Indian action.

The only decisive battle Connor could claim during the War of 1865 was at Tongue River where he destroyed Black Bear's camp. Colonel Cole briefly outlined the campaign and concluded by saying, "Your experience was certainly a sad one, and you have my heartfelt sympathy and regret that I cannot be of service to you."

In 1890, she appealed to the War Department again, this time so see if she could find any record of the burial of her mother and others at Rock Creek. There was no record. In 1972, Mary Farr paused at the scene of a number of unmarked graves on the slope above Rock Creek Crossing. At this late date it is impossible to determine how many—and she speculated as to which held the remains of her great-grandmother, Mary Limb Fletcher. She will never know.

In her desperation, Amanda wrote to General John B. Sanborn, who was then practicing law in St. Paul. Her request for information was followed by two long letters in which he tried to place the incident she recounted. His problem was that, to his knowledge, there were two Rock Creeks, one in Wyoming and the other in Kansas, just below the Nebraska line.

In his first letter, March 18, 1890, he said that he camped at Rock Creek (here he obviously meant Wyoming) in the spring of 1886, and his companion, the veteran trader, George P. Beauvais, "now dead," related an incident in which one or more women were captured by Indians, and he pointed out the direction in which the Indians moved and the hills where they camped the first night. The incident sounded as if it related to the Fletchers, but he was unable to recall the details Beauvais had given him. He was left

under the impression that the women who were captured were later surrendered by the Indians.

Sanborn said that he did not know or hear of any English gold sovereign pieces or English currency being passed by the Indians or whites on the Plains when he was in command. He suggested that she write to Seth W. Ward, Westport, Missouri; Colonel Nelson Cole, St. Louis, Missouri; and Colonel Thomas Moonlight, who was in charge at Fort Laramie in 1865, though he was under the impression that Moonlight had died. He believed that Mr. Ward could tell her the "state of everything if he is not made infirm with age." It should be noted that Moonlight, who served as Governor at Wyoming Territory (1887-89) did not die until 1899.

In Sanborn's second letter, dated March 25, he said that the Bent brothers, whom she must have mentioned, were "notoriously hostile and ugly at the Treaty of 1865, when all of the chiefs promised to give up any captives in their possession as soon as they could be brought into the posts occupied by the troops." This council concerned the Southern bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, those under Black Kettle and Little Raven. These two chiefs tried to arrange peace while their warriors fought in the north. Meanwhile, the northern bands of the tribes against whom the government was then at war, continued to roam at will. Sanborn makes no mention of the Dog Soldiers.

The Davenport Democrat of April 18, 1890, carried a story under the heading, "A Peculiar Case." It said that Mrs. M. A. F. Cook had come to the county clerk's office with the incomplete naturalization papers of her father, Jasper Fletcher. He took out his first papers in Cambridge, Illinois, in 1861, but he left for California before taking out the final ones. After reviewing the Fletcher story, the article stated that the papers had been completed, thus making Mrs. Cook a naturalized citizen, through her father, then deceased. The papers were 30 years too late to help Jasper Fletcher or his heirs.

About two weeks prior to this date, T. J. Morgan, commissioner of Indian affairs, after receiving Amanda's inquiry regarding the burial of her mother, called Colonel Samuel F. Tappan into his office for an interview. Tappan, who was at Fort Lyon at the time of the Sand Creek Massacre, was grounded because of an injured foot. A foe of Colonel Chivington's, he later became chairman of the military commission investigating the Sand Creek Massacre.³²

32. There was a military as well as a Congressional Commission investigating Sand Creek, with Senator Ben Wade chairman of the latter. The hundreds of pages of testimony resulted in the resignation of Governor Evans. Though Chivington was held primarily to blame, he was not court-martialed as it was time for his retirement. He subsequently resigned.

He referred Amanda to General Connor, who was then (1890) stationed at Salt Lake City, Utah, and to Colonel Thomas Moonlight, who was, on March 20, 1890, residing in Leavenworth, Kansas. Amanda undoubtedly wrote to both, but no replies are found.

In all legal matters, Charles Hanger, or "Uncle Charlie," as Amanda called him, stood by her loyally. Besides making a trip to Cheyenne to consult Special Indian Agent Poole and give his deposition in his presence, he made a trip to Washington, D. C. in behalf of her case.

In his first deposition, October 31, 1891, he stated that the Cheyennes with whom he traded did not give him a single robe, but paid him in money—Bank of England notes and coins.³³ The Indians, he testified, told him that the money was taken from the Fletcher wagons. According to his statement, he was paid about \$14,000 in English money, but he paid the ransom in goods, which meant more to the Indians. He affirmed that Colonel Bent (William, father of Charles and George) showed him the English money he had. He had forgotten how much he said it amounted to, but he believed it to be at least twice the amount in his possession. Hanger claimed that he offered \$200 for Mrs. Fletcher's wedding ring, which was being worn by one of the Indians, but he was unable to buy it.

One paragraph in Hanger's letter of October 20, 1891, indicated that he might have been giving money as well as encouragement to his protégé. He states, "I am glad you extended partial invitation to visit my Davenport house—and I will avail myself of the privilege as soon as my Dear Mother is at rest—and as far as footing the bills that is one reason I will want to come—to make you comfortable for the winter." In the postscript, he added, "Do you know, Mary, I am just worn out with watching and the care of Poor Mother—but it will soon be over and I will have done my duty—nothing more, however—and I am glad I have kept up as well as I have."

In his November 4 letter, Hanger reviewed certain details in his deposition, a copy of which he sent her. He commented, "Did you ever stop to think that I did not get one robe from the Indians that you were with—it was all money!" He had made it clear that his partner, Morris, was dead. There was not a living person who could contradict his statements.

He suggested that she make arrangements with Jasper and Oscar, William having died previously, to pay them a certain sum when she got the money. At the same time, she should remind

33. "Evidence of Claimants," *op. cit.*, Hanger's first deposition, pp. 22-24.

them of how she had been fighting all of these years and the hundreds of dollars she had spent. He made no mention of his own expense.

Jasper Fletcher's sons showed little interest in Indian Depredation 380, Court No. 5072, which first stated: "Mrs. A. M. F. Cook, Jasper Fletcher and Oscar D. F. Fletcher, Heirs of Jasper Fletcher, Deceased, vs. The United States and Cheyenne and Apache Indians." Court Number 5072 was reworded to read: "Amanda M. Fletcher Cook et al., heirs of Jasper Fletcher, deceased, vs. The United States and the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes of Indians." There seems little reason for the inclusion of the Apaches. Apparently the mistake was noted and the word Arapahoes was inserted, though the Arapahoes seem to have been incidental to Amanda's way of thinking. She had no reason to question the belief that Lizzie was still among the Cheyenne Indians. The only gesture her brothers seem to have made to help her in her continuous battle was in the nature of a deposition given by Jasper February 1, 1876, when he was 17 years old.³⁴ With it was filed his inventory of loss, identical to Amanda's. Other than this, Jasper showed a lack of interest. An envelope, containing a number of documents, as well as a form that was never filled out, appears to be just as his sister received it.

The many letters Mrs. Cook kept from lawyers, politicians, military personnel, and others interested in her case reflect the anxious moments she must have spent writing for information—anything she could obtain to further her cause. Just as her father had shown his marked determination, she, too, seemed to have a single purpose, and she considered it "just and true." There is no extraneous matter in her collection.

In the fourth letter in a series from the Attorney General's office, it is obvious that the patience of the Justice Department was wearing thin. In this letter, dated December 30, 1892, the Attorney General stated sharply, "There are nearly nine thousand cases pending in the Court of Claims for Indian Depredations, and it is impossible to keep up a personal correspondence with each of the claimants. You have an attorney of record who is supposed to attend to the claimants' interests and do what is best for them in the case."

In Mrs. Cook's collection, there is the copy of an agreement with B. W. Perkins, dated April 4, 1891, to take charge of her claim. Amanda must have been discouraged by all that had happened. She had been defeated in various battles but she had not conceded defeat in her war. She still had the backing of Charles Hanger.

A second deposition was given by him on behalf of the claimant

34. *Ibid.*, Jasper Fletcher Jr.'s deposition, pp. 6-8.

at Clinton, Illinois, October 31, 1891.³⁵ It was repetitious for the most part. Then it was stipulated that he should go to Washington, D. C., by Perkins, attorney for claimants, and L. W. Colby, assistant attorney general. Colby conducted the cross examination there, December 15, 1891, and he questioned him at length. Again Hanger added little that had not already been said.

Perkins, after being appointed U. S. senator, turned over all of his law business to attorneys Martin & Cushman. W. W. Martin, of that firm, informed Amanda on March 19, 1892, that the prosecution of depredations claims was at a standstill in the Court of Claims because the attorney general raised the question of the necessity of "service on the Indian charged with committing depredations." Until that question was determined by the Court, there would be no further action as far as trying cases was concerned. He concluded by saying that Amanda would be notified in time to be prepared, as soon as arrangements could be made with the attorney general to take her deposition.

In her letter to Colby, April 23, 1892, she said that she wished to have her deposition taken. She "couldn't stand the strain much longer." But she had to wait until December 1 before it was done. It amounted to 12 printed pages of prepared questions that were put to her.³⁶ She merely amplified for the most part what she had previously said. In her testimony she tells of watching the Indians take clothing, bedding, beds, provisions, and "money in particular" from the wagons. She makes reference to the "family treasury" a number of times.

When asked if she ever saw the Indians make use of the money, she referred to Sand Hill. "He went there [to Colonel Bent's, then in the Sand Hills], and he disposed of the money there in swapping for different things, sugar, flour, coffee, and blankets, and anything, of course, that he could get. . . . It [the money] passed through his hands to mine to be sure it was correct, and I paid it to Colonel Bent."

She stated: "They wanted me to count them [the bills]. I would count the number. There was one that had 1700 bills. One Indian in particular had 2400 pounds in English money. Just when I saw this money I could not tell you. It was while I was a captive, I am positive. There was one that had 700 bills. I knew this money. It was a different kind from the American. I knew it was the same. The gold was divided among them. The squaws had the coins, after making holes in them, strung in their ears. Something grand and something that was very nice in their idea."

This is significant, for a lawyer with mathematical insight later pointed to the fact that she saw more money than she had originally

35. *Ibid.*, Hanger's second deposition and cross-examination, pp. 24-29.

36. *Ibid.*, Amanda Fletcher Cook's deposition, pp. 29-46.

specified her father had. This led to the conclusion that the money—perhaps a major part of it—may have come from another source.

Letters continued to arrive from attorneys: Perkins and Chandler, Washington, D. C.; Martin and Cushman, Washington, D. C.; and Davis and Lane, Davenport, Iowa, regarding the case. Finally on December 11, 1894, one came from Needham and Cotton, Washington, D. C., saying the defendant had filed a plea alleging fraud. This was unquestionably a blow to Amanda. Across the end of the envelope she wrote "important." The attorney signified that the defendant had no further testimony and was ready to dispose of the case as soon as it could be briefed. If Amanda had no additional information relative to the case, the lawyer saw no reason why it could not be briefed and submitted.

In Amanda's collection there are three government documents pertaining to Case No. 5072. One contains 46 pages of evidence to be submitted to the Court of Claims. It is yellowed with age and worn thin from handling. Its binding is gone and the pages are held together with a thread. The other two are "Claimants' Request for Finding of Facts," and "Defendants' Request for Finding of Facts." Since the facts have already been covered, we will mention only the highlights given in the preface in the two pamphlets just mentioned.

Martin, attorney for the claimants, stressed the following points:³⁷

1. Though Jasper Fletcher, then deceased, was not a naturalized citizen, he had declared his intent and was therefore entitled to protection.
2. That the Cheyenne Indians who committed the alleged depredations, July 31, 1865, were "at the time in treaty relations, and in amity with the United States and chargeable with the Claimant's loss."
3. That the depredation was committed on the trail (near Rock Creek Station), not on a reservation and that the value of the property destroyed amounted to \$106,295.50.
4. That Amanda, Jasper, and Oscar D. F. were "the only surviving heirs" of Jasper Fletcher, deceased.
5. Said Claimants were entitled to recover, "under the law and the evidence," of the United States and Cheyenne Indians, the sum of \$106,295.50.

Colby, Assistant Attorney-General, prefaced his argument by mentioning:³⁸

37. "Claimants' Request for Finding of Facts," *op. cit.*, pp. 1-2.

38. "Defendant's Request for Finding of Fact," *Indian Depredations*, Court No. 5072, Court of Claims, pp. 1-2.

1. Jasper Fletcher was not at the date of the depredation a citizen of the United States.
2. The value of the claimant's property stolen or destroyed did not exceed \$2356.
3. There was no proof that the claimants were the only living heirs of Jasper Fletcher.
4. The Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians had already paid Amanda M. Fletcher Cook the sum of \$2000 on account of the same attack upon which the claim was based.
5. The Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes were not in amity with the United States at the time.
6. The claimants had attempted in the "proof, statement, and establishment of their claim to practice fraud against the United States and their claim should be forfeited to the Government."

Since money seems to have been the main contention, Colby's summary is significant. He states: "It is not pretended and it is not possible that Amanda M. Fletcher Cook has any knowledge of this loss now that she did not have in 1875, the father having died before the date of the affidavit in which she places the loss of coin and bank notes at \$3000. It is incredible that the father should have made two claims, one for \$250 and the other for \$150, in gold coin, if the actual amount lost was from 400 to 700 times greater; but it is inconceivable that the daughter and the son should increase this claim to \$2000 and make an additional claim for \$1000 in bank notes, with the full knowledge that the real amount lost was \$15,000 in gold and \$85,000 in bank notes."³⁹

We can be sure that Charles Hanger suffered through the long, drawn out case with Amanda. He, too, must have been tired of it all. A letter from Needham & Cotton, January 17, 1896, brought further disappointment, to both Hanger and to Amanda, to whom it was addressed. The letter began by stating that as promised the attorneys would keep her informed. "We have now to announce to you the fact that the Supreme Court has decided in respect to the Indian depredation statute that the claimant must be a citizen at the date of the depredation and that he had filed his intentions to become one does not bring him within the scope of the jurisdiction. This affirms the opinion of the Court of Claims. . . . The decision would seem to be fatal to your case as you were long ago advised and the only thing which can now amend it is the legislation proposed."⁴⁰ He could not say what the chances were for that, but the lawyers would keep in touch with

39. *Ibid.*, pp. 7-8.

40. "Adjudication and Payment of all Claims Arising from Indian Depredations," Calendar No. 1281, Senate Report No. 1300, 56 Cong., 1st Sess.

"the western Senators who have the matter at heart," and they would let her know as soon as possible.

This was probably the end of the matter as far as Hanger was concerned. His last letter, dated August 19, 1897, was written from Clinton, Illinois. It made no reference to the case, which by now was dead. Instead, on a lighter note, he wished her a happy birthday by referring to an important event which happened in Old England 46 years before. With his usual good humor, he said he was "creditably informed that she was there." He devoted his life to caring for an ailing mother and considerable time and substance in helping his devoted friend, Amanda. His death must have occurred not long afterwards.

With Case No. 5072 settled, Amanda had yet another major problem to face: What became of Lizzie? Both Custer and Buffalo Bill were convinced that she was alive. Unknown to her, stories were beginning to circulate regarding a white woman who came to Casper, Wyoming, with the Indians who drove freight caravans between the Wind River Reservation and that point, a distance of about 125 miles. The story of the mysterious white woman came to the notice of the publisher of *The Natrona County Tribune*, A. J. Mokler, who carried a story in his paper. It was republished in a number of newspapers, and finally came to the attention of Amanda, who wrote a letter of inquiry to Mokler and sent him a copy of *The Gazette*, telling of the attack at Rock Creek and the capture of the child, who had never been found.

C. G. Coutant, early-day historian, of Cheyenne, wrote to Amanda, August 31, 1900. He asked for detailed information on her "adventures" which he planned to put in a chapter on "Captive Women and Children," in his proposed Volume II of *History of Wyoming*.⁴¹

Coutant's letter was followed on September 7 by one from A. J. Mokler. After acknowledging receipt of *The Gazette*, he stated that he would publish it in the paper the 13th, which he did. He mentioned Captain Hermon G. Nickerson, of Fort Washakie, who he thought might have told her that the white woman was with the band of Indians in Casper some years before. Nickerson was not the first to discover that there might possibly be a white woman living with the Indians. The scout Frank Grouard, in March, 1878, had seen the Arapahoes being moved to the Wind River Reservation, and he had observed that they had a white boy and girl with them.

41. Volume II of Coutant's history was never published. His unfinished notes are in the files of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department. The account furnished him by Amanda appeared in the *Second Biennial Report of the State Historian*, September 30, 1922, under the heading, "Captured by Indians," pp. 101-106.

The Arapahoes who refused to live among the Sioux or to go to Indian Territory to merge with the Southern bands, were placed on the Shoshone reservation on a temporary basis in 1878. It was not until after a prolonged court case, ending in 1938, that the Shoshones were paid for one-half of the reservation, that portion occupied by the Arapahoes. Since then the reservation has been jointly owned by the two tribes.

In August, 1901, another newspaper man, C. S. Thompson, became actively interested in "the white Indian girl." Writing on Inter Ocean Hotel stationery, Cheyenne, he said that he had learned in a recent conversation with Captain Nickerson, agent at the Shoshone Reservation, that a white woman was living as a member of the Arapaho tribe.

Meanwhile, Amanda had a most welcome letter from Senator Francis E. Warren, of the Committee on Claims, regarding the "Adjudication and Payment of All Claims Arising from Indian Depredations (No. 1281)," which might indirectly have helped her recover the loss for which she fought so hard. Warren said, "Friends of the measure are making some changes in it, which it is thought will make its passage easier of accomplishment than if presented in the same form as last session." He hoped for favorable results.⁴²

It is difficult to determine whether or not Nickerson knew that John Brokenhorn's wife was white when he gave her the name Sarah, about the turn of the century. It took him two years to Anglicize all of the Indian names at Wind River. When he completed his task, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William Shakespeare, Washington, Garfield, Lincoln, and Grant were among the names of dignitaries found on the tribal rolls. All were meaningless to the Indians at the time.

Prior to Nickerson's time, there had been no family names among the two tribes. Each had his own, given to him at birth or earned by him later in life. This matter of family names was contrary to the Indian pattern; especially was this true among the Shoshones, who would not repeat the name of the dead.

The Arapahoes, on the other hand, believed that an infant's

42. An undated and unidentified clipping in Amanda's collection is titled, "Paying for Poor Lo's Work," and it indicates that the bill was passed in both the House and the Senate, but that a conference "had been ordered and some agreement would undoubtedly be reached." The lack of further information indicates that Mrs. Cook was again disappointed. Obviously, she did not consider her claim settled, for on February 8, 1928, she legally assigned to her son, F. S. Cook, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, all her "right, title and interest in the cause of action against the United States, now pending in the Court of Claims at Washington, D. C. entitled: Amanda M. Fletcher Cook vs. The United States of America, thereby giving him full power to collect all the profits that might be obtained from said action.

longevity might be assured by giving him the name of a very old person. The "re-used names" had nothing to do with blood lines. The Arapahoes also had an interesting custom of name exchange. If one member of the tribe preferred some other name to his own, he might approach the one bearing it and offer a price—in the early days a horse was his usual offer. The one approached could not, under the circumstances, refuse. Dispossessed this way, he might have to wait for a meeting of his age society before having another name, which was then ceremonially conferred. Nickerson contributed toward the disruption of the cultural plan. In the case of John Brokenhorn and others whose names were acceptable, he merely added a given name and the one by which they were known became the surname, used by the various members of that particular family.

Thompson, who was previously mentioned, was told by Nickerson that Mrs. Cook planned to come West that year (1901) to identify her sister. As a newspaper man, "doing work occasionally for the *New York Sun*," he hoped "to get to the bottom of this white woman case." He requested all information she might be disposed to give and promised his help in solving the riddle.

Not since Custer's information concerning Little Silver Hair had Amanda been given such definite reason to believe that her sister was alive. During her tedious and often frustrating efforts to gain a settlement in the Court of Claims, she had lost hope of ever seeing her again.

She was heartened by a letter from Nickerson, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, September 16, 1901. He said that the smallpox epidemic and the Indian uprising she had mentioned were a fake. He wrote, "Should you come to the agency to see the alleged white woman, let me know when you will leave Casper for the Arapaho sub-agency, 25 miles from Fort Washakie." From this we are not sure whether or not he was aware that Brokenhorn's wife was a white woman—and he certainly had no way of knowing her real name—when he called her Sarah Brokenhorn. He promised to meet Amanda and arrange for an interview, to which he felt there would be no objection.

According to an undated, unidentified clipping—a reprint of Mokler's article—Mrs. Cook and her sister were united after a separation of 37 years. Although we are not sure of the exact date, it was sometime in the spring of 1902. Lizzie, according to Amanda, looked just like her mother, Mary Limb Fletcher, still with evidence of a fair complexion though she had been constantly exposed to the sun and the winds. Indian paint could not cover up the fact that she had blue eyes and freckles, which seemed to run in the Fletcher family. Through an interpreter Amanda tried vainly to persuade her to return to Davenport with her. But Lizzie, who had her share of her father's determination, flatly

refused. She denied the obvious truth that she was white. No amount of pleading could sway her.

The picture of John and Lizzie Brokenhorn is significant. It indicates that Little Silver Hair, "the white Indian girl," still liked fancy Indian attire. Her porcupine quill embroidered cape, her beads, and her bracelets show her to be dressed in the prescribed Indian fashion. The only item of her attire that shows any lack of conformity is the warbonnet, the emblem of the Plains warrior. Women as a rule did not wear one.

Mary Farr, recognizing the strong resemblance, says, "If you would put a warbonnet on Grandma [Amanda], you would swear that it was Aunt Lizzie." Who, might we ask, would have had any more right to wear the emblem of a warrior than Jasper Fletcher's two spunky daughters?

It might be fitting to try to analyze Lizzie's point of view since she had no way of expressing it herself and Amanda could not



Mary Farr Collection

JOHN AND LIZZIE BROKEN HORN

understand because of her own bitter experience. In the first place, as a little girl Lizzie had been affectionately cared for by the Arapahoes, who love children. Sometimes it is difficult to determine whose children are whose, because those of friends and relatives are cared for with the same devotion as their own. Second, she had been able to adjust to the Indian way of life better than the usual captive because she had no remembrance of having lived among the whites. The Indian "road," as they call their way of life, was the only one she knew. Third, she had a husband who may not have provided her with certain "necessities" a white woman might demand, but over the years had stood by her, and she by him. They had shared joys and sorrows, for they had lost their only child when he was only 12 years of age. Fourth, she was surprised, though not overjoyed, to learn her identity from a woman whom she did not even know, a stranger who claimed to be her sister. Had she been younger, she might have reacted differently, but she had lived too long with a man who opposed the white man and all that he stood for, though he proudly wore a medal showing he had served as a scout for General George Crook.

The tragedy of the encounter is that the sisters could not speak the same language, and they had no basis for understanding. When Lizzie denied her, Amanda faced another great sorrow in her life. Mokler quotes her as saying that she had had many bitter experiences, but when Lizzie "refused to give up her wild life and live like a woman civilized, it was the hardest blow she had endured since she saw her mother killed by being thrust through the body with a spear."⁴³ To Lizzie, who did not realize the full significance of the interview, the incident had little meaning.

The Arapahoes must have felt a degree of satisfaction in knowing that Ha(h)-nabe-no-ha (Kills-in-Time) had spurned the offer to return to her people and had preferred to remain with them. One statement regarding her that appeared in the press is difficult to accept—that is, that her discovery lent dignity and that she felt more important and considered herself of superior birth.

It should be pointed out that the Arapahoes from time immemorial have considered themselves "the chosen people," having been created first, according to their Origin Myth. When it was asserted that Brokenhorn felt superior because his wife was a white woman, so superior that he refused his natural allotment, it is hard to believe. He was known for his animosity to the government. His stubbornness in refusing the allotment obviously stemmed from the fact that he felt the land was not the white man's to allot.

The Brokenhorns spent their last years in their little cabin about

43. A. J. Mokler, "A White Indian Woman," in *History of Natrona County, 1888-1922*, (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., 1923), pp. 417-421.

a half mile from St. Stephens Indian Mission, near Riverton, Wyoming, where he supported himself and his wife by peddling curios, trading horses, and practicing as a medicine man. This was supplemented by a pension of \$50 a month he received for having served General Crook and by what wages Sarah could earn doing laundry and housework for some of the white families in Riverton. She also served as midwife.

The early settlers in the area remember her quite clearly. One former resident states that she used to wash for her mother, and when she would roll up her sleeves to keep them out of the water, her arms were white.

Another pioneer in Riverton states that she recalls one winter—she believes it was in 1909—when the weather was unusually cold. The Indian women would come to the back door of the restaurant to ask for food. Mrs. Brokenhorn, more thin-skinned than the rest, seemed actually to be suffering one bitter cold day. The owner invited her in and seated her in front of the range. When she opened the oven door, Sarah warmed her moccasined feet inside. She appeared grateful, but she could not speak a word of English. The daughter-in-law of the proprietor has not forgotten that she looked different from the other Indian women—her braids were not of the same texture and her eyes were lighter in color. What interested her most was that there was a white streak around her wrist, between her cuffs and the place where the dye on her hands left off.

One of the elderly Arapaho women recalls that she was white when she stripped down to bathe with the Indian women in a secluded spot on Wind River. This same elder steadfastly maintains that she came to the Arapahoes through the Crow Indians. Several others who could be induced to talk about her stuck to the Crow story, sometimes embellishing it. Just when the version got started we cannot discover. It may have been circulated by the Indians to discourage further visits from a white woman claiming to be a sister.

One version, more complete than the rest, is given by Agnes Bell (Mrs. Isaac) at Arapahoe, Wyoming. She states: "Some Arapaho men went to a small town to buy food. There they met this woman, 'Lizzie Sarah's' mother. She asked them to take her away because she was pregnant and wanted a home and father for her child. A childless man took this woman to his home. Lizzie Sarah was born and raised in that Indian home. When older she married John Brokenhorn." Mrs. Bell insists she was not a captive.

Mike Brown (Lone Bear), one of the leading elders, also living at Arapahoe, who knew the Brokenhorns better than any one else, states that there are two stories concerning Lizzie. One is that she was captured by the Crows and later came, or was traded to his people; the other is that she was captured along the trail by the

Arapahoes, with whom she lived until the time of her death. He would not say which was the true account. When he was given a brief resumé of the Rock Creek incident, he commented, "Well, that sounds pretty much like it."

He said that Walker, the only child, was Walks Ahead, suggesting that he might have walked ahead of the rest when camp was being moved. Nickerson named him Columbus, a name by which Brown remembers him when they attended school. In the heirship files at the agency at Fort Washakie, he is mentioned as Walker Horn. Following his untimely death he was buried at the Black Coal Cemetery. Brown was unable to explain the origin of Lizzie's name, Kills-in-Time, which may relate to the Rock Creek incident, and the killing of her mother.

It was late in the afternoon when Judge and Mrs. Farr and the author reached the cemetery at St. Stephens, where John Brokenhorn and his wife are buried. The simple cemetery, with its modest markings and artificial flowers, is not laid out in family plots. It looks as if the graves might have been filled in the order deaths occurred. Mary Farr had no difficulty finding the grave she sought—that of her great aunt. There it was, right in front of her. The small wooden cross marking it read, "Sarah Broken Horn."

In the files at the agency, there are two letters pertinent to the Brokenhorns. One, dated March 13, 1930, is from R. P. Haas, superintendent, to the commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C. The purpose was to notify him that John Brokenhorn, Pensioner No. 11826, Indian scout, died February 22, 1930. Haas returned the March check.

The other letter is from Arthur N. Arnston, acting superintendent, to the Secretary of the Interior (through the commissioner of Indian affairs). It requests instruction on the disposition of the estate of Brokenhorn, unallotted Arapaho Indian. It amounted to \$25.49, including the sum derived from a wagon and harness in 1927 and the interest that had accrued since then.

One paragraph is of special interest. It states:

"This Indian [John Brokenhorn] was born in 1850 and died February 22, 1930. An examination of old census records reveals that he had one child, Walker Horn, who died in 1909 at the age of 12. His wife, Kills in Time Horn, Unallotted, died May 31, 1928. No record can be found of any living heirs."

It is strange that the two captives, one who knew a life of affluence, and the other that of a drudge, should both die in the same month, in the same year—Amanda on May 9 and her sister on May 31. Amanda's death occurred almost exactly 63 years after the Fletcher family set out from Rock Island, Illinois, on their tragic adventure.

Lizzie, or Sarah, lies buried among the people with whom she spent all but two years of her life. She was fortunate in being taken into a tribe of Indians that is well known for its fondness for

children. As she grew up, there was no question about her being accepted. She was already one of them.

Amanda, who waged a losing legal battle over the years, lived in a beautiful old stone house, known in its declining years as the oldest house in Davenport. In 1967 it was listed as vacant; in 1968 it became the location of a McDonald's drive-in restaurant.

Mary Elizabeth Farr, who perpetuates the name Mary (Amanda Mary) of her grandmother and Elizabeth (Lizzie) of her great-aunt, says, in speaking of the past, "It makes me weep bitter tears." For whom? Are they for Lizzie, who lived a life without complaint, away from the complexities of the white society? Or are they for Amanda Mary, who magnified her wrongs over the years and was never quite able to recognize her own good fortune?

Journal of William Riley Franklin to California from Missouri in 1850

Edited By

Homer Franklin, Sr., and Homer Franklin, Jr.

Introduction by

John W. Cornelison

Associate Editor, *Annals of Wyoming*

This journal came to the attention of the *Annals of Wyoming* staff in 1971. It is of particular interest since the route followed by the party, composed only of men, was the Sublette Cutoff.

Portions of the journal have been published in a limited edition book entitled *The William Franklin Line and Related Families 1785-1972 with Reminiscences by Homer Franklin, Sr., 1904-*. However, subsequent restoration work on the original manuscript enabled the Franklins to recover a number of additional entries. According to Homer Franklin, Sr., the portion of the journal covering the trip to California was contained on about 55 pages and the entire journal, including supplementary material, contains 97 pages.

In the past, the journal was used as a scrapbook and various items were pasted over the manuscript entries. The editors said that the journal had come apart and pages were not in logical sequence. Mr. Franklin said that even after two restoration efforts, there still were missing pages, entries that could not be read, and pages that apparently were out of sequence. The staff of *Annals of Wyoming* was given permission by the editors to attempt to put the materials in order. In so doing, we have tried to note those places within the narrative where there seems to be some question. Some notes also were made by the Franklins who edited the journal and made the typescript copy of the original. Notes inserted by the Franklins are designated, *ed.*

William Riley Franklin was born in Franklin County, Kentucky, in 1825, married Josephine Pryor in Missouri in 1848, and died in Kaufman County, Texas, in 1891. He was the grandfather of Homer Franklin, Sr., and the great-grandfather of Homer Franklin, Jr. According to the editors, William Riley Franklin may have

been a preacher or a philosopher at the time he made the trip to California. There also is an indication in the journal that he may have been a tutor.

The journal is based on the typescript copies provided by the Franklins. Spelling and punctuation have been essentially left as they appear in the typescript.

Thursday evening about 3:00 o'clock, April 4th A.D. 1850, we made our departure from Clinton County, Mo. for upper California to try our luck in the "Gold diggins". And I assure you, gentle reader, if you are on the eve of departure, you can appreciate our feelings, especially if you are about to leave a family behind to encounter the storms of adversity and poverty. We had a very rough introduction from the aforesaid county to Fort Kearney [old Fort Kearny, or Nebraska City.] The first evening was very gloomy to a seeker of the "Root of all evil". It rained on us incessantly and until dark put a stop to our march. We put up in a house for the night. From this on to Fort Kearney, bad weather followed us closely, as if to discourage us and send us back home, yet notwithstanding all this rain, mud and cold, we rushed forward with high spirits and a bold front (in anticipation of future prosperity and pleasant days) and made the trip this far in 10 days.

But I acknowledge, kind reader, that during this period our minds often wondered back to scenes of other and former days and I might say more comfortable days in which we could shelter from the driving rain and pelting storms. However, we could descry through all this gloom, better days, as appearing in the distance, yet afar off. Probably it will be necessary in the near future perusal of this journal to inform you of the number of our company, officers etc. this I will do after we organize. One thing sure I will mention, that we traveled through the counties of Buchanan, Andrew, Holt, & Atchison, getting to the aforesaid Fort. For the benefit of those who may hereafter wish to travel the same route to California, I will inform you that you can obtain any quantity of feed for your animals at reasonable prices, probably cheaper than any other route

Nothing to excite curiosity transpired among us during this period. As far as the country through which we passed, we saw nothing very romantic and picturesque, for the romancer or observer of natural scenery: yet to the eye of the husbandman, we saw a great deal to admire, for without hesitation I pronounce the Platte purchase, the best part of Missouri, and will ere long be the paradise of upper Missouri. This is now the 18th of April and we are waiting for the River to fall so that we can cross and make one final start for the land of Gold, for the much sought (and never found) haven of Eternal Peace and quietude.

Now courteous, kind and gentle reader, let your fortune be what it may, old or young, male or female, I ask you if gold, silver or wealth of any kind will give you solid comfort and make you happy in this life? Will it make your bed softer in a dying hour? Will it give a guilty conscious on a dying bed? Will it transport your immortal soul to eternal glory beyond this fleeting dying world? where your happy spirit basks in the sunshine of Eternal and everlasting bliss at the right hand of our and your God. You are all compelled to answer. Then, if this be the state of the case, why seek it in preference to everything else, because the mind is desperately mammon and he had rather serve mammon than to serve his creator - may redeeming pardon this digressing by the way, as you know it is necessary to digress from the beaten track to smell the sweet flowers of the forest that may chance to grow and wild sage or gather the roses of Sharron to break from the dull and monotony of the traveller.

Agreeable to God's will here we will realize we will be among holy angels, and the unfading beauties of the New Jerusalem where will be Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and Mediator, and God the judge of all. O! man, consider for what purpose thou wast made. Commune with thyself to know thy destiny for thou are fearfully and wonderfully made. How beautifully art thou adapted to the circumstances that surround thee; and how complete thy organization. If one of thy members are destroyed, what a derangement for the whole system. Further, what a beautiful connection between thy intellectual and physical powers, hence where the physical is weak, so also is the intellectual, few exceptions. Therefore, we should all strive to preserve health and keep our physical man strong. This can be done only by proper exercise, daily labor etc. (Read Fowler upon this).

Today man's hopes beat high for the future—tomorrow they are cast down. Today he soars, as it were, on eagles wings. To some rich and prosperous and realm, and tomorrow he retraces his eering steps. Today his fancy depicts the beauties of earth, tomorrow he exclaims with frustration, "it is all vanity and vexation of spirit". Today his imagination takes a retrospective view of man and beholds them all comfortably situated and happy. Tomorrow his spirits are dejected and he views them in another light. Today his imagination transports him beyond this fleeting dying world to that pleasant clime, where sickness, sorrow and death never come. Tomorrow he finds himself still in "these low grounds" where friend after friend forsake him. Today he reads his title clear to mansions in the skies. Tomorrow, tomorrow, there is a shade over his eyes which prevents his reading so clearly. Today he feels that he is a shield of grace; tomorrow he feels temptations. Today he holds sweet communion with his God - tomorrow satan leads him aside. Today he enters the house of God with other Christians and almost sees his God. Tomorrow he

enters the abode of Beelzebub and hears the clanking of his chains. O! Lord, if this be the true state of man, give him grace to conquer, give him grace to triumph over the works of satan and boldly and triumphantly march to Canaan's happy land. The different states of a man's mind causes all these vicissitudes and meanderings. The circumstances that surround him moulds his feelings. Today if a man is in high spirits, everything around him appears lovely, if dejected vice versa. If we go to the house of mourning, everything is melancholy, if to the house of feasting, all is jazz, all is mirth, thus it is with that creature called "man". The footsteps of Jehovah are in the mighty waters, his path is in the pathless ocean. Suffice us to say, revealed things belong to man, unrevealed things to God. Man knows enough of his destiny and enough of his errands here on earth, if he will but perform what he knows to be his duty, he will reap everlasting rewards beyond the grave. Notwithstanding the proper study of mankind is man. "Man, know thyself" was spoken by the ancient philosopher and if we do this we can completely master our sinful passions and desires.

Camp [10?]. We camped here three days upon the river bank waiting to cross. At length we got safely across on the 21 day of April, 1850.

Camp 11 Sunday the 21st (as before stated). We crossed the Missouri River and set forward ever westward for the "Gold Diggins" in high spirits for prospects for the future. We travelled 18 miles through the open prairie and scarcely any timber to be seen, none suitable for camping, except where we camped, one mile and a half south of the road we found a very good camping place with first rate water and wood plenty to cook with.

"Reflections"

This day brought us memories of the joys of the past, spent around our firesides at home, by the cold disagreeable wind and dust that blew in our eyes during our march. Such weather as this brings many a curious sensation over the journiers from home and his native land. Although he is far, far, from home and is still journeying on, his mind often wanders back to the "Old Farm Home". Hopes (as bright as the aims of this mission seems) when he kisses the dewdrops from the grass, buoys him up and speaks of better days. Yes, "Thanks to our CREATOR" for his passion for the human species, if it was not for this, this life would indeed be miserable. That would be our case from the cradle to the grave and we would undoubtly pass into a premature grave.

We moved slowly and silently from our native shores, as in deep reflection, in unperceived force, in eternal solitude, and in man's highest depths though we speak not a word. This state of mind soon wore off and all was quiet.

Camp 12. [22?] *Monday.* We moved forward about 11 miles, detoured to the right about a mile and camped. The water was very good to drink and there was tolerable plenty of wood.

We were a company of 42 men from Clay and Clinton Counties. JAMES R. COFFMAN, was unanimously chosen by this body of men as Capt. and Sergeant of the Guard, to be our main officer.* He will enforce our COVENTANTS and by-laws as they may be of advantage to this company of persons.

Camp 12. [?]. After a long and tiresome march, through deep sand, wind and dust we camped about 1000 yds from the River. There we found grass scarce and almost no wood. In the fore part of the night we heard braying of wild jackass that lasted until after midnight. When it finally stopped we took advantage of the lull and went into slumberland.

Camp 13. Today again we saw a herd of buffalo grazing on the plains. While thus engaged 4 of us rode out a half mile and dismounted and crept up close and shot two fine fellows. We returned to camp as much meat as we wanted and left the remainder of the carcasses for the wild cats and other carnivorous animals to eat at their leisure. Consequently we fared sumptuously for a while. After word got out jokes began to pass around about our marksmanship, they returned in the best possible manner and all in good humor. It is this kind of fun on such expeditions that makes for good spirits.

Camp 14. *Sunday [May ?] 5th.* Today we progressed 20 miles and camped near the River. Here we found grass very scarce, wood plenty. In traveling up this River you have a beautiful view. Either way, to the left the sandhills, to the front a beautiful stream, also in the rear and to the right the River winding its way serpentine among innumeral islands decked with clump

[*Note:* The entries, camp numbers and dates for Camps, 12, 13, 14 and 15 are confusing in several respects, perhaps due to the fragmentary condition of the journal prior to its restoration or misinterpretation of entries because of the nearly illegible condition of some of the original entries. The date for Camp 12 probably was Monday, April 22, 1850. One part of the entry for Camp 12 states that the site had good water and grass. A paragraph appended to the entry for Camp 12 apparently refers to another camp that was made "after a long and tiresome march" at a site where the party found "grass scarce and almost no wood." The entry designated Camp 13 is not dated. The entry for Camp 14 is dated, Sunday 5th, probably May 5, 1850. At this point, 12 days have elapsed between the entry for Camp 12, April 22 and Camp 14, May 5 but the camp numbers are in sequence. Camp 15 is dated Monday 8th. It appears that the date or the camp number is erroneous. There is no Camp 16 entry. Entries for Camps 12, 13, 14 and 15 are presented here in order following the entries for Camps 10 and 11 but the reader should be aware of the foregoing discrepancies.]

*[*Note:* According to the editors, James R. Coffman was William Riley Franklin's uncle.]

of trees. Ever now and then you see the antelopes bounding with almost lighting speed, to his native sandhills, where he soon finds a sure retreat from his pursuers.

Camp 15 Monday 8th. After a march of 15 miles near the sandhills, we encamped 1000 yds. from the River again. Here we found a first rate camping place, with a few exceptions. (viz. We had no grass and no wood save "Prairie Fuel").

Camp 17, Tues. 7th. Our caravan progressed 28 miles up South Platte and encamped near its margin. Here we found green wood, plenty, but we chose prairie fuel in preference. As we were encamped in a small grove of a thousand acres of it and skirted on either side by it; and front and rear blockaded to almost impassable. However, we set forward with not much less energy of resolution probably than Bonaparte when he exclaimed "is the route practicable over the Alps with an army of 2000 men?"

To our left today and yesterday as far as the eye could see were buffalo ordure, resembling an old pasture that had been turned out where had been kept innumerable thousands of cattle for years. The grass and herbage of every kind is leveled with the ground. Scarcely a shelter for a mountain rabbit, and from the carcasses and bones that are bleached and are bleaching, one would suppose that it had been inhabited by buffalo ever since God spoke the world into existence. And I have no doubt but those plains are as beautiful for pasturage as were Father Jacob's, the old Patriarch of Israel, save the different colored rods and watering troughs. South Platte is near half as wide as N. Platte, though not half so many islands, but a beautiful stream, winding its way gently through the beautiful undulating sand hills or bluffs, and ever now and then you will see it skirted on either side by some cottonwood or willow, giving it, upon the whole, a beautiful appearance.

Camp 18 Wednesday 8th: We, this day after a march of 20 miles, encamped on the margin of the aforesaid river. Here we again found extensive forests of "prairie fuel" and tolerable good grazing, consequently we fared well and rested finely tonight

Camp 19 Thursday 9th: This day a march of 10 miles brought us to the upper crossing of south Platte. We found no difficulty in fording it as the bottom is a bed of sand and the river shallow, no where up to the axle tree. Here the river is about half mile wide. After advancing 10 miles farther over gently rolling prairie, we encamped on the prairie without wood or water, some grass. We hauled water with us from the river, knowing that there was no water between the north and south forks.

Camp 20 Friday 10th: By the time the sun was an hour high, our caravan was moving ahead over the rolling prairie, an 8 miles march brought us to a creek, a stream near 200 yards wide, but very shallow and is generally dry as the bed is deep sand. We advanced 7 miles farther and encamped near the north fork of Platte. Here we found first rate grazing. Today, myself and

another man set forward a foot to take a May morning's ramble among the beautifully undulating sand hills, and like Obadiah, we were led astray by the many objects that tacitly invited us, thinking to admire their beauty or repose under their shadows. Step by step, we advanced from this object to that until the first we knew we were some 8 or 10 miles from our wagons. Now like the Prodigal Son, we had to turn and retrace our steps over hill and dale, mound and mountain, until we overtook our train, perfectly tired and fatigued. We enjoyed the ramble finely until we found that we were going wrong, and then like every honest man should do, we hastily righted ourselves. We this day enjoyed a delightful view. We ascended a sand hill near 200 feet and took a view of the surrounding hills and beautiful landscapes, and such a sight to those who admire the works of nature is lovely indeed. Picturesque and romantic! Some splendid writer has well observed "an _____ astronomer is mad". Yes, a pretended deist in view of such a sight is bound to acknowledge that sensations very queer steal over him, he is bound to stand in awe of that dread name — that God who spoke the world into existence, that God who set bounds to the great deep and who calms the stormy waves and who fills immensity of space and who is omnipresence and omniscient.

Camp 21, Saturday 11th: Our caravan progressed 18 miles up the river and encamped. Here we found very fine grazing etc. Today we received two more wagons into our train, increasing our caravan to 13 wagons and company to 50 men.

We have passed by some 8 or 10 graves already, whose deaths were caused by cholera and diarrhea, that great scourge of the human race. Poor men, who thus die afar! from home; no common assiduities of friendship, no well known voice of a fond mother or father or loving wife to soothe him in the last extremities of life, when his pulse begins to beat faint and feeble and earth and all her beauties (to him vanities) are fast fading before his view. What can be the thoughts of such an individual at such a moment as this? If he is a Christian, he calmly and gently falls asleep in the arms of a blessed Savior, and if he has a wife and children in this unfriendly world, he invokes God's blessings upon them. He prays that God will be father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow and protect them from the ills and evils of this life, and finally in the morning of the resurrection crown them in heaven at his right hand, where sickness, death and separation never take place. If the afore mentioned individual be a sinner, what can be his apprehensions at such a crisis? His friends are far away, he never expects to see them, and God he can never see in peace if not pardoned and redeemed with the blood of the Lamb. This he can hardly expect. Consequently, he sinks into a strange grave, in a strange land, and probably among strangers. And what is worse than all, his immortal spirit will soon wing its way into a strange region. O! Lord I pray thee! have mercy upon such. Remember

them as thou didst the dying thief upon the cross. How vain this world then appears, how vain its amusements and allurements. Yes, they would give the world (if in possession of it) for one smile of an approving God.

Camp 22, Sunday 12th. After a march of 25 miles over a deep sandy road, we camped in sight of "Council Rock" near the river. Here we found very good gramma grass, is said to be very strong and nourishing, and is equal to Timothy hay. There is one thing certain, that if the grass here did not possess more strength and nutrition than our common prairie grass, it would not be possible for our animals to cross the plains, starting as soon as we did. There is here also a kind of grama called Buffalo grass that is excellent flavor and good pasturage. This day we passed 3 graves side by side, who died last summer of cholera. When we see where the dead have been deposited and reflect upon their uncertain doom hereafter, sensations very melancholy steal over our mortal bodies. Yes, when we reflect upon their having died and being deposited afar from home and friends in a dreary, wild desolate solitude, where the wolf and other carnivorous animals prowl about at night around their graves to scratch up and devour their putrifying flesh, and howl their regime, our bosom heaves with pity for weeping humanity.

A march over the great plains attended with a recurrence of very near the same scenes from day to day. The same boundless green, the emerald prairies, seems to spread out before you, the same bright heavens are above, the same solid earth of uniform surface beneath, or if the monotony be at all broken, it is by the gradual change of the broad prairie into a succession of gently rolling hills, as when the unruffled ocean is heaved into waves of the storm. Occasionally the dull scene is relieved by the appearance of a mill or brook, winding among the undulation of the prairie, skirted by clumps and groves of trees or by the wild sunflower, pink or rose, which seem to blossom only to cheer with multiflorous odors, the waste around them.

We, this evening, were encamped in 8 miles of what is called "Court House" This, no doubt, took its name from its resembling a courthouse, or probably from some romancer, supposing that the different tribes of Indians met here to smoke the Calumet pipe of peace.

Camp 23, Monday 13th. After a march of 10 successive hours completing 25 miles partly over a gently rolling road, here we found very good grazing; hence our animals fared very well tonight. This encampment was in sight of Chimney Rock. This rock is about 200 feet high and can be seen at a distance of 20 miles and when seen from this distance it resembles some tall monument, erected on some well contested battle field in memory of the brave dead who sleep beneath its towering summit. The high bluffs worked into curious shapes by the wind and rain, present many

views of picturesque beauty and fancied resemblances of towers, monuments, castles and cities will be formed in the imagination of the traveler. Today we passed by another grave When we see a stranger's grave, feelings of sad insecurity come over us and remind us that death is certain but life uncertain. And seeing so many strewn along the road side who started out in high spirits of future prosperity, reminds us of the language of our Savior "Seek the Kingdom of Heaven first, and all these things shall be added," i.e. raiment and food. Most every day's march presents the same striking lesson to our view, some wanderer's grave with rude grave-stones or slabs, telling when he came here, how old he was & who he is, but his future state is left in impenetrable gloom, eternal mystery to the surviving sons of fallen nature. Notwithstanding, we know his immortal spirit is basking in the paradise of God with the Holy Angels, or in eternal misery with the infernal fiends of hell.

From Courthouse to Chimney Rock is about 15 miles; from Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluff is 20 miles, thence to Excellent Springs 10 miles. The road leaves the river 5 miles this side of Scott's Bluff, strikes at it again in 25 miles.

Camp 24, Tuesday 14th. This day's march brought us to the aforesaid spring, a distance of 30 miles from Camp 23. Here we found sufficient quantity of water for all purposes, gushing out of the deep ravine 200 feet below the surrounding bluffs. Here is a trading house, also a blacksmith shop to accommodate the emigrants and Indians. This encampment is indeed beautifully picturesque and romantic. The bluffs on either side skirted with cedar and pine peering from 50 to 200 feet high above the green valley. Between some of those bluffs look like the earth had broken loose and left them standing solitarily and alone. There are several trading houses near these bluffs. This day we passed two graves.

Reflections upon man, almighty and eternal Father, thy ways and designs are past finding out; whence thy beginning is altogether incomprehensible to finite minds, cannot comprehend infinitude and thy designs are clothed in eternal night, thus it ought to be thou art all-wise. But what is man that thou art mindful of him? We would have been as ignorant of his origin, as thine, if thou had not revealed it to us. Thy holy word informs us that man was created for wise and holy purposes; that he is a probationer here below, a pilgrim through this unfriendly and sinful world; that he is placed upon the earth to prepare for heaven and immortal glory beyond the skies, where all of his hopes, all of his expectations, and anticipations of future glory will be brought to a realization.

Wednesday 15th. We elected to lay by to rest our animals, have some of our wagons repaired, wash and etc. Today we again discovered a herd of 13 buffalo feeding among the sand hills, near a mile off. As soon as this was made known in camp, most all of the boys (as eager as young hounds for the chase at the blowing of

the horn) shouldered their rifles and set forth to encounter the huge and unwieldy animals, each eager to make a buffalo his prey, thus account himself gallantly over his companions. So thus equipped and prepared, the buffalo soon hove into sight, and as might be expected (without a commander), they made a fruitless charge, fired several guns, to no effect. The buffalo soon scampered off, at a proper and practicable distance for their comfort and safety from the young and enthusiastic hunters. To those young gents, ever afterward, acknowledged the universal adage "that experience keeps a dear school and folks will learn in no other," and that "experience is the best of knowledge", and "a wise man will hear counsel", though he may think that it comes from his inferior, were every man equally self-important, those men cannot get along in peace and harmony together. No, where all the stone of a house lean apart, this house cannot stand long if the storms of adversity blow against it. Thus, our Savior admonishes us. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Man was created a dependent and helpless creature, a worshipper not to be worshipped. Consequently, the heathen bow down to sticks and stones as their superior. The christian worship their God and none other. Though we are all born with certain inalienable rights and among these are life, liberty etc., yet we must all have a leader or commander when we wish to accomplish any end conjointly and together, for as the "Father of his Country" said in his farewell address to his countrymen *United we stand, divided we fall*". Union is strength, division is weakness". Thus, you may discover that it is highly necessary to have very strict discipline in compact organized bodies of men, where there is any danger or much to accomplish.

Camp 25, Thursday 16th. After a march of 20 miles over a sandy, broken country we encamped for the night on the north fork of Platte again and here we found very good grazing for our mules; consequently, we passed the night very pleasantly — not upon downy beds, but sand very near as this sleep "without rocking", let their beds be cast upon whatever chances to come in the way. They often make the prickly pear their companion during the night; and I assure you that it is not a very agreeable one, especially if you chance to crowd him during your slumber.

Camp 26, Friday 17th. After a march of 22 miles over deep, sandy road part of the way, we encamped near the river in about 3 miles of Fort Laramie. This is a first rate camping place as there is plenty of wood and very good grass. What most strikes the eye of the traveler along here and elsewhere is this boundless, dreary solitude, the natural scenery, picturesque and beautiful valleys, wild and romantic bluffs, sand hills, mountains and various other natural curiosities. But what strikes the eye and mind of the sensitive and philanthropic traveler is the poor Indian, scattered here and there, to and fro over the plains and in the lofty moun-

tains, whose history and origin are impenetrable obscurity. Yet, we know that they all descended from the same common parent and preserved by the same God, that we are. Hence, we look upon their benighted condition, it makes us yearn over them with pity. Yes, when we see, especially their little boys and girls playing upon the boundless greens, playfully and cheerfully, I remember what our Savior has said "suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and further if properly educated and christianized would in all probability make men whose names would be inscribed on fames eternal register and who would be an ornament to Christianity and the age in which they lived. We acknowledge that sensations of pity and regret hover over us. "What?" we ask can be done to reclaim them from their savage lives, manners, customs, superstition etc. Why not let Christians unite and send instructors and missionaries among every tribe under the sun, educate them and teach them the way of life and salvation, put their tiring feet in the path, which leads from earth to Heaven, from this cline where the wicked cease from troubling and where is Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and God the judge of all.

Camp 27, Saturday 18th. This day we traveled 18 miles over a very deep, sandy road, through and over the black hills. This encampment was 15 miles from Fort Laramie in a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains and cragged bluffs and rocky precipices, and here we found splendid grass and an excellent spring and wood plenty, cedar and pine. Fort Laramie is situated on the Laramie River about one mile from the junction of the two rivers, Laramie and North Platte. This is a beautiful situation for a garrison and has some very good buildings. This looks like novelty to see the stars and stripes and serpent eagle, proudly waving among the wild mountain breezes, 7 or 800 miles from the land whose representative it is, and among so many 1000 wild indians. We this day saw where had been lain the body of some poor emigrant, his body had been scratched up by the wolves.

Camp 28, Sunday 19th. This day's march brought us to Horse Shoe Creek, a beautiful little stream of fine water and well timbered, 10 miles from camp 27. Consequently, here is a very good camping place. After advancing 15 miles farther, we encamped near the aforesaid Horse Shoe Creek. Today we passed a Mrs. Moss' grave, who had started with her husband to California. Notwithstanding her desiring to accompany her husband on the expedition and be with him in sickness and health and the different vicissitudes of life, her mortal body now sleeps in eternal silence in a strange and foreign land, by the root of a rocky mound. A rude slab marks her resting place. The world here faded to her view the last sight of her friends. Here afar from home and her native land and all for what? let me ask - why for unfading love, a woman's love, as lasting as time, life itself and durable as eternity.

Where did you ever see a woman if needed for love, but what will follow the object of her love to the ends of the earth. Yes, she will leave father and mother, sister and brother, kindred and friends and all the endearments to follow him she has placed her affection upon. And still men will mistreat their affectionate and loving wives, for slight and transient causes, and some even without cause. O! monster of cruelty, what a pity that thou shouldst be permitted to disgrace the human species. For a man who will mistreat his wife, has some of the common ties of nature. "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, and I will repay". It has been earmarked by ancient and modern writers that woman possesses more fortitude than man that she can bear more difficulties, more misfortune, more trials and stand firmer under them than man. This can be very easily illustrated by considering her sphere of action, her daily tails and the rearing of her offspring rightly.

This Sabbath day, though far from any place of worship, surrounded by hills on every side, reminds me of the gospels' gentle sound that so sweetly flowed to my ears in the Land of My Fathers'. Notwithstanding, we are far from any place of worship, many intervening hills and dales, mountains and valleys. We can never forget the love of Jesus, who shed his blood for all those who will come unto him. Ye sons of the desert, hear his voice today - "come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest". Ye worn traveler, hear the voice of the Son of God, today Jesus stands with outstretched arms to receive you and welcome you to the fold of his father. His dying groans on Mt. Calvary speaks volumes upon the subject. Then if Jesus loved us thus, should we not love him, should we not worship our Father in Heaven for his name's sake, as well in a dreary, boundless solitude, as in a splendid cathedral. Consequently, we held tent worship every evening. If we deserve the blessings of God, we must ask for them in faith, nothing doubting, and God will bless us, both spiritually and temporally. If the Christian prays for what God has told him, in faith, God will grant it. This is my faith in prayer, and promises of God for he can not lie.

Camp 29, Monday 20th. After a very tiresome (zigzag) march, sometimes toward one of the cardinal points and sometimes another, sometimes ascending and sometimes descending cragged bluffs 50 feet high and twice striking Platte, we made our encampment upon the highland near a clear, small stream of water, very well timbered with cottonwood, willow etc. Here we found a very fine camping place, as the grass was very good, though short. From this encampment we could see Clad Peak [?] south westward, towering to the height of 1000 feet above the neighboring hills. This peak can be seen at a great distance, distinctly and is covered with snow.

In traveling up Platte River, the emigrants are astonished at the mornings, evenings and nights being so cold. This can be very

easily accounted for. It is caused by the elevation and snow-clad mountains all around. I have been informed by the mountaineers that you can have ice water all the route, very near, by hanging out tin buckets with water in them during the night. Who can comprehend the wisdom of God. How wisely has he made provisions for those who by circumstances or by his infinite wisdom been scattered over the earth's wide domain by forming those eternal snow-clad mountains which is an everlasting haven to their enemies and a sure refuge from their perservers. The provisions nature has also filled those same mountains with game of all kinds and varieties for their sustenance. Notwithstanding all this, there is something in the poor Indians fate that awakens the sympathy of every philanthropic nation and individual, especially the christian. There is something about their origin, manners and etc., that never will be fairly understood. Yes, the searching eye of the historian will become weary in endeavoring to find out their descent and lineage. Their history seems to be a sealed book which none of the sons of men can open. They are not permitted to read therein and none but that eye that never sleeps can reveal the secret.

Camp 30, Tuesday 21st. After a tiresome and tedious march of 30 miles over mound and mountain, winding our way to the northward, then again to the southward, presently making a circuitous wind of 2 or 3 miles, all to avoid the bluffs and cragged, rocky peaks and yawning precipices that presented themselves in bold array, before us, we at length encamped in a beautiful valley on a small bold running mountain stream, fed by springs, gushing out of the perpetual hills. Today's travel brought us across several beautiful streams whose waters leap and dash along as if sporting in the mountain breezes, yet steadily persue their course among the hills to Platte; Thence, to the Missouri River, thence to the Gulf of Mexico where it spreads out into the great deep, where sport the great whale, other various and curious fishes such as the sword and thrasher.

Camp 31, Wednesday 22nd. Our caravan progressed 25 miles crossed two small streams of beautiful water, passed the lower ferry and encamped again upon or near the margin of Platte. This encampment presents an imposing sight. To the curious, the gradually ascending mountains to the south and the Platte leaping, flirting and dashing headlong to the bosom of the ocean, beautifully skirted with poplar and willow just putting forth their leaves, to the north - such an encampment as this relieves the weary mind of the near worn traveler and reminds him of the beautiful valleys afar off in his own country, and the association of ideas brings to his memory scenes of the days of yore, with all her unfading beauties, with all the endearments and blessed objects of home.

Observes Capt. Cotten, "The whale is the master fish of the sea, and there is but two that can whip him, the sword fish and thrasher".

Camp 32, Thursday 23rd. After a march of 18 miles we arrived at the upper ferry where we encamped for the night. Here we found the grass very scarce. Today we traveled over the most dreary desolate sandy and parched country that we have yet seen. Scarcely any growth but the wild sage which usurps the place of the grass, and was subsequently our chief reliance for fuel. Here at the ferry the river is about, or will average, 150 yards wide and is a bold running stream. Today we passed 2 graves.

Camp 33, Friday 24th. We ferried the river and advanced 4 miles and encamped upon its northern margin. Here the country assumes an appearance more sandy, rocky and broken or mountainous.

Camp 34, Saturday 25th. We progressed 25 miles over a deep sandy, heavy road and encamped at the noble, bold and running willow springs. Here we found grass very scarce, sage plenty. During this day's march we passed several springs, strong impregnated with alkali. This water is said will kill your animals if they drink it. Consequently, emigrants cannot be too careful in passing these places.

Camp 35, Sunday 26th. A march of 25 miles brought us to the noted "Rock Independence" on the Sweet Water river. After advancing 3 miles up this stream and crossing it, we encamped upon its southern margin for the night. This aforesaid rock is well worth the attention of the traveler who may go thither. It is about one mile and a half around this rock, covering an area of 80 acres and rearing its bold summit to the height of 100 feet, gradually rounding off each way. Upon it is cut in uncouth, but legible characters, thousands, yes, I may say, tens of thousands of Oregon and California emigrants' names, dates, etc., Other amateur travelers who have chanced to pass this way. Sweetwater is a tributary of Platte and a beautiful and wonderful meandering mountain stream about 100 yards wide. It may be truly said that this is a mountain stream, because it winds its way along the foot of very rocky mountains and sometimes running through abrupt, rocky precipices 200 feet high. This day we passed several lakes of saleratus and the ground for miles is white with it.

Camp 36, Monday 27th. Our caravan progressed 20 miles and encamped near Sweetwater. Here we found grass sufficient for our stock, artimesia (sage) covering perhaps thousands of acres, plenty for cooking purposes. The scenery of today's march was truly grand and magnificent to the curious and observing traveler. Mountains on either hand, to the left snowy peaks, to the right solid rock (granite) towering from 3 to 500 feet with scattering cedars and pine upon their sides and summits, growing in the crevices of the rock. In 5 miles of Independence Rock, we pass the "Devil's Gate". Here the river makes its way through a solid ridge of granite, the rock towering on either side 200 feet high above this, about 10 miles, is another gap through which the river

winds its way, called the "Devil's Ladder". Those two last mentioned places have been generally considered not very desirable as the aforesaid individual is the great adversary of mans, but the places are truly grand and stupendous. Today we passed another lonely grave, silent and solitary abode, near the foot of a mountain, a truly beautiful and apparently sacred place.

Camp 37, Tuesday 28th. After a march of 20 miles over a deep sandy road, we encamped in Sweet water valley. Enjoyed the night very well and next morning went on our way rejoicing, for the many blessings that surrounded us at this time. The historian or amateur writer traveling along here has many things to admire and record, worthy the perusal of his readers. A lofty ridge of granite mountains to his right near whose base the sweet water winds its meandering way, making many curious and short turns in view. So many that you can see the same water course, running both ways at the same sight, as far as we traced it — 106 miles, we never saw the current straight, 100 yards yet a more beautiful stream my eyes have never seen.

Camp 38, Wednesday 29th. Our caravan was rolling ahead ere the rays of the King of day had illuminated those western wilds. Completing a distance of 22 miles over an unusual, heavy road of deep sand, and twice crossing the river, many and various are the objects of curiosity and magnificence that daily present themselves to the eye of the traveler and historian in traversing those solitary wilds.

Camp 39, Thursday 30th. We traveled 23 miles over a very broken and rocky road and encamped on a tributary of sweet water. Here the grass was first rate, consequently our mules fared well this night. Today we traveled over snow 3 feet deep, congealed so hard that our wagon tires would scarcely cut through the top crust. Off the road in several places it was from 6 to 8 feet deep, this though is no comparison to what we subsequently saw. Today we saw what might be properly called an oasis, skirted with beautiful young poplar. Besides this there are several groves on either side of the road. The beautiful groves remind the way-worn traveler of the beautiful forest (afar off) in his own country. Today we saw where had been buried a child, some rude, round stones mark the little wanderer's resting place.

Camp 40, Friday 31. This day a march brought us to the famous south pass of the Rocky Mountains, thence 7 miles farther on the waters of Pacific Spring (a woman's and man's)* we encamped this night, completing a march of 20 miles. This pass of which you have doubtless often heard, is no more than an

*[Note: The phrase, ". . . (a woman's and a man's) . . ." may be out of place. *ed.*]

inclined plain, or dividing ridge between the waters of the Pacific and Gulf of Mexico, and here all emigrants to Oregon and California pass into the Rocky Mountains. The waters of said springs run into Green River, thence, Sacramento [?], thence the Pacific, hence its name. This pass or dividing ridge was to us what the Rubicon was to Caesar and his army.

Camp 41, Saturday, June 1st. We marched 23 miles over a very good road and encamped in about a mile of Big Sandy, where we found first rate grass for this country

Camp 42, Sunday the 2nd. We rested and grazed our mules until 2 o'clock, then watered them, filled our kegs with water and started into a desert of 40 miles. We progressed about 10 miles and halted and let our mules graze about 2 hours, then set forward and traveled until 2 o'clock in the night, making 15 miles. Here we encamped for the remainder of the night. This night our caravan took another general stampede doing no injury at all.

Camp 43, Monday 3rd. We moved on slowly 15 miles making the eastern margin of the much dreaded and dangerous Green river about 12 o'clock am. To our surprise, we found that there was no ferry here. It was a dangerous crossing as the river runs very rapidly and being very deep fording. Consequently, we delayed crossing this evening.

Camp 44, Tuesday, June 4th. We raised our wagon beds so as to prevent wetting our provisions, clothing etc. We forded said river, advanced 10 miles and encamped on a beautiful, clear running stream of fine water, grass first rate. Therefore, tonight we rested quietly and easily. Today we as usual passed several graves, woman's and man's. The lady died July 14, 1847.* I acknowledge, kind reader, that this stirs my inmost soul and awakens the sympathies of my heart, makes many and curious reflection flit across my mind when I view so many graves and especially the grave of the gentle female so far off in the mountains and lonely and solitary wilds. And what, let me ask, must be the feelings of that husband who sees his bosom companion breathe her dust, afar from home and relations. This I leave with those who have experienced it, and ask the blessings of God upon such for Christ sake.

Camp 45, Wednesday 5th. After a march of 20 miles over several stupendous mountains, we encamped on a beautiful mountain rivulet, where we found first rate grass, water etc.

Camp 46. Thursday [6th]. We progressed about 10 miles. This brought us to Thomas Fork, which was considerably in our way as it was past fording. Therefore, resorted to this alternative, raised our wagon beds, carried ropes across to the opposite side and fastened them to our wagons and pulled them across, swam

*[Note: This probably was the grave of Nancy Hill.]

our mules, hitched up and advanced 8 miles farther and encamped where we found good water, wood and grass. Consequently, this night easily glided away.

Camp 47, Friday 7th. We marched about 25 miles, crossing Bear River 4 times during our march. Here we found as good wild grass as grows in the world, consequently our mules lost no time, but ate greedily until they filled themselves. During this day's march, we encountered two serious steep rocky and stupendous mountains to descend. In descending the last one we had to let our wagons down gradually with ropes. This, though is no difficulty and annoyance to what we met with from mosquitoes and their allies. when, where and how they chase on every side in small parties of 1000 in a squad, from their rear flank and front guard. Sometimes their whole army would sally forth from among some small sage path of 100 acres or out of some deep ravine or valley and annoy us, no little without receiving any material help. This, however, might be expected as we're traveling through Mosquito Nation. Two graves today.

Camp 48, Saturday 8th. Our march advanced us 20 miles further upon our journey. Today we had to encounter another small stream of water, past fording. Consequently, we ferried our goods and chattles across in wagon beds, lariated our wagons and swam them across and also our mules and horses. This, the boys considered the "Elephant's track", where he had been browsing. This encampment was on a small mountain rivulet running into Bear River. This aforesaid river is lore of towering and stupendous mountains with their snow caps, towering high in their eternal world. Indeed, the historian has something here worthy of recording. Instead of describing mole hills, giving descriptions of hard and harassing march across some desert or commenting on the nature of the man etc. Here he sees the handiwork of God and stands in reverential awe while he beholds all. The inspired writer can exclaim "in wisdom thou hast made them all". Oh what a grand sight for the painter and poet — while the artist draws their representation, the poet struck with their beauty and magnificence, can sing their eternal lays with harps of gold. To either hand runs a chain of towering mountains and beyond these the snow clad mountains, to the height of 1500 feet, above the level of the sea. Between these runs the noble Bear River.

Camp 49, Sunday 9th. We progressed over a very good road, yet making many zig zags, to avoid mountains that are impene- trable with wagons. Again we encamped near Bear River. Where as usual we found first rate grass. The scenery of today and yesterday's march is beautiful, magnificent and grand. It presents a beautiful aspect to the love of towering and stupendous mountains, with their eternal snow caps towering high in the Ethereal World. Indeed the historian has something here worth recording.

Camp 50, Monday 10th. Today we marched 25 miles over a

very good road. Nothing of interest transpired. Today, as usual, the scenery was grand and magnificent.

Camp 51, Tuesday 11th. We progressed 20 miles and encamped where we found first rate water and grass. This day we traveled over rocks that had evidently been thrown up by volcanic action.

Camp 52, Wednesday 12th. Our caravan progressed about 25 miles, through, above, between and below the mountains to avoid their abrupt declivities and rocky steep summits. Today we passed Myres Grand Canyon, a mountain pass of 3 miles. This encampment was without water for our mules.

Camp 53, Thursday 13th. We traveled 22 miles and encamped near a pretty spring of clear running water, grass very fine. We did very well here this night. This encampment might properly be termed "The Mountain Encampment" as it was in the midst of towering mountains on every side as far as we could stretch our sight. Those tall mountains remind me of Satan taking the Savior of the world up into an exceeding high mountain showing him the glory of the world and offering him such inducements to fall down and worship him, when at the same time the old puppy did not own one foot of land. Oh, what a striking picture of satanic subtlety and influence.

Camp 54, Friday 14th. We progressed 25 miles on a descending road along a narrow defile between the mountains and encamped near a mountain rivulet. Good water and grass. Today we crossed what the boys called "Elephant's Fork" as his sign was discernable here, in fording or lariating our wagons across said stream.

[Note: There are no entries for Camps 55, 56, 57 or 58].

Camp 59, Wednesday 19th. These aforesaid hot springs are about 2 miles from the foot of the mountains in a level plain, 12 or 15 in number, forming a considerable stream of water. It runs 4 or 5 hundred yards and forms a junction with another stream of cold water, about the same size. The water is so hot that it will cook meat in five minutes perfectly done.

[Material for Camps 60, 61 and 62 is illegible].

Camp 63, Sunday 23rd. We progressed 25 miles and encamped in a canyon 3 miles from the river, whence we carried water for cooking purposes etc. Here the grass was good and wood plenty.

Camp 64, Tuesday 25th. We marched 25 miles over a broken road, and very dirty. The heat was oppressive and the dust almost intolerable. We made this encampment on a tributary of Mary's River [Humboldt River]. Here we found best quality of grass - no wood.

Camp 66, Wednesday 26th. [This camp number may have been an error. It appears that it should have been Camp 65, not 66.] After an oppressive march of 30 miles through excessive heat and dust we rested for this night on Mary's River. Grass

tolerable, no wood. The country along here resembles a smouldering heap of embers. In places as soft as an ash bank itself. There is no scarcity of pure saleratus here, perfect lakes of it as white as snow. The mountains through here present many evident signs of volcanic action of having been burned and thrown up and out of the mountains by eruptions.

Camp 67, Thursday 27. We rolled ahead 23 miles and encamped on Mary's River. Grass very bad, artemisia plenty. Here a great many sloughs spread out from the river. By wading these and cutting grass with our butcher knives, we obtained grass sufficiently for our animals. Here also the mountains form a basin, i.e., apparently hem the river in all sides; in fact, the water does spread out here and makes a considerable lake. As we could not see where the river ran out, a great many of the emigrants mistook this for the "sink of charg's River".* This, however, proved to be a mistake, as we soon again overtook the river in her rapid descent. Today and yesterday's march traversed hot sandy plains, destitute of any vegetation at all, only artemisia and shrubs. The sun shone here with double strength compared to our former heat and almost parched us, and the dust, no end to its annoyance. Me thinks the intellect of the naturalist, philanthropist and philosopher would here wander and reel to and fro on their balance as a drunken man, in relation to the benefit and purposes of these regions, for everything is literally parched with the rays of an almost vertical sun. The water poisonous to man or beast. I can assure you there is nothing pertaining to this country that is desirable, neither in the animal or vegetable kingdom. Here you can see any number of nauseating reptiles and insects, such as the horned frog (the toad with a tail and horns) chameleon, alacran, scorpion etc., In fact, most every species of animal that you can see he has either a long tail or bill. The man who undertakes to make reflections upon these sterile and miserable regions on the road will often "flock the game" in either despair as he gains no comfort from the effort.

Camp 68, Friday 28th. We marched 25 miles near the river and encamped on its nauseating waters. Here we waded the sloughs and cut grass for our animals which they devoured very greedily and rapidly.

Camp 69, Saturday 29th. We performed a march of 20 miles over a deep, heavy sandy road across the sand hills, every now and then skirting the rivers right margin. The heat today was excessively hot. This encampment was again upon said Mary's River. This river I think has entirely a wrong name. Instead of Mary, it should be called "The Demon's Alkali", for in reality the water is so strongly impregnated with this that it will eat up leather, directly.

*[Note: Probably, "Sink of Mary's River," or Humbolt Sink].

In places you can obtain the pure lye, sufficiently strong to make soap.

Camp 70, Sunday 30th. We progressed 20 miles over a deep sandy road and over a succession of gently rolling hills, encamped on Mary's River. Here we again necessitated to wade into the sloughs and cut grass for our mules. No wood here except the miserable native thorn shrubry.

Camp 71, Monday, July 1st. We advanced 10 miles (passed Humbolt's Lake) struck the river and lay by until evening, swam the river and cut grass for our stock and lariated it across, hence today our mules did very well. At 3:00 o'clock p.m. we again set forward upon a barren plain of 20 miles extent. (no sage in this plain at all) making the "sink" or lake or Mary's River. Here we encamped for the night, cut grass sufficiently to last our mules across the desert of 40 miles. We progressed into it about 10 miles, deflected to the left one mile from the road, struck through the river and watered our mules, filled our kegs for cooking purposes and drove out from the river about 2 miles and encamped, prepared and ate our supper and retired to rest until 2 o'clock p.m. We set forward again to make the sink or verge of the desert and prepared to go through as speedily and easily as possible both man and animal. The country through here is nothing more than a dreary waste, literally parched by the rays of the sun, consequently vegetation is a rare curiosity, a perfect stranger to these regions. The surface of the earth is covered with saleratus, hence the alkali nature of the water of Mary's River etc. By digging wells 4 or 5 feet deep you can obtain water of salt nature. Hence, the great Salt Lakes originated.

Camp 72, Tuesday 2nd. We progressed 15 miles over an undulating road, struck said river again and rested until 3:00 O'clock. Again we set forward upon our march. We waded into the slough again and cut sufficient quantity of grass to feed our mules and enough to last them through the desert. We cooked sufficient quantity of provisions for ourselves. This we did for fear we could procure no more grass this side of the desert. This afternoon we made 15 miles further upon another desert plain. We encamped for the night in this solitary, solitude and dreary waste. Today we bid a final adieu to the nauseating Mary River. Never again do I desire to see its poisoning waters, miserable sloughs, parched valleys and bare painful looking mountains. Wednesday the 3rd at 2:00 o'clock we set forward, came to a small running stream in 5 miles. We rested until about 12 o'clock, thence traveled until 1:00 o'clock a.m., marching 20 miles and encamped. We rested, fed our animals at the sulphur springs and set forward upon the desert. Thursday, 4th of July at 3:00 o'clock made 15 miles. The excessive heat compelled us to remain upon said desert until 4 o'clock p.m. Then we commenced our march and continued until 1 o'clock next morning before we got across said desert. There we

celebrated the glorious fourth of July. This desert starts at the sulphur springs, thence continues 40 miles when we struck Carson River. Here we enjoyed a respite of one day.

Camp 73, Friday 5th. The most enchanting spots ever depicted by the pen of the eastern romancer possesses no more charm for the wagon-worn travelers, and confers more comfort than do the Cottonwood groves, the fine running waters of said river for the thirsty, worn, fatigued and exhausted traveler across the desert. This desert is a desolate solitude, dreary, painful and hot plain, entirely destitute of vegetation save now and then a patch of shrubbery. In fact, it had been the bed of a lake and may with propriety be termed the American Sahara or American waste. The mountains on either hand present anything but a lovely sight. Their sable garments speak of desolation around, between, among, up and down and through this sterile region. I stood about midday in this desert land and like Saul of Tarsus, I was almost stricken blind to the earth. The rays of the sun pitched upon me with turbulence, the earth bare as far as I could see; and of a loam character, resembling an ash bed — no water to quench thirst save the terrible sulphur water of these regions. I confess there was an aching, void, uncharming aspect. Those waste grounds of God's earth are in the opinion of erring man of little purpose to man or beast.

However, this be as it may it is self evident that those were made in abounded wisdom. They are of a nature calculated to teach man gratitude to his creator that his lot is not cast in such a land but in a land of beauteous clime and filled with plenty of the comforts and blessings of life.

The 4th of July, Independence day, seemed not to be forgotten, but inspired, new life and cheerfulness. Although upon the deserted desert of the west, we could not forget to commemorate the annual return of the hallowed day that gave birth to our National Liberty. Though on the march and in the midst of desolation, with nothing for the eye to rest upon save the burning heaven above or the parched earth beneath and none of the lovely objects of home around us, none of the festivities spread before us which usually greeted us on the anniversary of our liberty. Yet our bosoms swelled with the same noble impulses and the same quenchless love of freedom which animated the breast of our ancestors of '76" and caught inspiration from the memory of their achievements. As we think, this day cannot be kept too sacred or celebrated (if rightly) too often by our posterity. We present the following, written by the undersigned, at a former period, while we engaged in tutoring the young mind:*

*[Note: At this point, the editors inserted a note which said, "Also see poem . . . *The Old Thirteen*." The poem is placed at the end of the journal and its place in the original journal is uncertain.]

"July 4th, A.D. 1849 - We hail with enthusiasm the anniversary of American Independence which is now 73 years since the dawn of that blessed day, blessed because it brought blessed consequences to the then oppressed subjects of the British King."

O! how happily changed is our condition today from yesterday. We were in the midst of a burning sandy waste and the sun shone distressingly hot upon us, almost to evaporation. The flying dust almost choked us. No water to quench our thirst and our animals were almost exhausted. Miserable men were we in this trying crisis. We would have hailed a stream of water as did the Israelites when Moses smote the rock. Today we are regaling ourselves in the beautiful shades of Carson River, splashing and dashing, lounging and plunging, sporting and bathing amid the sporting rippling waves of said river all but to repletion.

O! what a change is sometimes effected in man's history in one day, intellectual or physical. In attempting to cross said desert many a noble and valuable animal (the horses, mules, ox etc) hath fallen by the wayside.

Camp 74. 6th of July. We traveled about 20 miles, 8 of which the road runs near the river, the remaining 12 leaves the river and is very sandy. This encampment was on said river. The course of Carson River may be traced by the Cottonwood groves that skirt its banks.

Camp 75, Sunday 7th July. We progressed 10 miles into dry stretch and encamped where we found good grass.

Camp 76, Monday 8th. We advanced the other 10 miles, struck the river and grazed our animals until 3 o'clock. We again set forward, advanced 5 miles and encamped in the lovely valley of Carson River where we found grass of a nutritious quality, very strengthening and nourishing.

Camp 77, 9th. We advanced 15 miles over an elevated country, sand, rock and bluffs, thence came to the river. We rested and grazed our animals about 2 hours and progressed 10 miles farther and encamped near the river again. We passed the night in sound and profound sleep. We arose next morning greatly refreshed and vigorously set forward upon our journey.

Many a wagon ceased its running, many a pair of horses refused to travel - from the head of Mary's River to California, most all of the emigrants became packers and from here the horses and mules started failing. Especially the horses are strewn all along the road and give the air a disagreeable stench. The men appear at this time to be in fine spirits, notwithstanding there is a great deal of suffering upon the route for want of food. A great many of the emigrants were compelled (to prevent starving) to kill their horses and mules and subsist upon their flesh. This is a call upon the living at a dying rate. Eating the flesh of mules and horses that were so poor they could scarcely stand or walk without staggering or reeling

Camp 78, 10th. ..(Wednesday). We advanced 10 miles and rested, thence 10 miles farther brought us to our encampment on a beautiful mountain rivulet of clear transparent running water. Here we found excellent grass, hence our mules set this night apart for eating, while they enjoyed the unenviable privilege. This day's march traversed the western extremity of a beautiful and delightful valley. Near the foot or eastern side of a chain of mountains, towering high in the heavens, covered with pine timber.

The Mormons are establishing themselves in this valley and creating a fort. This valley will no doubt produce fine corn, wheat etc., by irrigation, which can be done very easily. I and another gentleman took a hunting excursion in the pine forest near the foot of the mountains and enjoyed the scenery finely. During this ramble we saw some sublime and lovely sights. O! with what greediness and insatiable thirst for such scenery. I looked upon this forest, roaring rivulets and towering mountains until my eyes were wearied from continually gazing at the objects before us. Many and many an hour have I gazed (unconscious of all around me) upon the beautiful and rugged face of nature clothed in living verdurers. If I had one of those lovely mountains, pine forest, and beautiful valleys and ever-roaring mountain springs situated in the United States where I desire, all the wealth of earth could not purchase it. No money would be but a tinkling symbol, unmeaning sounds to my ears.

Camp 79, Thursday 11th. We rested until 4 o'clock then moved our encampment 5 miles to the mouth of the canyon that leads to the north of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Here we found the finest kind of red and white clover for our animals. During this day myself and two other companions shouldered our rifles and set forward to ascend the highest peak on the eastern slope of the mountains. After an hour and a half's walking, we stood at the foot of the steep cliff that we desired climbing and without further hesitation we commenced ascending, slowly winding our way to avoid steepness and projecting precipices that bid defiance to the efforts of man. Six successive hours, ascending and descending and reascending brought us to the highest summit, save one. This was 500 feet above us. [Note: Too many words left out of this sentence to get the thought, ed.] We were very well satisfied, for during our climb we crawled over several places that the slip of a foot or hand would have been instant death. Yes, we would have fallen probably 1000 feet. To a person that has never ascended a mountain, the sight will repay him for his arduous undertaking.

Camp 80, Friday 12th. We progressed 13 miles over a rocky road.

Camp 81, Saturday 13th. The following day we encountered the old Sierra Nevada Mountain Range. Where we went, we traveled through rock and over her strong summit. Thus, united we

stand, but divided we would have fallen. This day we only made 10 miles.

Camp 82, Sunday 14th. We crossed the Mountain ridge of the Sierra Nevada. We crossed snow 50 feet deep in our ascent. Brave men of other times have gallantly taken the wagons over these mountains. I can assure you that it requires a man with a steel heart, a nerve that never trembles a heart that never fails, and an arm that never falters. This day's march brought us to be nearer the "diggins".

I now sit down at an interval of days to describe the Sierra Nevada Mountains of those that we crossed and like an impartial historian that essays to describe some political contest, after the heat of party spirit has died away and all prejudices and preconceptions forgotten. Like some well contested battlefield described by an actor in the dire scenes. When the war drum has ceased to beat and the echo of the roaring canon no longer heard in his peaceful dominion, like some novelist describing a beautiful city situated on a water course afar off in the distance. But not like one of those same romancers, I will not clothe mine in fiction, deceive the curious and novel reader. Therefore, you need not expect this the most beautiful place on earth's wide domain. The Sierra Nevada mountains are 2,000 feet and higher than the rocky mountains and capped annually with fresh snow. All over them is a pine forest almost impenetrable, from 5 to 10 feet through, from 150 to 200 feet high, very rocky. Over these mountains is not less rugged than that over the Alps [Note: words here left out - not legible, ed.]. On either hand you could see dead horses and mules that had attempted to ascend said mountains and had lost their strength or otherwise made a wrong step and been precipitated among the projecting and craggy precipices.

Camp 83, Monday 15th. We progressed 10 miles down the descent of the mountains over a very rough, rocky road and through an almost impenetrable forest of gigantic pine and fir. This encampment was under beautiful lovely towering pine and fir. To the north and all around us appeared in view the eternal snow clad Oregon Mountains in a distance of [?] miles. They are indescribable. However, we will pass them by.

Camp 84, Tuesday 16th. We marched 15 miles through thick pine, fir and cedar.

Camp 85, Wednesday 17th. We traveled 18 miles over very rough road. No grass at this encampment.

Thursday the 18th has brought us to the "Land of the diggings". From the summit of the Sierra Nevada to said town is mostly a beautiful country.

On the morning of the 19th of July, 1850 we awoke to hear the crowing of the cock and the baying of the watch dog, reminding us of civilization, afar off in the green valleys of our own pleasant country.

This day we made a tour southwest about 16 miles through a portion of the mining country to Weaver Creek. We left our wagons and stock out to some ranchman's to feed at \$4 per month. We deposited our goods and chattel with a friend until we needed them. We then commenced our first operations in the El Dorado Gold mines.

Thus, we have completed our long harassing journey without the loss of a man and but 3 animals, and I have completed my diary by giving the travels of said company to said date.

However, there is one thing yet neglected that I never expected to record in this little book. It is the most melancholy event yet for me to record. It is the death of John Brockman of Clay County, Missouri, who was shot dead by Joseph Meredz, companion, countryman and neighbor in an affray occasioned by intoxication. Ah! weeping humanity how much have you not suffered on account of this infernal poison to the bone of society — ruin of nations. Ah brandy! brandy! detriment of life, spring of tumult, source of strife. Ah! could I but half the curses tell, the wise would wish thee safe in hell.

Brockman left a young widow. Heaven bless her in her widowhood. God be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Oh, may he guide her feet in the path that leads to happiness and protect her from the ills and evils of this life and finally through the love of our Redeemer and Savior may she be in heaven at his right hand where sorrow and death never come.

Monday 2nd December 1850. We left the mines for Sacramento City which we made Wednesday 4th. Left here the 5th for San Francisco, arrived there on the same night. Here we stayed aboard the sail ship *Carolina* until near Friday morning 13th.

We set sail for Panama direct which trip we made in 51 days. (Saturday 1st February 1851). Detained here a half day. Hence, we set forward Sunday afternoon afoot, our baggage carried by the natives to cross the Isthmus. This we completed Monday evening in one day and a half. Left Gorgona (a native town) Tuesday morning in a row boat, manned by 3 oarsmen and one captain or steersman, all of which were Negroes, natives said to be good navigators of the Chagnes River. Our vessel put into port at Chagnes upon Wednesday morning before the dawn of day. Here we stayed until Saturday morning the 8th when we made our departure for New Orleans in the afternoon of the same day, aboard the Brig *Nancy Hogan*, a sail vessel. We made the voyage to New Orleans in 12½ days, hence we arrived there on the 20th of said month, February 20, 1851.

Addenda

Whereas, David S. Helmer of Nodaway County, in the State of Missouri, hath this day given information upon oath to W. R. Franklin, a Justice of the Peace, within and for the County of Nodaway, that on the 22nd day of February 1859, that one John Kimbal of the County and State aforesaid, made an attempt to abuse the said Helmer, Towit, said Kimbal called said Helmer off of the road, pretending business to him and a controversy arose between said parties, said Kimbal then and there laid violent hands upon said Helmer with intent to injure him in said fray, and that he also made violent threats against said Helmer. Therefore, said Helmer further says that he is in danger of losing his life by said Kimbal.

Subscribed and sworn to before me as a Justice of the Peace and for said county, this the 23rd day of February 1859.

Given under my hand this the 23 day of February, 1859.

W. R. Franklin, J. P.

John Helmer, Plaintiff)
)
John Kimbal, Defendant)

Plaintiff filed February 23, A.D. 1859 for suit, complaint for abusive treatment and violent threats made up and against his son (who has here filed his affidavit upon oath) David S. Helmer, whereupon I issued a warrant to apprehend said Kimbal and delivered it to H. C. Hall, Deputy Constable, the date above written. Made returnable February 23, 1859.

W. R. Franklin, J.P.

February 23, 1859

The warrant issued in this cause is returned, executed, as the law directs; and the cause coming on to be heard, and the defendant being duly called, appeared and was ready to make defense. John Helmer, the plaintiff, made overtures for peace, without further prosecution of the suit, the defendant agreeing to the terms, the suit was dismissed by said John Helmer, becoming responsible for the cost of the suit. Execution issued March 1, 1859 on the above suit returnable in 60 days & delivered to Benjamin Slaughter, Constable.

W. R. Franklin, J. P.

WORK SHEETS:

I arrived home August 29, 1865 from Council Grove. September 11th I commenced work for Joel Albright at \$1.00 per day. I worked 30 days as follows: Work continued: Haynesville, Nov. 7, 1865. I commenced work for Thomas J. Hubbard:

Haynesville, August 29, 1865. Money on hand

Aug. 29, 1865		\$30.00
December 11th, sold one fat calf		25.00
December 11, sold one calf		5.00

Expenses - 1866

<i>March</i>				
17	12 lbs beef at 7¢ per lb.	.85	2 Books	.35
17	2½ lbs sugar	.50	1 Pocket book	1.00
17	1 bottle oil	.15	1 Days washing	1.00
19	2 lbs rice 15¢ per lb	.30	1 Set knives & forks	2.75
19	2 lbs sugar 20¢ per lb	.40	1 Set cups & saucers	1.25
19	1¼ lbs coffee	.45	1 Set glass tumblers	1.00
19	2 lbs soda crackers	.40	1 Breast pin	.25
19	¼ lb tea	.60	Horseshoing	2.65
19	3 candles	.20	Night's lodging	1.00
19	1 load wood	.75	Night's lodging	1.00
19	½ pt. whiskey	.40	1 Pr. check lines	2.00
29	½ pt. whiskey	.40	Halter rope	.15
29	1 lb soda	.25	12 Yds calico & trimmings	3.00
29	½ days washing	.50	2 yds fuller cloth	2.80
<i>April</i>			1 lb yarn	1.00
2	10 lbs beef	.75	1 Box bleaching	.10
2	3 lbs sugar	.60	1 Bridle	1.80
5	6 lbs salt	.25	1 Toothbrush	.15
5	½ bu. meal	.90	1 Pr. shoes	2.50
15	15 lbs bacon 15½¢ per lb	2.50	1 Copy book	.25
<i>May</i>			1 Paper needles	.10
9	2 bu meal	1.20	1 Set knitting needles	.05
19	5 gal molasses	3.25	1 Box pills	.25
19	1 plow file	1.00	½ lb coffee	.50
19	1 box matches	.10	1 St. Louis Republican	.10
19	Mending stove boiler	.25	½ lb pepper	.25
19	Felloe wagon wheel	5.00	50 lbs flour	2.50
19	1 churn	1.50	6 Candles	.30
29	9 yds. checks	3.00	3 Yds flannel	.95
	33-1/3¢		3 Yds shirting	.80
<i>June</i>			1 Cedar pencil	.10
25	3 7½ lbs soap	3.00	3 lbs coffee	1.00
20	Yds calico .20¢	4.00	2 yds buff gingham	.80
1	fine comb	.15	10 Gal molasses	7.50
70	lbs bacon	11.90	1 Box blacking	.10
John H. Jones for work		30.00	Work on wagon	.50
Joint stove pipe		.60	2½ bu. corn	.75
3 tin cups		.25	1 bu potatoes	.50
25	1 Pair shoes	2.60	3 bu turnips	1.20
2	Collars	1.00	6 yds domestic & thread	1.75
2	Pr. stockings	1.50	53 lbs soap at 5¢	2.65
			1 pr shoes	2.75
			½ yd tweed	.75

<i>June</i>				
1	bucket wagon grease	.35	1 Barlow knife	.25
1	wool hat	2.00	5 lbs tallow	.50
Crossing Missouri River		.25	1 Ball candle wick	.20
Traveling expenses		.50	Whiskey in grocery	.50
1 pr. shoes		2.80	2 Boxes essence	.25
1 silver watch		28.00	1 load wood	1.50
1 pr. boots		3.00	51 lbs flour	3.60
Tarven bill - lodging		.50	1 coffee mill	1.25
1 pipe and tobacco		.50		
1 tooth brush		.25		
1 vial cologne		1.00	Nov. 7, 1865 I commenced work for	
1 pr pants		8.00	Jefferson Hubbard.	
1 vest		4.00	I left Haynesville May 9th, 1866	
8 yds calico		1.00	and moved into Solomon Fry's	
2 pr yarn hose		.80	house for the purpose of breaking	
Tavern bill		3.75	prairie for said Fry.	
Ride on cars		2.50		
One trip from Independence to Kansas City		10.00	Said Fry agreed to give two dollars	
4 mo. board at Mr. John P. Shepherd		70.00	per acre, furnish the team and plow	
1 linen kerchief		.75	in running order. We commenced	
1 arithmetic		.75	breaking May 21, 1866.	

We moved on John Berry's place in Missouri River bottom on Friday the 12th day of Sept. 1866.

"The Old Thirteen"

God bless the good old thirteen
states:

God bless the young ones too
Who cares for musty birthday dates?
God bless them, old and new.

The old ones first our freedom
gained,
In bloody fights of yore,
The young ones have their rights
maintained,
As the old ones did before
Or south, or North, or East or West,
Twin sisters, all they be.
One mother nurtured them at her
breast

And that was Liberty.
And may the wretch whose hand
shall strive
To cut their vital thread,
Be scorned while in this world alive,
And scorned when he is dead.
Now fill the bowl with nature's
wine.
Let's drink "God save the King".
The only King by right divine, the
Sovereign people - ring - for they're
The only King I own
All others I despise.
The king that towers above the
throne
The king that never dies.

William R. Franklin.

A Selective Literary Bibliography of Wyoming

RICHARD F. FLECK

ROBERT A. CAMPBELL

Preface

The leaves of the low-bush blue huckleberry at Spruce Lake and at Chain Lakes were blood-red. A dwarf birch was even redder. Dwarf willow was yellow and red. The lichens on the granite rocks were richly radiant with yellows, grays, and blacks. Bright Scotch bluebells were reflected in the sapphire water.

—Justice William O. Douglas
“Wind River Mountains,”
My Wilderness: East to Katahdin.

For centuries Wyoming mountains, prairies, lakes and skies have inspired Indian legends and myths, and for over 100 years the same rugged terrain has inspired the minds of the newer travelers and inhabitants having a European lineage. Whether as travelers en route to California, or as settlers from the East, writers from the 1850s to the 1970s have recorded their variegated impressions of Wyoming in poems, plays, essays, stories, novels or travel narratives.

Fortunately many of the ancient legends of the Arapahoe, Cheyenne and Shoshone tribes have been recorded for posterity by Indian as well as white authors. Numerous contemporary Indian writers such as Tom Shakespeare and N. Scott Momaday have utilized ancient tribal mythology in the creation of rich literary works of their own such as *The Sky People* and *The Way to Rainy Mountain*. Many non-Indian writers have incorporated Indian lore in their creative writing such as Mari Sandoz' *Cheyenne Autumn*.

Literally hundreds of travel narratives from Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* to Robert Louis Stevenson's *From Scotland to Silverado* and John Steinbeck's *Travels With Charlie* contain memorable descriptive pasages relating to Wyoming. Early settlers' accounts of experiences "on the range" include Irish Member of Parliament Horace Plunkett's unpublished diaries (at The Plunkett Foundation in Oxford, England) which concern his several years ranching in Wyoming in the 1880s before his return to Dublin. Neal Roach's unpublished account of his stay in Laramie City during the 1860s and 1870s gives a valuable account of life as it was in a wild, small frontier town.

Poetic impressions of Wyoming include Walt Whitman's "Passage to India," Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Starting From San Francisco* and native Wyomingite Ted Olson's *Hawk's Way*. Fiction having a Wyoming setting goes back to Owen Wister's *The Virginian* and forward to Ernest Hemingway's "Wine of Wyoming" and A. B. Guthrie's *The Big Sky* not to mention little-known Marnix Gijsen's *De Vleespotten van Egypte* (*The Fleshpots of Egypte*—a Dutch novel set in Laramie). Many local writers have helped create a Wyoming literary genre—the outdoor pageant drama—involving history and legend such as Mabelle DeKay's "Vedauwoo" or Marie Montabé Horton's "Gift of the Waters."

As for humorous prose, Bill Nye's *Baled Hay: A Drier Book than Whitman's Leaves of Grass* must head the list. Wyoming has inspired numerous natural history essays—a genre of writing in itself—including John Muir's *Our National Parks* and Murie's *Wapiti Wilderness*. Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks alone would require a vast bibliography.

In short, Wyoming, as wild and scarcely populated as it is, has inspired a large quantity of varied writing by *Wyoming*, *American*, *British* and *European* authors. The purpose of this selective bibliography is to inform readers of significant writing relating to Wyoming and its peoples by the above four categories of authors. Because this bibliography does not include juvenile or children's literature, such well known writers as Doris Shannon Garst or Margaret Hill are not listed. This bibliography is literary and not historical, and many good books relating to local and regional history are not included. Nor is it technical or scientific, and therefore many books and articles on biology, geology, gardening, mountaineering and the like are not listed. And finally since this bibliography is limited to literature explicitly involving Wyoming, many local authors who have written exclusively about places other than Wyoming are not among those listed in these pages. A bibliography of bibliographies relating to Wyoming in general has been placed at the end for the reader's convenience.

Acknowledgement

We wish to acknowledge a Wyoming State Historical Society grant made available to us which aided us in our research. We appreciate the friendly cooperation of the State Library at Cheyenne, The University of Wyoming Library in Laramie and the valuable information given to us by many local and county librarians throughout Wyoming. In addition we wish to express our thanks to Glenna Manig and to James Dow of Iowa State University for their help during the formative stages of the project and Kris Riske for her fine job of typing.

R.F.F.

R.A.C.

Bibliographic Key

W1 - W344	Wyoming Authors on Wyoming
A1 - A129	American Authors on Wyoming
CE1 - CE24	Continental European Authors on Wyoming
B1 - B56	British Authors on Wyoming
N.F.—non-fiction	
F.—fiction	
C.G.—combination genre	
P.—poetry	
D.—drama	
BIOG.—biography	
BIB.—bibliography	
H.—humor	
B.3	Bird, Isabella Lucy. <i>A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains</i> . London: J. Murray, [1880]. N.F.

Wyoming Authors on Wyoming

W.1	Adair, Emma C., correlator. <i>Pioneer People of Douglas and Converse County, Wyoming 1886</i> . (Douglas, WY.: Douglas Diamond Jubilee Days Commission, 1962). C.G. (Contains several poems about the area.)
W.2	Adams, Andy. <i>The Log of a Cowboy: A Narrative of The Old Trail Days</i> . Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. (Boston, MA.: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1931). N.F. (Part takes place in the Yellowstone area.)
W.3	Albany County, Wyoming. Public Library. <i>A Selective List of Books on Wyoming and The West in the Albany County Public Library</i> . (Laramie, WY.: Albany County Public Library, 1965). BIB.
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W.175 Linford, Dee. *Man Without a Star*. (New York, NY.: Morrow, 1932). F.

W.176 Linford, Velma. *Wyoming Frontier State*. (Denver, CO.: The Old West Publishing Co., 1947). N.F. (Valuable for its bibliography.)

W.177 Lockhart, Caroline. *The Lady Doc*. (Philadelphia, PA.: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1912). F.

W.178 Lockhart, Caroline. *Me-Smith*. (Philadelphia, PA.: J. B. Lippincott, 1913). F.

W.179 McCracken, Harold. *Roughnecks and Gentlemen*. (Garden City, NY.: Doubleday, 1968).

W.180 McMurtrie, Douglas Crawford. *Pioneer Printing in Wyoming*. (Cheyenne, WY.: Privately printed, 1933). N.F.

W.181 McPherren, Mrs. Ida Geneva (Miller). *Danger Within*. (Sheridan: WY.: 1942). F. (Fiction set in Wyoming.)

W.182 McPherren, Mrs. Ida Geneva (Miller). *Trail's End*. (Casper, WY.: Prairie Publishing Co., 1938). N.F.

W.183 Mahoney, Timothy J. *The Big Three*. (Boston, MA.: Christopher Publishing House, 1952). F.

W.184 Majors, Alexander. *Seventy Years on the Frontier*. . . . Preface by "Buffalo Bill". (Denver, CO.: The Western Miner and Financier Publishers, 1893). BIOG.

W.185 Malone, Rose Mary. *Wyomingana: Two Bibliographies*. (Denver, CO.: University of Denver Press, 1950). BIB.

W.186 Manley, Woods (Hocker). *The Doctor's Wyoming Children: A Family Memoir*. (New York, NY.: Exposition Press, 1953). BIOG.

W.187 Martin, Mildred Albert. *The Martins of Gunbarrel*. Pen-and-ink drawings by Paul Reeve Martin. (Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1959).

W.189 McPherren, I. G. *The Banditti of the Plains, or the Cattleman's Invasion of Wyoming in 1892*. (Sheridan, WY.: n.p., 1930). N.F. [This is one of the Ida G. McPherren editions of Asa Shinn Mercer's book, *The Banditti of the Plains, or the Cattleman's Invasion of Wyoming in 1892: the Crowning Infamy of the Ages*. 1894. ed.]

W.190 Miller, Mrs. Neva (Nelson) Ford. *Mountain Men on a Spring Vacation*. (Laramie, WY.: 1948). N.F.

W.191 Montabé, Marie. *Da-goo-win-net; Mystical Sundance of the Shoshones*. Illustrated by John Coulter. (n.p., c. 1962). N.F.

W.192 Moore, Frank Lincoln. *Souls and Saddlebags: The Diaries and Correspondence of . . .* Edited by Austin L. Moore. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, 1962). N.F.

W.193 Moore, Olga. *I'll Meet You in the Lobby*. (Philadelphia, PA.: Lippincott, 1950). F.

W.194 Moore, Olga. *The Lost Cabin*. (n.p., 1916). F.

W.195 Moore, Olga. "A Pair on a Plow," *Country Gentleman*, (February, 1941), pp. 12-13, 54-57. F. (A short story.)

W.196 Moore, Olga. *Wind-swept*. (Philadelphia, PA.: J. B. Lippincott Co., c. 1937). F.

W.197 Morrow, Joseph W. "Journey to Wyoming, Life in Southern Wyoming and Trip to Big Horn Country 1888-1901." A manuscript in possession of Mrs. Lena Turner, Basin, Wyoming. N.F.

W.198 Murphy, Clare. *Shadows of the Buttes*. (New York, NY.: Vantage Press, c. 1967). P.

W.199 Murray, Robert. *A Basic Reading List on the Cattle Industry*. (Sheridan, WY.: Trail End Historic Center, 1973). BIB.

W.200 Nelson, Alice Downey, compiler. *Biographical Sketches of Stephen Wheeler Downey and Eva V. Downey*. (Laramie, WY.: Privately Printed, 1938). BIOG. (Contains some family composed poems about Wyoming.)

W.201 Nelson, Alice Downey. *Downeys from Ireland: An Historical Chronicle of One American Family*. (Washington, DC.: Privately printed, 1963). BIOG. (Section dealing with the writings of June Etta Downey of particular interest.)

W.202 Nelson, Dick J. *Only a Cow Country, At One Time: Wyoming Counties of Crook, Weston, and Campbell, 1875-1951*. (San Diego, CA.: 1951). N.F.

W.203 Nelson, Dick J. *A Wyoming Homestead Tragedy*. (San Diego, CA.: n.p., 1960).

W.204 Niobrara County, Wyoming Fair Board. *Legend of the Rawhide Buttes: Pageant Spectacle*. (Lusk, WY.: n.p., 1946). D.

W.205 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Baled Hay: A Drier Book Than Walt Whitman's "Leaves o' Grass"*. Illustrated by F. Opper. (Chicago, IL.: W. B. Conkey Co., c. 1893). H.

W.206 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *The Best of Bill Nye's Humor*. Edited by Louis Hasley. (New Haven, CT.: College & University Press, 1973). H.

W.207 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Bill Nye and Boomerang; or, The Tale of a Meek-eyed Mule, and Some Other Literary Gems*. (Chicago, IL.: Homewood, c. 1893). H.

W.208 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Bill Nye: His Own Life Story*. (New York, NY.: The Century Co., c. 1926). BIOG.

W.209 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Bill Nye's Remarks*. Illustrated by J. H. Smith. (New York, NY.: F. T. Neely, 1896). H.

W.210 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Bill Nye's Western Humor*, selected with an introduction by T. A. Larson. Illustrated by F. Opper, J. H. Smith and E. Zimmerman. (Lincoln, NB.: University of Nebraska Press, 1968). H.

W.211 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Forty Liars and Other Lies*. Illustrated by Hopkins. (Chicago, IL.: W. B. Conkey Co., c. 1893). H.

W.212 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *A Guest at the Ludlow, and Other Stories*. Illustrated by Louis Braunhold. (Indianapolis, IN.: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., c. 1896). H. (Passing references to Wyoming.)

W.213 Nye, Edgar Wilson and Riley, James Whitcomb. *Nye and Riley's Railway Guide*. Illustrated by Baron de Grimm, E. Zimmerman, Walt McDougall, et al. (Chicago, IL.: The Dearborn Pub. Co., 1888). H.

W.214 Nye, Edgar Wilson. *Nye and Riley's Wit and Humor; Amusing Prose Sketches and Quaint Dialect Poems*. (Chicago, IL.: W. B. Conkey, c. 1902). H.

W.215 Olson, Theodore B. *Hawk's Way*. (New York, NY.: League to Support Poetry, 1941). P. (These poems have a suggestion of Wyoming.)

W.216 Olson, Theodore B. *Ranch on the Laramie*. (Boston, MA.: Little, Brown and Co., Inc., 1973). N.F.

W.217 Olson, Theodore B. *A Stranger and Afraid*. (New Haven, CT.: Yale University Press, 1928). P. (These poems have a suggestion of Wyoming.)

W.218 Olson, Theodore B. "Spring on the Big Laramie," *Empire Magazine, The Denver Post*, (April 1, 1973), pp. 20, 22, 24-25. N.F.

D.219 Olson, Theodore B. "Steamboat" (poem) in Robert H. Burns' *Steamboat—Symbol of Wyoming Spirit*. (Lara-

mie, WY.: The University of Wyoming, 1952). P. (The poem is on the inside back cover.)

W.220 Page, Elizabeth. *Wild Horses and Gold: From Wyoming to the Yukon*. (New York, NY.: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., 1932). N.F.

W.221 Page, Elizabeth. *Wagons West; A Story of the Oregon Trail*. (New York, NY.: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., 1930).

W.222 Palmer, Ralph W. *Tumbleweeds*. (New York, NY.: Pageant Press, 1953). F.

W.223 Pearson, Mrs. Lorene. *The Harvest Waits*. (Indianapolis, IN.: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., c. 1941). F.

W.224 Pence, Mary Lou; Lola M. Homsher. *The Ghost Towns of Wyoming*. (New York, NY.: Hastings House, 1956). N.F.

W.225 Pence, Mary Lou. *The Laramie Story*. (n.p.: Privately printed, 1968). N.F.

W.226 Petzoldt, Patricia. *On Top of the World; My Adventures with My Mountain-Climbing Husband*. (New York, NY.: Crowell, 1953). N.F.

W.227 Phelps, Helen Riley and Vergil V. Phelps. *Whither? Rainbows, Sunsets, On!* (New York, NY.: Carlton Press, c. 1968).

W.228 Rehwinkel, Bessie Lee (Efner). *Dr. Bessie; The Life Story and Romance of a Pioneer Lady Doctor*. . . . (St. Louis, MO.: Concordia Pub. House, c. 1963). BIOC.

W.229 Ricketts, William Pendleton. *50 Years in the Saddle*. (Sheridan, WY.: Star Publishing Co., 1942). BIOC.

W.230 Roach, Neal. Untitled type-script, 225 pages, on his life in Wyoming during 1860s to 1880s. Approx. date of composition the late 1880s. In collection of Laramie Plains Museum, Laramie, Wyo. N.F. (Of particular interest are his descriptions of "wild" Laramie of 1860s.)

W.231 Rogers, W. P. *Oldtimer of the Jackson Hole Country: A Story of Mountain Men for Men Only*. (Jackson, WY.: 1964). N.F.

W.232 Rollinson, John K. *Hoofprints of a Cowboy and U.S. Ranger: Pony Trails in Wyoming*. Edited by E. A. Brinstool. (Caldwell, ID.: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1941). N.F.

W.233 Roripaugh, Robert A. "The Day of the Eagle," *Writing at Wyoming*, (Spring, 1953), pp. 3-8.

W.234 Roripaugh, Robert A. "For an Indian Bronc Rider Killed in a Highway Crash Near Ethete, Wyoming," *West Coast Poetry Review*, I (Spring, 1972), pp. 30-31. (Poem.) P.

W.235 Roripaugh, Robert A. "Homing" (poem). *The South Dakota Review*, IX (Spring, 1971), pp. 71-72. P.

W.236 Roripaugh, Robert A. *Honor Thy Father*. (New York, NY.: William Morrow Co., 1963). F. (A novel with a Wyoming setting.)

W.237 Roripaugh, Robert A. "Hunting Deer" (poem). *West Coast Poetry Review*, I (Spring, 1972), p. 29. P.

W.238 Roripaugh, Robert A. "The Last Longhorn," *Sage*, XI (Spring, 1966), pp. 49-58. F.

W.239 Roripaugh, Robert A. "Learn to Love the Haze," (poem), *Voices International*, VII (Spring, 1972), p. 29. P.

W.240 Roripaugh, Robert A. "The Legend of Billy Jenks," *The South Dakota Review*, IX (Winter, 1971-72), pp. 40-68. F.

W.241 Roripaugh, Robert A. "The Peach Boy," *The Atlantic Monthly*, CCII (September, 1958), pp. 59-66. F.

W.242 Roripaugh, Robert A. "Ride a Red Horse," *Writing at Wyoming* (Spring, 1953), pp. 9-22. F.

W.243 Roripaugh, Robert A. "Wolves," and "Skull," (poems), *Descant*, XVI (Spring, 1972), pp. 26-27. P.

W.244 Roripaugh, Robert A. "Wyoming Hay Fields" (poem), *The Sweater Review*, II (1973), p. 18. P.

W.245 Rotter, Mrs. Etta. *Come Out T' Wyomin'*. (Cody, WY.: c. 1948).

W.246 Rush, N. Orwin. *Frederic Remington and Owen Wister, The Story of a Friendship, 1893-1909*. (Tallahassee, FL.: 1961). BIOG.

W.247 Russell, Jim. *Bob Fudge, Texas Trail Driver, Montana-Wyoming Cowboy, 1862-1933*. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, 1962). BIOG.

W.248 Schaefer, Jack Warner. *Shane*. Illustrated by John McCormack. (Boston, MA.: Houghton Mifflin, 1954). F.

W.249 Scott, James William. *Pioneers of the Big Horn: True Stories of the Yellowtail Country*. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, 1966). N.F.

W.250 Scott, Quintin S. *Dennis Comes Home*. (New York, NY.: Harbinger House, c. 1941). F.

W.251 Shakespeare, Tom. *The Sky People*. (New York, NY.: Vantage Press, 1971).

W.252 Shaw, James Clay. *North from Texas: Incidents in the Early Life of a Range Cowman in Texas, Dakota and Wyoming, 1852-1883*. Edited by Herbert O. Brayer. Illustrated by David T. Vernon. (Evanston, IL.: Branding Iron Press, 1952). N.F.

W.253 Sheppard, Leslie Chauncey. *Of Such is the Kingdom*. (New York, NY.: Greenwich Book Pub., 1964). F.

W.254 Sheridan County Public Library. *Fort Philip Kearny, 1866-1868*. . . A list of materials on this subject avail-

able at the Sheridan County Public Library. (Sheridan, WY.: Sheridan County Public Library, 1970). BIB.

W.255 Shipp, Eli Richard. *Intermountain Folk: Songs of Their Days and Ways*. (Casper, WY.: Casper Stationery Co., 1922). P.

W.256 Shipp, Eli Richard. *Pioneer Blood*. (Casper, WY.: Oil City Printers, 1926). P.

W.257 Shipp, Eli Richard. *Rangeland Melodies*. (Casper, WY.: Casper Stationery Co., c. 1923). P.

W.258 Slack, Bradley. *Wyoming Roundup*. Illustrated by Mary Littell Slack. (Cheyenne, WY.: Pioneer Printing Co., c. 1953).

W.259 Smith, Florence Blake. *Cow Chips 'n' Cactus; The Homestead in Wyoming*. (New York, NY.: Pageant Press, c. 1962).

W.260 Smith, Helena Huntington. "How to Live 70 Miles from Town," *Saturday Evening Post*, (September 23, 1944), pp. 26-27, 37, 72, 82, 84. N.F.

W.261 Snow, Julian. *More Truth Than Poetry*. (Cheyenne, WY.: Pioneer Printing Co., 1931). P. (Contains the poem "While Watching A Geyser".)

W.262 Spear, Elsa, ed. *Bozeman Trail Scrapbook*. (Sheridan, WY.: Mills Co., c. 1967). N.F.

W.263 Spearman, Frank Hamilton. *The Mountain Divide*. (New York, NY.: C. Scribner's Sons, 1912). F.

W.264 Spearman, Frank Hamilton. *Nan of Music Mountain*. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. (New York, NY.: C. Scribner's Sons, 1916). F.

W.265 Spearman, Frank Hamilton. *Whispering Smith*. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. (New York, NY.: Grosset & Dunlap, 1906). F.

W.266 Spring, Agnes (Wright). *A Place in Wyoming Worthy of a Monument: South Pass*. Nine typewritten pages (Hebard Room of the University of Wyoming Library). N.F. (Contains some poems on South Pass.)

W.267 Spring, Agnes (Wright). *Buffalo Bill and His Horses*. (Fort Collins, CO.: B & M Print Co., c. 1953). N.F.

W.268 Spring, Agnes Wright. *Caspar Collins; The Life and Exploits of an Indian Fighter of the Sixties, With a Foreword by Major General Hugh L. Scott*. (New York, NY.: Columbia University Press, 1927). BIOG.

W.269 Spring, Agnes (Wright). *The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*. (Glendale, CA.: The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1949, c. 1948). N.F.

W.270 Spring, Agnes (Wright). *Colorado Charley. Wild Bill's Pard*. (Boulder, CO.: Pruett Press, 1968). BIOG.

W.271 Spring, Agnes (Wright). *William Chapin Deming of Wyoming: Pioneer Publisher, and State and Federal Official, a Biography*. (Glendale, CA.: limited edition by The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1944). BIOC.

D.272 Steedman, Charles John. *Bucking the Sagebrush; or, The Oregon Trail in the Seventies*. Illustrated by Charles M. Russell. (New York, NY.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1904). N.F.

W.273 Stevenson, Gil. *Ah, But in Casper*. (Philadelphia, PA.: Dorrance, 1972). N.F.

W.274 Stevenson, Gil. *For You, With Love*. (Philadelphia, PA.: Dorrance, 1971). P.

W.275 Stewart, Mrs. Elinore (Pruitt). *Letters on an Elk Hunt*. (Boston, MA.: Houghton Mifflin, 1915). N.F.

W.276 Stewart, Mrs. Elinore (Pruitt). *Letters of a Woman Homesteader*. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. (Boston, MA.: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914). N.F.

W.277 Strahorn, Mrs. Carrie Adell. *Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage; A Woman's Unique Experience During Thirty Years of Path Finding and Pioneering from the Missouri to the Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico*. Illustrated by Charles Russell. (New York, NY.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1911). N.F.

W.278 Sture-Vasa, Mary (Alsop). Pseudonym, Mary O'Hara. *Green Grass of Wyoming*. (Philadelphia, PA.: J. B. Lippincott, 1946). F.

W.279 Sture-Vasa, Mary (Alsop). Pseudonym, Mary O'Hara. *My Friend Flicka*. (Philadelphia, PA.: J. B. Lippincott Co., c. 1941). F.

W.280 Sture-Vasa, Mary (Alsop). Pseudonym, Mary O'Hara. *Thunderhead*. (Philadelphia, PA.: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1943). F.

W.281 Sture-Vasa, Mary (Alsop). *Wyoming Summer*. (Garden City, NY.: Doubleday, 1963). F.

W.282 Sublette County Artists' Guild. *Carvings on the Aspens; A Collection of Prose and Poetry by. . . .* Illustrated by Betty Blake. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, c. 1956). C.G.

W.283 Sublette County Artists' Guild. *A Pouch of Possibles*. (Cheyenne, WY.: Flintlock Publishing Co., 1969). C.G. (Contains many poems and stories about Wyoming.)

W.284 Sublette County Artists' Guild. *Tale of the Seeds-Ke-Dee*. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, c. 1963).

W.285 Swallow, Alan. *XI Poems*. (Muscatine, IA.: The Prairie Press, 1943). P.

W.286 Swallow, Alan. *The Nameless Sight: Poems 1937-56*. (Iowa City, IA.: Prairie Press, 1956). P.

W.287 Swallow, Alan. *The Remembered Land* (poems). (Prairie City, IL.: Press of J. A. Decker, 1946). P.

W.288 Swallow, Alan. *Two Stories*. The Swallow Pamphlets No. 9. (n.p.: Alan Swallow, Publisher, c. 1953). F.

W.289 Talbot, Ethelbert. *My People of the Plains*. (New York, NY.: Harper & Bros., 1906). N.F.

W.290 Teichert, Minerva Kohlhepp. *A Romance of Old Fort Hall*. (Portland, OR.: Metropolitan Press, 1932). F.

W.291 Thomas, David Griffiths. *Overland and Underground; Poems of the West and its Mines*. (Rock Springs, WY.: Privately printed, 1912). P.

W.292 Thompson, Martha. *A Country Doctor*. (Carpenter, WY.: Martha Thompson, c. 1971). N.F.

W.293 Thompson, Martha, ed. *Pioneer Parade: A Collection of Newspaper and Magazine Stories of Eastern Laramie County Pioneers*. (Cheyenne, WY.: Logan Printing Co., 1967). N.F. C.G.

W.294 Todd, Fred J. *Recollections of a Piney Creek Rancher*. (Sheridan, WY.: Quick Printing Co., 1962). BIOC.

W.295 Trenholm, Virginia Cole. *The Arapahoes, Our People*. (Norman, OK.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970). N.F.

W.296 Trenholm, Virginia Cole. *Footprints on the Frontier: Saga of the La Ramie Region of Wyoming*. (Douglas, WY.: Douglas Enterprise Co., 1945). N.F.

W.297 Trenholm, Virginia Cole and Maurine Carley. *The Shoshonis, Sentinels of the Rockies*. (Norman, OK.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1964). N.F.

W.298 Trenholm, Virginia Cole and Maurine Carley. *Wyoming Pageant*. (Casper, WY.: Prairie Pub. Co., 1946).

W.299 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Almost Up Devil's Tower: A Tourist's Novel*. (Boulder, CO.: Johnson Publishing Co., c. 1968). F.

W.300 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Chief Washakie of the Shoshones*. (Boulder, CO.: Johnson Publishing Co., c. 1971). N.F.

W.301 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *High Lights of the Hills*. Illustrated by Elsie Christian. (Lusk, WY.: The Lusk Herald, Printers, 1954). P.

W.302 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb) and Jerry. *Know Wyoming: A Guide to Its Literature*. (Boulder, CO.: Johnson Publishing Co., 1969). BIB. (A valuable guide to Wyoming authors' writings updating the Wheeler bibliography.)

W.303 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Niobrara Breezes: A Collection of Poems*. Illustrated by Elsie Christian. (Lusk, WY.: The Lusk Herald, c. 1946). P.

W.304 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *The Second Man*. (Denver, CO.: Sage Books, 1962). F. (A novel of prehistoric times set in the Laramie Peak area.)

W.305 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Songs of the Sage*. Illustrated by Berniece Bird. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, 1962). P. (This is a collection of Wyoming poems.)

W.306 Urbanek, Jerry. *The Uncovered Wagon by Mae Urbanek as told by Jerry Urbanek*. Illustrated by Elsie Christian. (Denver, CO.: Sage Books, 1958). N.F.

W.307 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Wyoming Place Names*. (Boulder, CO.: Johnson Publishing Co., c. 1967). BIB.

W.308 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Wyoming Winds*. Illustrated by Norman Evans. (Lusk, WY.: The Lusk Herald, c. 1930). P. (Another collection of Wyoming poems.)

W.309 Urbanek, Mae (Bobb). *Wyoming Wonderland*. (Denver, CO.: Sage Books, 1964).

W.310 Vail, Nellie (Cook). *My Best to You: A Collection of Poems*. (Byron, WY.: c. 1961). P.

W.311 Van Burgh, Mrs. Lillian L. McBride. *Behind The Smiles*. (Casper, WY.: Prairie Publishing Co., 1933). C.G.

W.312 Van Burgh, Lillian L. McBride. *The Bozeman Trail: A Poem*. (n.p.: c. 1927). P. (5 p. at Wyoming State Library.)

W.313 Van Burgh, Lillian L. McBride. *Drifting Leaves*. (Author, c. 1923). P.

W.314 Walker, Tacetta B. *Stories of Early Days in Wyoming, Big Horn Basin*. (Casper, WY.: Prairie Publishing Co., 1936). N.F.

W.315 Wall, Art N. *Peace River Red, A Novel*. (New York, NY.: Exposition Press, 1961). F.

W.316 Wallis, Jessa Eula. *Wyoming Breezes*. (New York, NY.: Henry Harrison, c. 1940). P.

W.317 Watts, George C. *The Long Trail*. (Oakdale, CA.: 1949).

W.318 Weaver, Paul. *Chief of the Ravens* (poem). Illustrated by Alice Miller. (Frannie, WY.: 1966). P.

W.319 Welch, Charles A. *History of the Big Horn Basin: With Stories of Early Days, Sketches of Pioneers and Writings of the Author*. (Salt Lake City, UT.: Deseret News Press, 1940). N.F.

W.320 Westbrook, Melva Cummins. *Mom and Me*. (Worland, WY.: Worland Press, 1971). BIOG.

W.321 Wheeler, Eva Floy. *Wyoming Writers*. (Douglas, WY.: The Douglas Enterprise Co., 1940). BIB. (A valuable bibliography of Wyoming authors up to 1940.)

W.322 Wheeler, Homer Webster. *The Frontier Trail; or from Cowboy to Colonel*. . . . (Los Angeles, CA.: Times-Mirror Press, 1923). BIOG.

W.323 Whittenburg, Clarice T. *Wyoming: Prelude to Statehood*. Illustrated by Bob and Mary Harrower and collection of Rendezvous Paintings by Carl Roters. (Cheyenne, WY.: Travel Commission and Wyoming Department of Education, 1966). N.F.

W.324 Wilcock, Glen E. *The Big Horn Country in Poetry*. (Cowley, WY.: c. 1968). P.

W.325 Willford, Maude Wenonah. *Over the Hills and Prairies of Wyoming: Stories and Poems of the West by a Pioneer*. (Denver, CO.: Big Mountain Press, 1963). C.G.

W.326 Willson, Mrs. E. B. *Cabin Days in Wyoming: A Historical Romance of the Running Water Range*. (Lusk, WY.: c. 1939). F.

W.327 Winter, Charles Edwin. *Gold of Freedom*. (San Antonio, TX.: The Naylor Co., 1944). F.

W.328 Winter, Charles Edwin. *Wyoming March Song, Wyoming State Song*. Music by George E. Knapp. (Casper, WY.: The Richter Music Co., 1925). P.

W.329-
W.339 Wister, Owen. Wister Collection at the University of Wyoming Library includes the following handwritten and typescript copies of diaries and journals relating to Wyoming:

W.329 "July-August, 1885" (Wister's First Trip to Wyoming). N.F.

W.330 "British Columbia-Washington, Oregon-California-Wyoming. July-September, 1887." N.F.

W.331 "Wyoming, July, August, September, 1888." N.F.

W.332 "Wyoming, October-November, 1889." N.F.

W.333 "Wyoming and Yellowstone Park, June-September, 1891." N.F.

W.334 "Journal of Journies, June 14th-December 31st, 1893, World's Fair, Wyoming, Yellowstone, Arizona, San Francisco, Portland." N.F.

W.335 "Frontier Notes, October, November, December, 1893." N.F.

W.336 "Frontier Notes, May-1894,-August." N.F.

W.337 "Journal, Bowis, Bayard, Grant, Bisbie, Tombstone, Tucson, San Francisco, Cheyenne, May-1894-August."

W.338 "Journal and Notes, 1895, May-August. New Mexico, Arizona, California, Colorado, Cheyenne, Fort Meade, Vol I."

W.339 "A Few Notes 1896, Wyoming."

W.340 Wister, Owen. *The Virginian; A Horseman of The Plains*. Illustrated by Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington. (New York, NY.: Macmillan, c. 1929). F. [*The Virginian* was first published in 1902. ed.]

W.341 Wister, Owen. Original Manuscript of *The Virginian* in The Wister Collection at the University of Wyoming Library.

W.342 Wright, Edgar H. *The Representative Old Cowboy*. Illustrated by Don Whiston. (The author, c. 1954).

W.343 *A Wyoming-Idaho Sampler*. Illustrated by Lawrence Hall. (New York, NY.: Harbinger House, c. 1940). F.

W.344 Wyoming Pioneer Association. *The Vanished Frontier*. No place or date by the Wyoming Pioneer Assoc. C.G. (Contains some poems by Ted Olson.)

American Authors On Wyoming

A.1 Abbey, James. *California, a Trip Across the Plains in the Spring of 1850*. . . . (New Albany, IN.: Kent & Norman, and J. R. Nunemacher, 1850). N.F.

A.2 Allen, Miss A. J. *Ten Years in Oregon. Travels and Adventures of Doctor E. White and Lady, West of the Rocky Mountains*. . . . (Ithaca, NY.: Mack, Andrus, & Co., printers, 1848). N.F.

A.3 Allison, Sam. *Wyoming War*. (Trouble on Crazyman). (New York, NY.: Lion Books, 1957). F.

A.4 Alter, J. Cecil. *Through the Heart of the Scenic West*. (Salt Lake City, UT.: Shepard Book Co., 1927). N.F.

A.5 Altsheler, Joseph Alexander. *The Scouts of the Valley; A Story of Wyoming and the Chemung*. (New York, NY.: Appleton-Century Co., 1941). F.

A.6 Bishop, Curtis Kent. *By Way of Wyoming*. (New York, NY.: The Macmillan Co., 1946). C.G.

A.7 Boyne, Eduma Baffum. *The Long Way to Yellowstone Park in 1885*. (Loveland, CO.: 1970). N.F.

A.8 Branch, Douglas. *The Cowboy and His Interpreters*. (New York, NY.: D. Appleton Co., 1926). N.F.

A.9 Bryant, Edwin. *What I Saw in California: Being the Journal of a Tour, by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains*. . . . (New York, NY.: D. Appleton & Co., 1848). N.F.

A.10 Carpenter, Frank D. *Adventures in Geyserland*. (Caldwell, ID.: Caxton Printers, 1935). N.F.

A.11 Carrighar, Sally. *One Day at Teton Marsh*. (New York, NY.: Alfred Knopf, Inc., 1947).

A.12 Carter, Marion Hamilton. *Souls Resurgent*. (New York, NY.: C. Scribner's Sons, 1916). F.

A.13 Chase, Mary Ellen. *The Girl from Big Horn Country*. Illustrated by R. Farrington Elwell. (Boston, MA.: The Page Co., 1916). F.

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Life in Natrona County, 1899 to 1900 - Recollections of Myrtle Chalfant Gregg

Compiled and Edited by Jean Lassila

In and Around Casper

The first time I saw Casper, Wyoming, was a beautiful day early in June, 1899. My parents had decided to visit their sons, Milo and Nimrod E., who had gone west five years before, and to take along my younger sisters, Margaret and Josephine, my younger brothers, Scott and Robert, and me. My father had rented his farms in Howard County, Nebraska, and outfitted a big lumber wagon with overjets and built-in bed and covered it all with canvas, held in place by wooden bows. It was called a prairie schooner, though I never knew where the name originated. He bought a tent for us youngsters to sleep in and lost no time teaching us how to pitch it ourselves. We had a summer supply of staple groceries in our wagon as well as luggage for my parents and five children, teenage to three years. It was quite a load, but with our big draft team there was no problem.

We also had a matched driving team of sorrels and a "surrey with the fringe on top," which we girls could drive. There was plenty of room as it had two seats. We found we could wrap the lines around the dashboard and step out or in without stopping since our team quietly followed the wagon ahead. In May we started from central Nebraska, which was lovely with newly planted fields and grassy pastures. We soon arrived at Broken Bow. Merna and Thedford are two other towns I remember along the way. Throughout western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming we saw many nice ranches and very friendly folk, although most who visited our camp at evening thought we must have lost our senses "to go so far just to visit." Probably we started tourism in *that* part of the country!

At Crawford, Nebraska, we turned west, following the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad to Casper. One evening we made camp about five miles west of Lusk. We had bought some needed groceries at Lusk, a very small town at that time—about 200 people. There were two or three stores on the main street, a church, a bank, a schoolhouse and probably a saloon. That evening a man drove up in a buckboard, and after much conversation

he talked my father into selling him the surrey! He was the banker in Lusk and was bound to have that carriage, probably the only one in the town. Oh my, we girls felt very bad to see it go, as we had to ride in the wagon or walk the rest of the way to Casper.

It had taken us about three weeks to make the 600-mile trip, maybe more, because 30 miles a day is about as much as a team will walk day after day. The population of Casper was said to be 1500 at that time, although it seemed to us that was too high an estimate. On our arrival we stopped at a hitchrack by a long, low grocery store, Mr. Bristol's. Soon my brother and his wife rode into town horseback, and we all went to the home of Charles Ricker and his family, who were good friends of my brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Milo L. Chalfant.

We camped nearby on a vacant lot and had supper with our new friends. The next day we drove to Iron Creek about 25 miles, plus, west—most miles in Wyoming were plus—where Milo had a homestead and a small house. There were only two beds, so we had to pitch our tent again, much to my disgust, as I was tired of that job! I never could get out of it since I was the oldest girl and could handle the tent. I couldn't hit a peg twice in a row; however, the little boys, six and eight years old, were masters of the art.

When the fourth of July arrived, we were invited to Mr. and Mrs. Levin Ward's home on the North Platte river, some five miles above Bessemer Bend. Neighbors who came were the Joe Clarksons, the Gregg young folks, and the Owen Royce and Ed Royce families. With nine of the Chalfants and six of their own family, this made quite a crowd. Everyone brought lots of food; the men put up a swing in the huge cottonwood trees; children played all afternoon; the men pitched horseshoes. When evening came, they moved the furniture out of the big front room and Ed Royce played the violin, someone else the guitar, and we danced until almost morning. After breakfast we all left for our homes thinking we had had the best celebration ever.

Soon after this my brother planned a camping trip to the Ferris Mountains. To me, this was like "carrying coals to Newcastle," but after learning Jim Gregg and his sisters Mattie and Gertrude were going too, I decided that it would be fun. My sister-in-law and mother had made us girls big baggy bloomers to ride in. Many people laughed at us. Somewhere they had rustled up horses and saddles for all who wished to ride. Of course, we young folks rode horseback all the way. Mother and Daddy drove the wagon and did most of the cooking with the help of my brother, his wife, and Mike Ryan.

We investigated "Berthaton," a deserted soda works with a few houses. It had once been a small town. We were told that the company hired a watchman for years and the barrels of soda were

still there unmolested, although no windows were left in the building. This was owned by a New York Company, I believe, but with soda so cheap they could not afford to freight it to the railroad. We nooned at Independence Rock. Later we went up a little creek not far east of Joe Sharp's ranch on the way to the Ferris Mountains. In fact there were several creeks along the mountains where my mother caught small trout each day. She loved to fish but would not allow us children to go along because we made too much noise.

Evenings we sang about the campfire and told stories and it was a grand time.

One day Jim Gregg rode out on the flats and shot an antelope so we had fresh meat for supper. There were no game laws then, but no rancher abused his right to hunt game, and none was ever wasted. We were gone about a week.

Although we had also planned to visit my brother Nimrod, who lived in Bozeman, Montana, we did not, as he had not received my mother's letter in time. He had gone with a shipload of horses for the U. S. government, taking them to the Philippine Islands. He died there June 13, 1900, of small pox. About three years after the Spanish American War his body was returned to the United States and is interred in the military cemetery at the Presidio, San Francisco.

My family returned to Nebraska, but I stayed in Wyoming that winter teaching a school for the Levin Ward children, who were six, eight, ten and 15 years of age. They were very kind to me, but I was really glad when spring came and I could take the train home and go to school myself.

I returned to Casper in January, 1901, the bride of James Gregg. We found two men staying with his brother Will at the ranch. They said they were "riding the grub line" until work opened. However, they helped with chores, feeding cattle and cutting fence posts from Bessemer Mountain. Early in April if the weather was good, Will took the freight team out—16 horses and two wagons hauling groceries and supplies to Lander and Fort Washakie and loading back with wool to C. H. King's warehouses by the railroad. There was no railroad to all that vast country until 1910. Sheridan had a railroad, but the Greggs and many other men with long teams "freighted" for years.

Jim and I ran the ranch until haying time when Will would come home to help. Our closest neighbors, the Clarksons, were four miles away. Mr. Clarkson kept the post office by that name a few years; a stage ran from Casper to Alcova, then a small town, and for some years on to Johnston post office at Independence Rock. The post office was discontinued in 1901. Neighboring ranchers and families who lived west of us often stopped for lunch or for the night as they traveled to and from Casper. There were the John Olmsteads, Lynn Roberts and his wife, Jack and Alma Grieve and



Jean Lassila
JOHN AND MYRTLE GREGG'S WEDDING PICTURE

their little ones. How I loved those women—I always was so glad to see them.

The residents of Bessemer Bend were the George Johnsons, Dan Speas, the Dan Smiths, the Henry Trollopes and the Alex Mills and Kearns families. Later the Abe Greenwoods, Frank and Julia Smith and Mr. Josendahl lived there also.

The Countrymans from up Sweetwater River came each January, driving four horses on a Thorobrace stage coach. Miss Ethel said she often wondered why she filed on her desert claim in January when summertime would have been a more pleasant time for reporting her assessment work in Casper. We also knew the Bert Chenneys and the Dan and Rollo Clark families and the Jack Crouse family in Bates Hole. My sister, Margaret Chalfant, taught there in 1906 or 1907. My brother Scott got a job with Standard Oil Company in 1917 and stayed in Casper and Greybull for 40 years.

I loved the ranch life, with lots of horseback riding on the endless range. Besides visiting other ranches, we went to Casper every two months or so for supplies and to visit my in-laws, the John Heagneys and Marshal Buxtons. Martin A. Gothberg was a rancher south of the river, the North Platte. Also on the way were the Rice, Price and Starks families, then the CY ranch, the Pat Sullivan home and we were in town. We always rested one day before starting back and quite often two days.

Names of many Casper residents soon became familiar, such as Denecke and Wright, bankers and ranchers; Charles Webel, a merchant; Townsends, also merchants; Postmaster Hughes and his wife; Wilson Kimball, the druggist. I also remember the Nicolay-sen Lumber yard; Miss Edith Evans, a teacher; Woods furniture; Reverend Craig of the Episcopal church and county superintendent of schools; Doctors Leeper, Dean and Rohrbaugh; Hugh Patton and Black Jack McGrath, who operated the Grand Central Hotel; Mr. Smith, of the Natrona Hotel, and his family. I recall Marshal Buxton and Red Jack McGrath, blacksmiths and cabinet workers, who built the first sheepwagon in Casper; and Mr. Cantlin, the mayor of Casper, who had also lived on Sand Creek. Students in the new high school were taught by Professor Matheny from Ohio, who, with his wife and several teachers from the east, stayed several years. Mr. Hemmingway, an attorney, came about that time. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Banner and their family came in the early 1900s. They were partners of the Gregg brothers in the sheep business from about 1906 until 1913 or 1914. I have recently seen the name Demorest in news from Casper. They were early residents of Casper, as were Johnsons, Jamisons, Mr. and Mrs. Trevette, the Evans family and the McDonald family.

Fun on the Ranch

The Gregg family were born Quakers, so would not do any work in the fields on Sunday. But they would often run in a bunch of young broncos and break them to a hackamore, or bridle. When they got one ready to ride, I got in a safe place, usually on top of the flat-roofed blacksmith shop, to watch the show.

Jim always rode them first, with his brother Will hazing on a good swift mount to keep the excited horse away from fences, and *how* those broncos would buck. No one pulled the riders off in eight seconds as they do at the rodeos nowdays—instead they rode and rode until the horse gave it up and would trot back to the corral. Many of them were broken in one day, but some never gave up, waiting to catch the rider off guard and trying to dump him, especially if it was a cold day.

Then one Easter Sunday both men had gone riding toward the Badlands for cattle, and I thought I'd get a nice dinner since there was no chance of attending a church service. I remember that I had a cake baked and other things started when Jim came back

alone saying they had found a wolf's den with cubs in it. The mother was watching from a bluff just out of rifle range, and Will had stayed by the den to keep her from moving the cubs.

I tied the cake in a tea towel so I could carry it on my arm and Jim found some fresh meat, bread, canned tomatoes, a frying pan and coffee pot and coffee and cream. In no time we had a feast at the den. These were the wolves that had almost put out of the cattle business. We couldn't poison them since they ate only fresh meat that they killed themselves.

The men dug all afternoon and pulled out ten pups. They were so young they would come up to us just like kittens, but they were disposed of quickly.

Reading magazines, books—anything that we could get hold of—was one of our diversions, especially during the winter. When Owen Wister's book, *The Virginian*, was published, it went the rounds in Natrona County. My friends passed their book around until it was worn out and we bought another copy. Mother Stroud, who lived east of Casper, told us that her child was one of the babies Wister described that were mixed up at the dance by two cowboys who exchanged their blankets as they slept. We could not figure out who the "Judge" was. Many thought the description suited Judge J. M. Carey, then governor of Wyoming. Other chapters contained stories that many people said had happened in Wyoming.

Rounding Up the Wild Bunch

Ginger was a beautiful horse that Jim had broken to ride, but one day he got out of the pasture and took to the Badlands where he gathered up about 20 head of mares in his harem. Many times the owners tried to get their mares back, but by the time they got them on good terrain their saddle horses would be winded and the wild bunch would take back to the Badlands or Hell's Half Acre.

Mr. Ricker had a pair of mares in the bunch that he had worked on his dray in town, so he hired Harry Ward to try to get them. This was their strategy: Harry Ward was to drive them out of the Badlands and up on the Rattle Snake Plains. Jim and Will were to stay well hidden and when they heard the horses on top, come out behind them, running them hard for five miles to a spring but not letting them stop, then another three miles down to the ranch corral.

When he caught sight of that hated corral, Ginger threw up his head and tail and outran everything, heading straight to the Badlands. Since they didn't want him anyway, they let him go but brought the 20 mares on the run into the big pole corral. There one could walk up to, and halter, almost any of them. Harry got his two mares and led them to Casper the next day, very proud, for many men had tried and failed to get their own mares.

Ginger soon had a large cavy of mares again and ran in the

Badlands for several years. One day Jim saw our beautiful stallion standing in the sun—a gold statue. But Ginger was a menace to our neighbors, and with one rifle shot Jim put him out of the way. He said he had never hated to do anything as badly in his life.

Sheriff Webb's Visit

One evening the sheriff, driving a two-seated spring wagon and accompanied by a deputy on horseback and some prisoners, stopped and asked to spend the night. They were on the way to the penitentiary at Rawlins. I had never seen men in shackles before and it was a shock. My husband helped me cook a big supper and he waited on table.

One of the prisoners was a 17-year-old boy who had worked all summer for some rancher who wouldn't pay him his wages so the boy had taken a horse and saddle and ridden to the nearest railroad. There he had sold the saddle and bought a ticket to Missouri, which was home. Poor homesick boy—I couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

One man, about 35 or 40 years old, had stolen someone's fur coat and they found him walking down the road wearing it. He looked very thin, almost ill. I knew all this because they kept teasing each other at the table, laughing, I thought, "to keep from crying."

We gave them a large front room with a stove, one bed and plenty of bedding to make shakedowns on the floor. I suppose Mr. Webb or the deputy kept guard, although the prisoners were handcuffed after eating and probably also shackled again. I was glad to see them leave after breakfast.

We often had men from Washington stop as the government was then planning the Pathfinder Dam.

Tragedies on the Ranch

One dark night in the summer of 1902, about 11:30, someone drove into the yard and helloed. It proved to be the John Olmstead family from Horse Creek, about 15 miles west, and another man driving the second spring wagon. They were on their way to Casper with the body of their nine-year-old son Eugene! He had tried to take his father's six-shooter from the high peg where it was kept, and in some way it was discharged, killing the child instantly.

They wanted to wait until the moon rose because it was so dark they could scarcely see the road. They asked Jim to ride on to Casper to make arrangements for the funeral that next afternoon, which he did, of course. I made coffee and served some food, I suppose. Finally they asked me to go with them, and I was glad to do so as I surely didn't want to spend the rest of *that* night alone.

Another night, probably in 1904, almost the same thing occurred. Arthur Childers, a neighbor about ten miles west, came running his horse and asked Jim to ride to the nearest phone, at the Goose Egg Ranch, 15 miles away, and call the doctor because his wife was very ill. Jim did, but it was too bad that we were so long getting cars and telephones. The next day we buried a sweet baby girl not far from their home.

Another heartbreaking tragedy occurred when Charles Woodard broke jail—and later shot Sheriff Charles Ricker, our good friend. Since this is recorded history of Natrona County, I will not say more, except that for weeks I was afraid to open the door fearing I'd be looking down a gun barrel.

The Industrial Convention

When a State Industrial Convention was planned in 1903, everyone was delighted with the idea. The weekly paper gave it much publicity and it was a huge success, lasting almost all week.

Exhibits were shown in a wool warehouse, cleaned and scrubbed. Dr. Salathe had a wonderful exhibit of all kinds of oil that he had refined in the small Standard Oil Refinery that he operated at that time. Many ranchers had grain and fruit exhibits, and the ladies had a nice display of jellies, jam and baked goods. My neighbor, Mrs. Schrader, made some beautiful white starch for cloth, from potatoes, the first I had ever seen except in a package.

A carnival company came to town with a merry-go-round and the usual attractions and we saw the first motion picture any of us had seen, "The Great Train Robbery." It ran only a short time but we could come back—which we did. We thought it was wonderful.

Convention speakers were Governor Carey, and others from Cheyenne. I even remember the governor's address, which was on agriculture. It was very good, but I thought not too practical at that time in our arid part of the state. Another speaker was an aged man who had been a Pony Express rider at the age of 16 or 17 and his speech about his experiences was also very good.

Later on a State Fair was organized and has been held each year at Douglas, I believe.

Jane's Story

Although I promised Jane I'd never tell this, it has been so long ago, I'm sure she wouldn't mind if she were living.

Jane and her husband had lived in Wyoming only a short time so everything was exciting, especially a band of 50 or 60 Indians passing slowly by one day with women and children along. They must have been going to visit some other reservation. She had

watched them as long as they were in sight, then gone back to cleaning her high cupboards in the kitchen.

She didn't hear a sound until a half hour later when the screen door opened. She quickly looked around and there stood two painted men—faces half white, half red. Startled, she told them to go to the barn where the men were. They just stood and stared at her. Then she told them to get a drink of water if that was what they wanted. She was getting quite angry—and awfully scared since there was no one else on the ranch that she knew of. One looked in the water pail and it was empty, so she told him to go on out to the spring for water. He took the dipper and stepped out in the yard and stood there. The other one crossed his arms and stood tall and defiant; he could see she was afraid.

She had never handled a gun but remembered seeing one just inside the storeroom near her. She stepped back, keeping her eyes on the Indians, grabbed the gun and stepped into the kitchen again. The Indian shot out of the door, jumping entirely over the step to the ground, and they both left—their fun over!

Since no one had seen a painted Indian for years, she was sure people would think she had just made it all up. Her husband told he she had done the right thing, and he taught her how to shoot a small pistol.

Why We Left Wyoming

Early in January, 1909, our three-year-old son, Floyd, who often went with his father to the barns to help(?) him do the chores, decided he would follow his dad's tracks to the sheep camp, ten miles away.

I had bathed my tiny daughter and was rocking her to sleep. I told Floyd to run the little pigs out of the yard and shut the gate. He did this, then stayed outdoors to play. Although he was wearing overshoes, sweater, coat, cap and mittens, it was a bright, *cold* day with about three inches of fresh snow on the ground. When I missed him, I ran to the barn, saw his tracks, and his father's made the evening before. Then I saw that my saddle mare had been turned out to pasture that morning.

It was a terrible, all gone feeling—miles from human help and afoot. I ran back to the house, turned my baby on her side, shut the draft on the heating stove, put on a sweater and scarf, and started to track Floyd, which was easy to do when I got away from the yard gate.

Over the third hill, and about a mile and a half from home, I saw him and our old dog. They were circling about, but generally following his daddy's wagon tracks. I had been praying, and I thanked God as I cut across country to my child. When I reached

him, he said "Don't cry, Mama. I won't run away *no more.*" He was a cold and tired little boy.

Near dark my husband was coming home and saw Floyd's tracks. Alarmed, he left his team standing, although they were not really gentle, and followed Floyd's tracks until he saw my tracks where I had taken him home. We were both so upset by this that we decided to give up the ranch. We left everything in the care of Jim's brother and moved to Colorado to farm.

Jim visited Casper the next fall but it was five years before I returned to Wyoming. I admit I had gotten lonesome for the sagebrush and enjoyed seeing it again.

The Nature of the Relationship between the Blackfeet Indians and the Men of the Fur Trade

By

PETER W. DUNWIDDIE

The men who opened the American West have long been considered some of the more glamorous, rugged, and adventuresome men of their time. This image of the courageous, Indian-fighting mountain man was a favorite of many books on the early West. And despite the romantic light history sometimes lends, it cannot be denied that the life of these men, and particularly those involved in the fur trade, was not an easy one. In addition to all of the hazards facing a person fending for himself in a vast, unmapped wilderness, these early traders and trappers had another danger confronting them—the Indian.

It would be grossly unjust to label all Indians of the American West a danger, since most of them were quite friendly to the whites venturing into their lands. However, as the fur trade developed, two tribes in particular gained a notorious reputation for violence to the whites—the Arikaras and the Blackfeet. They were soon viewed with distrust, hate, and fear, and were avoided if at all possible. This raises the question of why these tribes, and not others? Were they warlike to other tribes as well, and would this explain their hatred toward whites too?

This paper will deal with the second of the two tribes—the Blackfeet—and try to explain the background that led to their animosity towards the white fur traders.

There are three acknowledged tribes of the Blackfeet Indians—the Piegan, Blood, and Siksika (Blackfoot). Although they were independent politically, they shared a common language, customs, fought the same enemies, and intermarried.¹ A fourth tribe, the Gros Ventres, was for many years closely allied with the Blackfeet, and this contributed to the confusion of the early white men, who frequently mistook one for another. Thus they were all loosely

1. John C. Ewers, *The Blackfeet: Raiders on the Northwestern Plains* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958), p. 5.

grouped under the name "Blackfeet," and contemporary sources often fail to distinguish among them.*

The tribes were located along the eastern edge of the Rocky Mountains, ranging north into Canada and south into Wyoming. One writer located the Piegan in the Missouri River valley where the Marias River empties into it, and the Judith River Basin as the land of the Gros Ventres.² However these are mere approximations, since they were all nomadic tribes. Using the buffalo as their primary means of subsistence, they traveled widely following the herds.

The enemies of the Blackfeet included, at one time or another, almost every tribe surrounding them. The Shoshonis, Kutenais, Flatheads, Nez Perces, Crows, Assiniboins, Crees, and Pend d'Oreilles all felt the wrath of Blackfoot war parties.³ But rather than fighting large battles involving many men, Blackfoot parties were usually small, loosely organized groups which quickly dissolved. The primary purpose was raiding for booty, not exterminating members of other tribes.⁴

It might be expected that a people as widely feared among other Indians as the Blackfeet would readily turn their attacks on the first whites in the area as well. However, history seems to indicate that such was not the case. In 1754, Anthony Hendry, a Hudson's Bay Company man, received a friendly welcome from the "Archithine Natives," the Cree name for the Blackfeet and their neighbors.⁵ The evidence indicates that these Indians (with whom Hendry unsuccessfully tried to establish a fur trade) may have been Gros Ventres.⁶ In 1772, another Hudson's Bay Company man set out again to establish trade with the Indians, and met up with the Gros Ventres. Of them he stated that they are "far superior to any tribes that visit our Forts: they have dealings with no Europeans, but live in a state of nature . . ."⁷ These friendly Indians again declined to return to the Company forts, claiming that they were

*Except when describing one of the tribes in particular, I will use the term "Blackfeet" to refer to all the tribes together, or when it is impossible to determine which of the tribes is intended. - P.W.D.

2. John E. Sunder, *The Fur Trade on the Upper Missouri: 1840-1865* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1965), p. 4.

3. Ewers, p. 125 f.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 126.

5. Anthony Hendry, *York Factory to the Blackfeet Country; The Journal of Anthony Hendry, 1754-55*, ed. by Lawrence J. Burpee (1907), quoted by Ewers, p. 24.

6. Ewers, p. 26.

7. Matthew Cocking, *The Journal of Matthew Cocking, 1772-73*, ed. by Lawrence J. Burpee (1905), p. 110, quoted by E. Palmer Patterson II, *The Canadian Indian: A History Since 1500* (Collier-Macmillan Canada, Ltd., 1972), p. 98.

too far, and that they were satisfied where they were. But by the 1780s, trade in the Blackfoot country had been established by both the Hudson's Bay Company and its rival, the North West Company. Whether the Indians actually did much trapping, though, is doubtful, judging from journals of the Company forts.⁸ Apparently the Blackfeet were just as happy hunting buffalo and only occasionally trading furs with the Company to obtain guns or tobacco.

David Thompson, another Hudson's Bay man, told of further friendliness demonstrated by the Blackfeet. "A few miles beyond the Box River about a dozen Peeagans met us . . . They gave us a hearty welcome, told us to camp where they met us, and could soon bring us good cow meat, and next morning show us to the camp."⁹ Thompson proceeded to spend that winter (1787-1788) with this friendly tribe.

When this generosity shown to Thompson is compared with Peter Skene Ogden's statement in the 1830s that the Blackfeet were "the persecutors of the Indian trader,"¹⁰ it can be seen that important events must have occurred in the meantime to change the attitudes of both parties. There were many incidents and occurrences that led up to this change, and one took place with the first American party in Blackfoot country.

The party of Lewis and Clark, which began its exploration of the Missouri River basin in 1804, was worried about confrontations with unfriendly Indians, and so exercised great care in dealing with them when Lewis encountered some in July of 1806. Although he claimed these were Gros Ventres, subsequent reports established that they were, in fact, Piegan.¹¹ On the 26th of July, Lewis encamped with a small band of them, and was awakened the next morning by cries resulting from the Indians attempting to steal some of their guns. One Piegan was stabbed and killed, and the rest tried to drive off the party's horses. In the process, another Indian was shot.¹² It is important to note in this incident that the Piegan were not trying to kill Lewis' party, but merely capture some of their very valuable equipment—guns and horses. This is in keeping with their practice of raiding enemy tribes for

8. Alice M. Johnson, ed., *Saskatchewan Journals and Correspondence: Edmonton House 1795-1800; Chesterfield House 1800-1802* (London: Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1967), pp. 86, 295, 301.

9. David Thompson, *David Thompson's Narrative, 1784-1812* (Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1962), p. 48.

10. Peter Skene Ogden, *Traits of American Indian Life and Character, 1830-1840. By a Fur Trader* (San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1933), introduction.

11. Thompson, p. 273.

12. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, *The Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806*, ed. by Reuben Gold Thwaites (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company, 1904-1905), V, pp. 223.

goods, and does not represent any particular maliciousness toward the whites.

Many people have overrated the significance of this incident in explaining the animosity of the Blackfeet toward the whites. That the blame for subsequent hostilities should rest on Lewis' encounter is unjust because Manuel Lisa's men, who traded in the area just two years later, were treated civilly by the Blackfeet.¹³

But then in 1808, Manuel Lisa (a St. Louis fur merchant) sent John Colter out from his newly built fort in Crow country, possibly to try and induce the Blackfeet to come to the fort and trade. While Colter was in company with some Crow and Flathead Indians, the party was attacked by their traditional enemies, the Blackfeet. In the ensuing battle, Colter distinguished himself, a fact which the Blackfeet understandably interpreted as the whites intentionally aiding their enemies.^{14,15} This incident alone may have severely hurt Blackfoot relations with the traders and helped to bring about subsequent hostilities. But other factors contributed heavily toward this as well.

The prime objective of the fur trade was beaver. While other hides, notably fox, wolf, and buffalo, were also traded for, the big profits were in beaver, and for these the greatest effort was made. More trappers, traders, forts, and equipment poured into the beaver-rich areas than anywhere else. The big obstacle to these men was the fact that these areas lay largely in Blackfoot country.

John C. Luttig, who traveled in this region in 1812-1813, wrote in his journal that "the Blackfeet Indians were of great importance to the fur trade because their country was the richest beaver district of the west."¹⁶ In 1824, Thomas Hart Benton in the Senate asked a United States Indian Agent:

Ques: Where is the richest fur region beyond the Mississippi?

Ans: I have always understood the northern branches of the Missouri, above the junction of the Yellow Stone, contained more beaver than any known country.¹⁷

Such statements painted the true picture: the fur trade was driving right into the heart of Blackfoot land.

13. Letter from Major Thomas Biddle, October 29, 1819, from Camp Missouri, to Colonel Henry Atkinson, *American State Papers*, Class II, Indian Affairs, II(1815-1827) p. 201.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 201.

15. Stallo Vinton, *John Colter—Discoverer of Yellowstone Park* (New York: Edward Eberstadt, 1926), p. 78 f.

16. John C. Luttig, *Journal of a Fur Trading Expedition on the Upper Missouri, 1812-1813*, ed. by Stella M. Drumm (St. Louis: Missouri Historical Society, 1920), p. 102.

17. Thomas Hart Benton, questions put to R. Graham, February 10, 1824, *American State Papers*, Class II, Indian Affairs, II(1815-1827) pp. 452-453.

The rapidly increasing numbers of whites arriving each year with the trade were significant. Hundreds of them moved into areas formerly occupied only by Blackfeet, hunting and trapping game as they went. The Blackfoot tribes must have regarded this obvious encroachment on their hunting grounds with anger. This idea was summed up most succinctly by the United States Indian Agent, R. Graham.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the hunting and trapping on Indian lands by American citizens produces the most unhappy effects upon the mind of the Indians. They look upon their game as we do upon our domestic animals, and hold them in the same estimation. It is their means of support; they have nothing else to depend upon for subsistence. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that they will not only steal from, but murder those who are depriving them of their only means of subsistence.¹⁸

It is unfortunate that Graham's suggestion that no white trappers be allowed on Indian lands, that traders be allowed only at certain locations, and that any white man found on the land would be regarded as a trespasser was never implemented.

As early as 1754, Anthony Hendry noted that the Blackfeet took a dim view of other Indians trapping on their land.¹⁹ These other tribes, traditional enemies of the Blackfeet, were viewed as thieves, robbing them of their furs. But the profits were swimming in the streams, and for many Indians, the risk of Blackfoot retaliation was one worth taking. The Blackfoot hatred of white trappers was equally intense for the same reason, as well as the fact that they often brought with them the demoralizing "whiskey trade."

Had the whites merely entered the Blackfoot lands as traders, and left the trapping up to the local Indians, the story might have been different. But there were three basic reasons why they did not. First, enterprising men discovered that they could turn a big profit by trapping furs themselves, and trading them to others to send back to St. Louis. These were the so-called "Free Trappers." Secondly, fur companies were insured of a greater and more constant supply of quality furs by employing their own men, who could be more directly controlled, than by paying Indians who spent much of their time hunting buffalo and raiding other tribes. And thirdly, the Blackfeet, as mentioned earlier, simply did not particularly like to trap, and nearly all enterprises depending primarily on Blackfeet to provide furs were unsuccessful.

Thus early white expeditions in the area "went prepared to exploit the resources of the country by means of their own trappers

18. *Ibid.*, p. 453.

19. Hendry, quoted by Patterson in *The Canadian Indian*, p. 338.

in case they did not succeed in opening trade with the Indians."²⁰ The Blackfoot attitude is expressed in this statement made by several of their chiefs to a sub-Indian agent. "If you will send Traders into our Country we will protect them & treat them well; but for Trappers—Never."²¹ But demand for beaver was high, and the whites and other Indians willing to bring them in were more than eager to ignore the wishes of the Blackfeet in order to profit off their land.

Another reason for the hard feelings on the part of the Blackfeet may have been the result of another misunderstanding. Because of the fact that the Blackfoot lands were far up the Missouri River, early expeditions found it difficult to penetrate so deep into the fur country. Thus they were often satisfied to establish forts down-river from the Blackfeet as long as there were furs there to be had.²² Manuel Lisa's early fort, located in Crow territory, obviously favored the Crow nation in regards to trade since they did not have far to travel to reach it. This inadvertent slight on the part of the white traders may have further angered the Blackfeet.²³

In 1833, Charles Larpenteur, a fur trader on the upper Missouri River, wrote that in regards to Indian attack, "there was not the least danger for any white man except the Free Trappers."²⁴ This statement is rather surprising, especially when one considers the precautions fur companies took to avoid losses of men and equipment, and the number of men that were killed in spite of these precautions. But even if it is an inaccurate claim, it does raise an interesting question. Why would Larpenteur believe the Free Trappers were singled out for attack? The answer to this may lie in the manner in which the trappers went about obtaining furs.

In the wilds of the fur district, trappers frequently traveled in groups, for companionship and more importantly, for protection from Indian attack. While men of one company would travel together while they trapped, the Free Trappers were much more independent, and preferred to remain apart from direct company supervision. Thus they often joined up with friendly Indians also engaged in trapping. As it turned out, these often were friendly Nez Perce or Flathead Indians who were also enemies of the Blackfeet. In the interests of protection, therefore, these trappers became aligned with the Blackfoot foes, and thereby set themselves

20. Hiram Martin Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West* (New York: Francis P. Harper, 1902), I, pp. 141-142.

21. Francis A. Chardon, *Chardon's Journal of Fort Clark, 1834-39*, ed. by Annie H. Abel (Pierre, South Dakota: 1932), p. 253.

22. Richard Oglesby, *Manuel Lisa and the Opening of the Missouri Fur Trade* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963), p. 133.

23. Chittenden, II, pp. 850-854.

24. Charles Larpenteur, *Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri, 1833-72* (Chicago: The Lakeside Press, 1933), p. 50.

up as a special target. The Blackfeet knew that such an association certainly benefited the other tribes, and so their attacks seemed particularly justified.

This practice of the Free Trappers probably helped to aggravate the whole Blackfoot-white situation, and the Blackfeet may have had the common human reaction of over-generalizing and thus looked on *all* whites as "friends of their enemies".

Whether the Blackfeet actually were over-generalizing in their accusations of the whites is clearly worthy of consideration. For several decades the Blackfeet had succeeded in dominating neighboring tribes. One reason for this was that the Blackfeet had managed to get guns earlier and in greater numbers than many of their enemies. Thus they were able to substantially reduce the numbers of some of their foes, the Flatheads and Snakes in particular,²⁵ and achieve control over a very large area. But when, as in the summer of 1810, a party of Flatheads with guns defeated some Piegan warriors, the tide began to turn, and the Blackfeet were feeling threatened.²⁶

Their attention turned naturally toward those who appeared to be arming their enemies, and these were, of course, the white fur traders. The forts, such as Lisa's, did trade guns and ammunition in addition to other goods, and located where they were in the midst of enemy territory, the Blackfoot jealousy is understandable. Incidents involving white trappers associated with their enemies, such as Colter's, only added fuel to the fire. That the Blackfeet actually were angered by this is shown by the fact that the Piegans had warned the whites who had armed the Flatheads and Kutenais.²⁷ The hate that such actions on the part of whites generated among the Blackfeet must have been considerable.

It is probable, therefore, that Blackfoot attacks on white traders, trappers, and forts were not only retaliatory in nature, but designed to try to obstruct the trade itself. If they could capture the arms themselves, or discourage the whites from even venturing into the region, the Blackfeet hoped to prevent further inroads into their own powerful position.

Along with the forts, another aspect of the fur trade benefited Blackfoot enemies. In 1825, the idea of the rendezvous, where trappers and traders would gather once a year to exchange goods and stories, was put into practice at the mouth of Henry's Fork on the Green River, and later held in Cache Valley. This was in Shoshoni country, and in addition to robbing the Blackfeet of more

25. Ogden, p. 12.

26. Ewers, p. 52.

27. George Catlin, *Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians* (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1866), p. 52.

furs, such gatherings further strengthened the position of neighboring tribes.

Such policies might also help to explain the friendliness of the enemies of the Blackfeet. Traditionally downtrodden and defeated, these tribes had much to gain by being friendly with the strangers coming in, who were so willing to trade guns for furs.

At the time, some people believed that competition among the traders pitted one tribe against another in an effort to gain an advantage.²⁸ Presumably this rivalry involved the Blackfeet as well. However, little of this probably occurred, at least until the 1820s. The reason for this is the fact that the Missouri Fur Company was the only American company operating in the area until the 1820s. By that time the Blackfeet had already become notorious in their treatment of white men. Thus between American companies, at least, competition could not explain this hostility.

It is interesting to note, however, that in 1810 Pierre Menard, a fur man on the Missouri, toyed with the idea of inducing the Snakes and Flatheads to wage a war on the Blackfeet with the intent of capturing a prisoner. The prisoner would be used to negotiate a peace between the whites and the Blackfeet, and hopefully a fur trade could be established as a result.²⁹ Such an idea, while never carried out, reflects the means which traders would consider to gain greater profits in the fur trade.

An idea that became widespread among Americans in the early 1800s was that the British traders in the West were inciting the Blackfeet to attack American parties. Men on all levels of commerce and politics entertained this suspicion. Reuben Lewis, connected with the Missouri Fur Company, wrote in 1810, "I am confident that the Blackfeet are urged on by the British traders in there [sic] Country . . ."³⁰ Surgeon John Gale, on an expedition on the Missouri in 1818, wrote, "In the Spring of 1818, it became apparent to the American government that the hostilities manifested by the Indian tribes against our defenceless frontiers had been excited by British emissaries."³¹ Thomas Hart Benton pursued the same idea in Congress in 1824 with Indian Agent Graham:

Ques. 20: What is the temper of the tribes which have an intercourse with the British traders towards the citizens of the United States?

28. Biddle, p. 201.

29. Letter from Pierre Menard to Pierre Chouteau, April 21, 1810, quoted by Chittenden, *American Fur Trade*, I, p. 142 f.

30. Letter from Reuben Lewis to Meriwether Lewis, April 21, 1810, quoted by Oglesby, p. 95.

31. John Gale, *The Missouri Expedition, 1818-1820; The Journal of Surgeon John Gale*, ed. by Roger L. Nichols (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1969), p. 3.

Ans: Generally unfriendly. I have always found those Indians within our territories who visit British posts more unfriendly to us, and more difficult to control.

Ques. 21: What is the temper of the tribes which have no intercourse with the British traders towards the citizens of the United States?

Ans: With those tribes within my own knowledge, very friendly; and generally so, so far as I have understood of others.

Ques. 22: How near do the British trading establishments approach the territories of the United States?

Ans: Some border immediately on it, some of them are within it.

Ques. 23: Is it to the benefit, or injury, of the fur traders, to have hostilities with the Indians?

Ans: By no means to the benefit, but to the great injury of the traders. The very existence of the trade depends upon peace with the different Indians, both within the white people and among themselves.³²

Even Andrew Jackson revealed in a letter his feelings about the matter, and how it should be dealt with.

The British Traders will no doubt excite the Indians to hostility. They ought in my opinion to be hung, where ever they are found among the Indian Tribes within our Territory . . . A few examples would be sufficient and the Commanding Officer of the Troops is the proper authority to judge of their Guilt and Order there [sic] execution.³³

Whether this attitude was largely a result of widespread anti-British feeling at the time, to what extent the British tried to incite the Blackfeet against the Americans, or if the British even attempted to do this at all is difficult to determine. This author could find no mention of such an effort on the part of the British in any Hudson's Bay Company journals. Yet this in no way indicates that such was not the case, for it is hardly the sort of thing one puts down in company records. More intensive scrutiny of personal journals of British trappers might provide evidence to confirm or deny such a claim.

Two important facts, though, suggest that the British at least did nothing to discourage such hostile actions on the part of the Blackfeet. First, the British had a fairly amicable relationship with the Blackfeet. This ability to deal with them was demonstrated to the Americans when McKenzie and Berger, two Canadians who had formerly worked for the British and had joined up with the American Fur Company, succeeded in establishing friendly dealings with the Blackfeet in 1830.³⁴ Their system of allowing the Indians themselves to do the trapping was the Canadian sys-

32. Benton, pp. 452-453.

33. Andrew Jackson, "Letter to Henry Atkinson from Andrew Jackson," *Andrew Jackson Papers*, 1st Series, Volume L-O, Microfilm reel 63, May 15, 1819.

34. Larpeuteur, pp. 93-97.

tem, and apparently much more satisfactory to the Indians. Thus the modest trade that the British did have with the Blackfeet would have been reduced by a successful competing American trade. This alone might not have been sufficient evidence for the allegation that the British incited the Indians, but another point reinforced it.

The British distinctly profited from the Blackfoot attacks on American parties. American furs and equipment were frequently turning up at British forts, arriving in the hands of Blackfoot raiding parties.

In 1808, John Colter and another trapper by the name of Potts were attacked by Blackfeet. Although Colter escaped, Potts was killed, and their valuable beaver skins were captured, arriving later at a British post.³⁵

In 1810, Alexander Henry, working for the Hudson's Bay Company, purchased beaver skins from a party of Blackfeet who acknowledged having robbed them from a party of Americans. Some of the skins were marked "Valley and Jnumell"³⁶ The latter may have been the same man who was killed along with six others when his party was attacked by the Blackfeet in 1823. On this attack, \$15,000 worth of horses, beaver, and traps were lost.³⁷

Another party of Blood Indians arrived at Henry's post after having viciously murdered a party of Americans, bringing with them "fine cotton shirts, beaver traps, hats, knives, dirks, handkerchiefs, Russia sheeting tents, and a number of banknotes, some signed by the New Jersey and Trenton Banking Company."³⁸

That the British benefited from these attacks cannot be denied. But it should not be overlooked that the Blackfeet as well had a profit to be gained from plundering American parties. To collect \$15,000 worth of equipment on one raid is certainly substantial, and Henry's list of stolen booty further testifies to the profitability of such raids.

Thus to speculate on the part the British may have played in inciting the Blackfeet to attack is merely that—speculation. The important fact remains that both British and Blackfeet stood to gain considerable profit through the raids.

One final reason American fur traders suffered at the hands of the Blackfeet was the lack of any clear-cut American policy in

35. Chittenden, II, pp. 718-721.

36. Alexander Henry and David Thompson, *New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest, the Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry, Fur Trader of the Northwest Company, and of David Thompson, Official Geographer and Explorer of the Same Company, 1799-1814*, ed. by Elliott Coues (New York: Francis P. Harper, 1897), II, pp. 735.

37. Mr. Joshua Pilcher's answers to questions put to him by the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, *American State Journals*, II, p. 451 f.

38. Henry and Thompson, II, p. 736.

dealing with the Indians. Unlike Canada, where well-regulated company policies treated the Indians in a reasonably uniform manner, American trade generally reflected the whims and idiosyncrasies of the trader. Thus McKenzie's Fort Piegan was successfully run for several years, but then in 1844, after Francis Chardon took over, a whole party of friendly Piegan was massacred for almost no reason at the fort.³⁹ Such inconsistencies only served to confuse, antagonize, alienate, and anger the Blackfeet.

The consequences of the Blackfoot hostility toward the American fur traders were evident. Losses among the trappers due to Indian attacks were numerous. In 1837, Alfred Jacob Miller reported that 40 to 50 beaver trappers were lost per season.⁴⁰ Such losses of life were compounded by the immense cost of lost skins, traps, horses, and other equipment, as well as the strain placed on all the fur men by having to be constantly alert for possible attack. It was a great price to pay, but the fashions in the east created a market, and there were always men ready for the adventure and possibility of profit that the fur trade offered.

For the Blackfeet, the raids at best only served to slow the inevitable onslaught of westward expansion. Their defense of their land was at the same time admirable and tragic, for they were, in the end, hopelessly ill-equipped and outnumbered to withstand the pressure of white civilization. It was a gallant effort on their part to attempt to preserve their culture and civilization, and resist the crush of another.

The Blackfoot Nation had a reputation among neighboring tribes for being a warlike people. But the first whites arriving on their lands in the latter part of the 18th century—Hudson's Bay Company men in Canada—were received in a largely peaceful manner. It was only when the fur trade began to grow into a formidable force that the Blackfeet began to show their discontent on the newcomers—mostly Americans. As unregulated as the trade often was, inevitable conflicts, slights, misunderstandings, and competition resulted, and the Blackfeet became increasingly hostile. This hostility soon erupted in raids, plunderings, and killings of trapping parties. The fur trade eventually died out with the over-trapping of beaver and the change in fashions in the east, but the damage to relations between the whites and Blackfeet, to the men involved, and to the Blackfeet as a people, had already been done.

39. Sunder, p. 60 f.

40. Alfred Jacob Miller, *The West of Alfred Jacob Miller*, ed. by Marvin C. Ross (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1951), p. 148.

PENMANSHIP

NATURE'S RULES

There are a few general principles in Nature that are applicable to penmanship. These principles are eternal, and will never change.

CURVED LINES

The first is that of curved lines. Those objects in Nature that we most admire possess a grace and fullness of curve which elicit our admiration. The edge of the flower curves. The trunk of the tree, the leaf, the bud, the dewdrop, the rainbow,—all that is beautiful in Nature, in fact, is made up of curved lines. The human countenance, rounded and flushed with the rosy hue of health, is beautiful. Wasted by disease and full of angles, it is less attractive. The winding pathway in the park, the graceful bending of the willow, the rounded form of every object that we admire, are among the many illustrations of this principle.

PROPORTION

Another important principle is that of proportion. Any object, to present a pleasing appearance to the eye, should have a base, of sufficient size and breadth, to support the same. Nature is full of examples. The mountain is broadest at the base; and the trunk of every tree and shrub that grows upon its sides, is largest near the earth, the roots spreading broader than the branches.

The good mechanic builds accordingly. The monument is broadest at the base. The house has a foundation large enough for its support, and the smallest article of household use of ornament, constructed to stand upright, is made with reference to this principle of proportion, with base broader than the top. . . . Letters should be constructed, self supporting in appearance, with a foundation sufficiently broad to support that which is above. . . .

CONTRAST

A very important principle, also, is that of contrast. Nature is again the teacher, and affords an endless variety of lessons. Scenery is beautiful that is most greatly diversified by contrast. That is more beautiful which is broken by mountain, hill valley, stream and woodland, than the level prairie, where nothing meets the eye but brown grass. The bouquet of flowers is beautiful in proportion to the many colors that adorn it, and the strong contrast of those colors. Oratory is pleasing when accompanied by changes in the tone of voice.

*Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms:
A Guide to Correct Writing*, by Thos. E. Hill
(Chicago: Moses Warren & Co., 1874).

Wyoming State Historical Society

TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

Jackson, Wyoming

September 7-9, 1973

Registration for the twentieth Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society began at 7:00 p.m., Friday, September 7, 1973, in the Wort Hotel in Jackson. Hospitality bags were given to all who registered and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

The meeting was called to order at 9:00 a.m. by President Henry Chadey, in the Lounge of the Wort Hotel. Mr. Dave Wasden said a few words in memory of members who passed away during the past year and asked for a minute of silent prayer.

Jane Houston moved that the reading of the minutes of the 1972 Annual Meeting and the April Executive Committee minutes be dispensed with. Motion was seconded and carried.

The Treasurer read the following report which was placed on file for audit:

TREASURER'S REPORT

September 9, 1972 - September 8, 1973

Cash and Investments on hand September 9, 1972	\$22,580.53
Receipts	
Dues	\$ 5,662.00
Pinettes	
Interest (Savings)	1,298.65
Life Member	100.00
Gift - Humanities, for the Trek	300.00

	7,360.65
Disbursements	
<i>Annals of Wyoming</i>	\$ 3,343.00
Annual Meeting	192.34
Awards	
Scholarships	\$300.00
Grant-in-Aid	100.00

	400.00
Officers' Expenses	
President	195.00
Secretary	120.00
Others	105.00

	420.00
Committee Expense	15.00
Printing	
Trek 1972	300.00
1973	85.91

	385.91

Postage			
Office	455.81		
Secretary	41.32	497.13	
Phone - Secretary		23.00	
Miscellaneous			
Bond	5.00		
Secretary	1.00		
Loss on \$10,000 Certificate	180.00	186.74	
Houghton-Colter Store - South Pass		10,000.00	\$15,463.32
			\$14,477.86

ASSETS

Savings				
Certificate (Federal Bldg. & Loan)		\$ 2,099.35		
Certificate (Capitol Bldg. & Loan)		8,014.38		
Federal Building & Loan		1,464.92		
Federal B&L (Memorial Fund)		608.80		
Cheyenne Federal Bldg. & Loan		1,201.16		13,388.61
Cash in First National Bank & Trust Co.				1,089.25
Cash and Investment on hand September 8, 1973				\$14,477.86

MEMBERSHIP

	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973
Annual Members	1,278	1,396	1,284	1,138	1,330
Life Members	54	53	85	86	87

The President asked the following members to serve on committees for the day: Audit, Sam Leckie, Alice Cranor, Kathleen Hemry; Resolutions, Hattie Burnstad, Margaret Leckie; Parliamentarian, Dick Dumbrill. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Antilla and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Payne were appointed to count ballots.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Scholarship Dr. T. A. Larson explained the Grant-in-Aid and Scholarship programs. He announced that Ray Pendergraft had completed his history of Washakie County. The following are still working on their projects: Dorothy Milek, Hot Springs County History; Gordon Chappell, "Alliance of the U.S. Army and the UPRR in Southern Wyoming"; Michael Lewellyn, "John B. Kendrick, 1910-1917"; Robert Murray, History of Johnson County; R. F. Fleck and Robert Campbell, "Literary Bibliography of Wyoming."

Projects Richard Dumbrill said he had tried to get the county chapters to initiate projects of their own thereby obtaining some financial aid from the State Society. He reported that the Hot Springs County Chapter had suggested bicycle trails in historic

areas. Under new business, he will submit an amendment to the By-Laws for the betterment of the Projects Committee.

Trek Miss Houston reported that 120 people enjoyed the 1973 Trek which started in Rock Springs and ended at the western border of Wyoming. The weather was beautiful and the scenery spectacular. On one descent the back of the car was higher than the front.

OFFICERS' REPORTS

President Henry Chadey: The office of President of the Wyoming State Historical Society has afforded me a significant opportunity for meeting people in Wyoming. I should like to thank all those who extended so many courtesies to me and this is especially true for the members of the Teton County Chapter.

Although my schedule and time did not permit me to visit as many county chapters as I would have liked, those I was fortunate enough to visit were very hospitable. I was at the Uinta County Chapter reorganization meeting early in the year and these people have been developing an interesting program. I traveled to Torrington, Cheyenne and Casper where I spoke to the members. I was asked to prepare a paper for the Wyoming Geological Society for their September meeting.

As President, I was appointed by Governor Hathaway to the Consulting Committee for Nominations to the National Register and later during the year I was appointed to serve a three-year term on the Wyoming Council for the Humanities. The meetings of these groups were informative and contributed greatly to my personal understanding.

Numerous times during the year I was called upon to study and make recommendations regarding Wyoming history and the preservation of historical sites.

As State Society President, I asked the Union Pacific Railroad to arrange a meeting with the Wyoming Recreation Commission to help plan the use of the land at Fort Steele State Park. This meeting was held in Cheyenne with four representatives of the Union Pacific Railroad. The plans call for the development of a state park around the remains of Fort Steele and the establishment of a railroad museum.

It was my privilege to be with Maurine Carley and Bill Dubois when a check for \$10,000 was presented to the Wyoming Recreation Commission to help the Houghton-Colter Store at South Pass. This was a project started by Past President Dubois and completed during this year. This money will be matched by federal funds.

I helped Miss Carley and Henry Jensen in planning the Oregon Trail Trek in July and prepared one of the papers given on the Trek. I don't know if there is any significance but my paper was the only one presented in the rain. It was a most successful Trek.

As I close my term of office, certain thoughts and aspirations come to mind.

There are many people interested in the history of our state and the intermountain west. Not all these people are members of the Historical Society. The Society should always be in the lead in recording and preserving our historical heritage.

It is my contention that Wyoming is still a small state and we may be parochial in our views. Too often ideas that have been promulgated in populous regions are applied to Wyoming. It is not that we should not consider other ideas but I believe Wyoming is unique and we should work out our own problems to meet our needs. The Society must work more harmoniously with other people and agencies of the state. We must demand more leadership from our state agencies.

The Society should use every means available to promote the recording of local history as well as our regional and national history. It is my belief that we should hold fast to our objectives and if these are not being upheld the Society should take appropriate action.

We must never underestimate the power of the young people. Several proposals will be made to implement work with young people at this meeting. I have found that there are many junior and senior high schools that don't receive the *Annals of Wyoming*. We have worked with several educational groups in promoting the study of Wyoming history and more must be done in this area. To me, it is inconceivable that teachers in our schools can teach Wyoming history and not even know the *Annals* are published.

With the growing interest in historical site preservation and museum development in the state, the regulations on county chapters by the Wyoming State Historical Society have been questioned. Our present constitution indicates that only one chapter is permissible in each county. Here is an area that should be reviewed. Perhaps the proliferation of historical societies or chapters is not what we want.

It was an educational experience being State President. Thank you.

First Vice President Richard Dumbrill: The duties of the First Vice President have been mainly involved with the Projects Committee. The Projects Committee considered the following projects: 1. An attempt to get county chapters to seek county chapter project awards; 2. Return of Spanish Diggings artifacts to Wyoming; 3. Approval of \$10,000 Houghton-Colter store restoration; 4. Assistance to Bicentennial talks by Dr. William Steckel; 5. We stood ready to assist with the Lander Stage Station project. Also, we have been asked to consider two proposals which we will pass on to the new Projects Committee: (a) A proposal for bike and hiking trails throughout the state to historical sites and a request for assistance in funding from Campbell County, and (b) finally,

we sponsored an amendment to the By-Laws to make the Projects Committee a continuing committee. This should provide for more continuity and more accomplishments.

Second Vice President Henry Jensen: In addition to the recommendations from Betty Hayden, the Awards Committee suggests the following changes:

In regard to Junior Historian awards, the idea of competition to be eliminated, and there be four \$10 awards.

Only one award be given in all other categories of adult awards, and two more categories be added: 1. For all history recorded by means of tape or direct interview, and 2. For work in the field of master and doctoral dissertations. I will not discuss these in detail at this time but they will be considered by the Executive Committee.

Executive Secretary William H. Williams: Legislation allowing local chapters of the Historical Society to contract the sales desks at the state museums was not being introduced into the last legislature due to illness of the sponsor.

The mailing labels for *Annals of Wyoming* and "Wyoming History News" are now computerized.

The Society should be pleased to note that membership has been growing at a satisfactory rate.

Secretary Maurine Carley: After being known as the most miserly person in Wyoming, I had the honor of presenting the \$10,000 check from the Wyoming State Historical Society to Marvin Harshman, president of the Recreation Commission, for restoration of the Houghton-Colter Store in South Pass City—since I had assiduously helped save the money for the last 20 years. I was the guest of the Wyoming Recreation Commission on the trip to Lander and South Pass and at the dinner in Atlantic City, where the presentation was made.

I have enjoyed my years as Secretary-Treasurer and especially appreciate the good friends I have made over the state. It has been a pleasure to work with you.

FOUNDATION FUND

Mr. Jensen moved that the meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society be recessed and re-convened as the Wyoming Foundation Fund, Incorporated.

Ed Bille, Foundation Fund Chairman, reported a balance of \$7856.82. He stated that contributions to the Fund can be obtained if the Society sets up a good working committee. He said that the Society should step forward as an educational historical organization. A 30-minute film was shown on the history of Colorado as an example of what can be done. Five thousand dollars from the Tonkin Fund has already been set aside for a film on the history of Wyoming. The content of the film would be approved by the Society. A discussion followed on listing of

donors on the film. A motion was made by Dr. Larson that a listing of recognized donors be confined to donations of \$250 upwards. Motion seconded and carried.

At 10:30 a.m., a brief break for coffee and rolls was enjoyed by all.

Curtiss Root moved that Dr. Larson and Edness Kimball Wilkins be reelected as Foundation Fund board members for another three-year term (1973-1976). Motion seconded and carried.

Mr. Dubois moved that the Society give the Foundation Fund board authority to proceed with the film and select a person to direct the project. Motion seconded and carried.

Jack Mueller moved that the meeting adjourn and re-convene as the Wyoming State Historical Society. Motion seconded and carried.

Sam Leckie reported for the Auditing Committee that the books were correct and in order.

Mr. Dubois thanked Ned Frost for the help of the Recreation Commission in connection with the restoration of the Houghton-Colter Store in South Pass City.

Mr. Williams commented in regard to the Lander Stage Station that he had not been able to visit the area yet and it has not been determined which building is to be restored. Mr. Jensen volunteered to locate the site.

Hattie Burnstad moved that the Society give permission to Ray Pendergraft to publish his history of Washakie County as he desires.

Mary Capps called attention to the fact that the State Museum has a fine collection of books which help with small museum organization.

Mr. Williams presented the following amendments to the Constitution of the State Society and moved their adoption:

Article IV, Section 1 to be changed to read: The elected officers of the Society shall consist of the following (a) a President, (b) a First Vice President/President Elect, (c) a Second Vice President, and (d) a Secretary-Treasurer. These officers shall hold office for one year or until their successors are installed.

Article IV, Section 2 be changed to read: (a) The nominating committee appointed by the President of the Society shall draw up a slate of nominees for First Vice President/President Elect, Second Vice President, and Secretary-Treasurer, listing not less than two names for each office. (b) The list of nominees will be announced to all members in July preceding the Annual Meeting. (c) Ballots will be sent to all members in good standing at least one month prior to the Annual Meeting and will be counted at the Annual Meeting.

Article IV, Section 3 to read: The First Vice President shall be the President Elect and shall assume the duties of President upon the release from office of the President.

Article IV, Section 4 to read: Upon the death or resignation of the President, the First Vice President/President Elect shall serve out the unexpired term of the President and shall continue in office for his own full one year term.

The present Article IV, Section 3 and Section 4 be renumbered to Article IV, Section 5 and Section 6 respectively.

After discussion, the motion was defeated.

Mabel Brown of Newcastle stated she will be happy to publish two historical stories written by junior members of the Historical Society in each issue of *Bits and Pieces*.

Mr. Dumbrill presented the following amendment to the By-Laws and moved that Article V be amended by adding Section 3, as follows:

(a) The Executive Committee is hereby directed to create a permanent Projects Committee which shall be composed of four persons and the President of the Society, who shall be an ex-officio member. The four persons shall consist of the duly elected or appointed First Vice President of the Society each year. The First Vice President shall be Chairman of the Committee. The other three members shall be members at large and shall be members of the Society. The three members at large shall be appointed by the First Vice President with the approval of the Executive Committee. The three members at large shall serve three year terms except that when the Committee is first appointed, the members shall draw lots for a one, a two, and a three-year initial term so that thereafter the terms will be staggered. First Vice President may appoint such advisors to the Committee as he shall feel are necessary to the consideration and completion of any particular project.

(b) The Executive Committee may hereafter by Resolution create such committees as it deems necessary and proper and it may provide for their makeup and define their duties and obligations.

It was moved, seconded and carried to amend the By-Laws as proposed. Mr. Jensen said he would like to see the same procedures adopted for the Awards Committee. Dr. Larson suggested this be taken up at the Executive Committee meeting.

The President directed Mr. Dumbrill to see if a marker can be placed which would direct interested people to Nancy Hill's grave.

Ned Frost announced that Tom Muths, Jackson architect, has completed the drawings for the Houghton-Colter store.

CHAPTER REPORTS

Weston County (read by Mary Capps). This active chapter is now honoring a senior citizen each month. All senior citizens were honored at a carry-in dinner. The dedication of the Green Mountain School took the form of a country school picnic with fried chicken, homemade ice cream, and lively games.

Washakie County (Ray Pendergraft). This chapter holds four

meetings a year. One meeting was highlighted by a talk by Lloyd Dewey, a grandson of the Arapahoe Chief, Sharp Nose, who participated in the Bates Battle in Washakie County. Plans are made to visit the Bates Battle site. Historical exhibits have been placed in the local bank windows.

Uinta County (Russ Varineau). This Chapter has been recently reorganized with plans made for several activities. It is hoped that the Evanston project to reopen the Uinta County Museum will soon be successful.

Teton County (Jay Brazelton). Nine beautiful and valuable paintings and two fine photographs were given to the Chapter. The paintings are hanging in the Jackson State Bank until a permanent place is found. The Chapter has worked hard on the plans for a Visitor Center and the Miller project at the Elk Refuge. In November a Thanksgiving-Christmas party with turkey and gifts was enjoyed by all, as was the Boardwalk Cookout in May.

Sweetwater County (Mrs. Sam Leckie). The Chapter is proud that their own Henry Chadey is the State President. It is a custom to present a book to the Green River Library in memory of a deceased member. This year six books were presented. A trek to Brown's Park with the Utah Historical Society was a summer activity. In July, the Chapter was the host for the trekkers who met in Rock Springs.

Sheridan County (Elsa Spear Byron). As usual the Sheridan Chapter has been very busy at Trail End Historic Center which has been a meeting place for many local groups and class reunions. Three hundred dollars was raised by selling chances on a quilt which had been donated. In May, the Society enjoyed a trek to Fort Bettens.

Platte County (Patricia Erickson). The annual trek was held under the leadership of Margaret Wilson of Glendo. After visiting various ranches on Horseshoe Creek, the group stopped at Mrs. Wilson's private museum, a railroad car. Again, the Chapter sponsored an antique show at the Platte County Library and continued taping interviews of pioneer residents.

Park County (Dave Wasden). At last the monument to pioneer stage drivers of Wyoming is ready. The plaque has arrived and the contract has been let to place the monument in front of the Stock Center with lights and a sidewalk to the base of the monument. A scenic trek was made from Red Lodge, Montana, to Chance, Montana.

Natrona County (Kathleen Hemry). The Chapter is very interested in the success of the Foundation Fund so keep adding to it. Clara Jensen, a history teacher of long experience, showed her extensive collection which she used in teaching Wyoming history.

Lincoln County (Alice Cranor). The Chapter alternates their meetings between LaBarge and Kemmerer. An interesting trek to view the desert monuments was made in May. Pictographs were

viewed in three locations on another trip. In Kemmerer, Mr. Love showed slides of the 10,000-year-old sand dune trap recently excavated north of Casper.

Laramie County (Ellen Mueller). The monthly meetings are usually held in Cheyenne and occasionally in Burns or Pine Bluffs. The Hills family and the Union Pacific railroad placed a monument in honor of Lathrop Hills. The dedication was held September 5 to honor the Union Pacific surveyor who was killed by Indians in 1867 while the railroad was being built.

Hot Springs (Etta Payne). The Awards Committee voted to match money for awards given to the Chapter. The junior group has been quite active this year. A no-host dinner and a Christmas party were part of the year's program.

Goshen County (James Petty). The Chapter has a paid membership of 70 with an average attendance of 50 at monthly meetings. Torrington is presently trying to lease the Union Pacific depot for a museum. An award was presented to the outstanding history student at Eastern Wyoming College. Although a concerted effort was made to save the Rawhide Buttes Stage Station, the new owner destroyed the building late this summer.

Carbon County (Mrs. Walter Lambertsen). After many years of effort, Fort Fred Steele has been designated as a State Park and money has been appropriated for the project. Mr. Herman Werner, the Union Pacific Railroad and the Leo Sheep Company have given land for the park.

Big Horn County (Wilma Johnson). The Chapter is still compiling history of its pioneers. Some of the members have visited historic spots in nearby counties. Mrs. Lyles is writing a book on the history of the county.

Albany County (T. A. Larson). William Peterson, a teacher at University High School, gave a film and tape presentation showing the changes in Laramie buildings through the years. The Chapter greatly misses their president, Dr. R. H. Burns, who was killed in an auto accident in June.

For the Awards Committee, Henry Jensen announced that revisions to the Awards Booklet were being considered, with changes in categories and additions of new categories for youths.

Miss Selia Ribeiro, Executive Secretary for the Wyoming Bicentennial Commission, announced that the Commission hopes that the county chapters will form committees for celebration of the U. S. Bicentennial in 1976. Independence Rock Park is the paramount project for the state at this time.

Mr. Dumbrill moved that the following amendment to the By-Laws be passed: Article IV, Section 2. The *Annals of Wyoming*, the historical publication issued by the State Archives and Historical Department, is declared to be the official publication of the Society. The President shall be fully advised by the Executive Secretary of the Society of all contractual negotiations relative to

the publication of the *Annals* as those negotiations proceed. Upon completion of the negotiations the President shall, if he is satisfied that the negotiations have been conducted in a satisfactory manner, authorize the Treasurer to pay into the Department that portion of the dues of each member or joint members, not to exceed the sum of \$1.25 per issue, required for the purchase of the periodical. One copy of each issue is to be received by each member of the Society, except that joint membership shall be entitled to only one copy. This amendment shall take effect beginning July 1, 1975.

After considerable discussion, Dr. Larson moved that the motion be tabled for future consideration until the annual meeting in 1974. Seconded and carried. Mr. Williams suggested that a committee for the Society meet with Katherine Halverson and get more information about the publishing of the *Annals* before the next annual meeting.

Mrs. Halverson announced that a report on the progress of the Oregon Trail book being published through the Society's Publication Fund would be in the next "Wyoming History News."

Invitations for the 1974 Annual Meeting were extended by the Natrona County Chapter and by the Lincoln County Chapter. The Executive Committee will determine where the meeting will be held.

SATURDAY LUNCHEON

During the luncheon hour, entertainment was provided by the young members of the Teton County Chapter. Miss Holly Brown gave a talk about an old cemetery on a quiet hill in the shadow of the Tetons. An original song, written and sung by Keri and Tracey Lamb, told the story of Jenny Lake, and was beautifully done.

Saturday afternoon a visit to the Robert Miller cabin in the National Elk Refuge was made after completion of the business meeting. The cabin is historically important because of the role it played in early conservation movements to save the great Jackson Hole Elk Herd. Early settlers were aware of the thousands of elk that perished in the winter months and tried to provide for the herds. S. N. Leek, after becoming a member of the Wyoming legislature, brought the plight of the elk to national attention. Through these efforts, the National Elk Refuge was established.

Other members visited the local museums, art galleries and the library. Punch and homemade cookies were enjoyed at the library.

SATURDAY BANQUET

A no-host hospitality hour sponsored by the Jackson Hole bank was held from six to seven o'clock at the Wort Hotel Lounge. Dinner was served in the dining room, where tables were attractive with garden flowers. For the invocation, Eva Poljanec, accom-

panied by guitarist Thelma Hufsmith, sang The Lord's Prayer. Lester May, mayor of Jackson, welcomed the gathering and dignitaries at the head table were introduced by Jay Brazelton, president of the Teton County Chapter.

Dr. Larry Gould, explorer and lecturer, was the speaker of the evening. His talk was informative, up to the minute, humorous and witty and was warmly received by the audience.

Historical awards were presented by Henry Jensen, chairman of the Awards Committee:

Elizabeth Brownell, Annabelle Hoblit and the Niobrara County Chapter for Museum Activities.

Bill Dickerson and John Clymer, in the category of Fine Arts—Painting.

Pat Van Offeren, Honorable Mention, for her painting "Inyan Kara Mountain."

Helen A. Knipp for poems published the *News Letter Journal*, Newcastle.

Bob Sweeney for his column "Early Days in Wyoming" in the *Snake River Press*.

Valorie Shuck for her article "Whoop-up Hieroglyphics" in *Bits and Pieces*, under-18-years-of-age category.

James Fletcher for his article "The CB&Q Railroad" in *Bits and Pieces*, under-18-years-of-age category.

Ted Olson for his book *Ranch on The Laramie*.

David J. Wasden for his book *From Beaver to Oil*.

Ruth Beebe for her book *Reminiscing Along the Sweetwater*.

Paul Frison for his book *Under the Tensleep*.

Peg Layton Leonard for *Wyoming-LaBonte Country 1820-1972*.

Dr. Donald G. MacLeod for Cumulative Contributions.

Mabel E. Brown for Cumulative Contributions.

Irene Brown, Special Fields Award, for Oral History, tapes and direct interview.

Kathleen Ann Young, Junior Historian Award for the biography, "Ora Ellsworth Snyder."

Robert Pedulla, Junior Historian Award for "Pioneers of Wyoming."

Martha Dingman for her book on Wyoming History, *Pearl Marsh - Worland Pioneer*.

Uinta County Chapter for guided tours in period costume at Fort Bridger Museum.

Hattie Burnstad, Curtiss Root, Bill Dubois and Dr. T. A. Larson, past presidents of the Society, were introduced.

Mr. Dubois announced the new officers for 1973-1974: Richard Dumbrill, President; Henry Jensen, First Vice President; Jay Brazelton, Second Vice President; Jane Houston, Secretary-Treasurer.

Maurine Carley, Secretary-Treasurer for 20 years, was presented with a beautiful oil painting symbolic of her interest in Indians and teaching. It was painted by her friend, Gordon Wilson. A lovely little painting by Sandy Yamashiro and two paintings donated by the Teton Book Store were awarded as door prizes.

Mr. Chadey presented the gavel to Mr. Dumbrill who expressed the thanks of all members of the Society to Mr. Brazelton and the Teton County Chapter for a fine meeting. Mrs. Burnstad read the following resolution:

Although the rain did fall on the Twentieth Convention of the Wyoming State Historical Society it certainly did not dampen the hospitality of the Teton Chapter. As we come to the close of this delightful occasion, we wish to thank Jany and Roberta Brazelton for their fine job with the able assistance of Harry and Irene Brown, Ruth Spicer, Sandy Yamashiro and the entire Teton Chapter. Let us pay tribute to the unusually significant contribution of youth of the community to our program; to our President for expediting the business in such a fine manner and to the Wort Hotel for our physical well being. Be it resolved we declare this convention a huge success.

Mr. Dumbrill then gave the President's Certificate of Appreciation to Mr. Chadey. The evening closed with group singing.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

A complimentary breakfast of pancakes, eggs, ham, coffee and hot chocolate was served at the Warm Springs Ranch five miles north of Jackson at 8:00 a.m. by the host chapter.

At 9:00 a.m. three tours left the ranch. 1. A two-hour tour to Teton Village and the aerial tram ride to the top of Rendezvous Peak. 2. A tour to Gros Ventre Slide. 3. A tour to Colter Bay via Moran and returning via Jenny Lake and Teton Village for a ride on the aerial tram.

It was a very pleasant and worthwhile weekend.

MAURINE CARLEY
Secretary-Treasurer

Book Reviews

The Expeditions of John Charles Fremont Volume II: The Bear Flag Revolt and the Court-Martial. Edited by Mary Lee Spence and Donald Jackson (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1973). Index. Illus. 519 pp. \$17.50.

This volume is the second in a series of three and tells the story of the somewhat mysterious Fremont Expedition of 1845 to California and the explorer's participation in the Bear Flag Revolt. Fremont's later court-martial on a charge of mutiny and his subsequent resignation from the army were the result of this so-called "Conquest of California."

When Fremont set off on his 1845 expedition, there was no mention whatsoever of extending the trip to California. At least, not in his written orders. The chief of the Bureau of Topographical Engineers directed him to "strike the Arkansas—survey the Red River within our boundary line" and to pay particular attention to "the geography of localities within a reasonable distance of Bent's Fork."

It should have been passing strange, then, for the Bureau of Topographical Engineers to discover their top explorer had extended the limits of his trip to include California and Oregon. Those territories bordering the Pacific Ocean were surely not "within a reasonable distance of Bent's Fork" which lay in what is now Colorado.

Though Fremont was headstrong, even he was not sufficiently independent to have done what he did without unwritten, oral orders from someone. That someone was probably either President James Polk or Secretary of State Buchanan. Polk and some of his cabinet members were obsessed with the idea that Great Britain had designs upon unoccupied areas of the western part of this continent. Fremont's oral orders evidently sent him to California to ascertain just how serious those designs really were.

And while in California, Fremont's peculiar personality led him into conflict with General Stephen Watts Kearny, disobedience of Kearny's direct orders, and eventual trial on charges of mutiny.

A thorough reading of the documents in this book leads one to the inescapable conclusion that Fremont was operating under oral orders which were very flexible. The events in California had to be handled "on the spot" and decisions made without waiting four to six months for instructions from Washington.

Fremont, Robert F. Stockton, and Kearny came into serious confrontation over the administration of civil government in California. The editors point out that documentation proves "Fremont was as often right as wrong" in the episode. If so, he was

"right" only in retrospect. He was definitely wrong at the time when he disobeyed direct orders of his military superior, Kearny. For that disobedience Fremont was court-martialed, but conviction on the charges and remission of the sentence lead one to believe that the federal government decided Fremont had gotten the short end of the stick.

Fremont's career often suffered because of his own precipitous actions, and because of his constant reliance upon the influence of his father-in-law, powerful Senator Thomas Hart Benton.

Perhaps John Charles Fremont truly was "the West's greatest adventurer", as historian Allan Nevins dubbed him. Perhaps his part in the conquest of California was ordered by the administration verbally and it was only his bad luck to be caught in a confrontation between Stockton and Kearny. One thing is certain, however, and that is the fact that Fremont has been unjustly criticized—or made the subject of odious comparison to Kearny—in the California Mutiny dispute.

Kearny, and his hot-headed subordinate Colonel Richard B. Mason, were just as precipitous, just as often wrong, as Fremont. It is quite apparent that some historians, such as Bernard DeVoto, have not read the full documentation of the mutiny charge and subsequent court-martial proceedings.

Fremont, for all his faults, deserves a better shake from history. Editors Mary Lee Spence and Donald Jackson have done just that. They don't apologize for Fremont's personality quirks or his other failings. Their excellent editing and annotation put the California incident into true perspective.

Cheyenne

PAT HALL

The Joyous Journey of LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen: An Autobiography. (Glendale, Calif., and Denver, Colo: The Arthur H. Clark Company and Fred A. Rosenstock: The Old West Publishing Company, 1973). Illus. 335 pp. \$11.50.

"Two are better than one . . . for if either fall the one will lift up the other." This passage from Ecclesiastes on the title page of *Joyous Journey* must have been selected with the same care which one has come to expect of the Hafens, for it is particularly appropriate. No husband-and-wife writing team ever complemented one another any more effectively than LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen. Their ten-year collaboration on the 15-volume *The Far West and Rockies Historical Series* and their joint authorship of *Colorado: A Story of the State and its People* are two examples of the couple's remarkable cooperative effort. But their autobiography also reveals a rapport between two human beings rarely achieved. As LeRoy Hafen expressed it: "Ann and I held almost identical views

on most things—on what was good poetry or prose writing, on political and social problems, on religious and philosophical questions, on what was important in life and conduct." Thus, the Hafens' autobiography is more than simply a story of two creative people devoted to recovering Western history and lore; it is a love story with tenderness and depth.

Despite the common interests of the Hafens, each was a distinctive creator in his own right. Ann was a poet, storyteller, and dramatist; many of her poems are incorporated in the book. Seventeen months before her passing she was made Poet Laureate at the First World Poetry Congress at Manila in the Phillipines in 1969. LeRoy Hafen, former state historian for Colorado and history professor at Brigham Young University, is a prolific historical writer who is still active, notwithstanding his many years of productive scholarship—"the rocking chair has no appeal as yet." His list of publications, thus far, includes over 40 books which he has authored, co-authored, or edited.

The Hafens' autobiography should reveal, especially to budding historians, the dynamics of successful scholarly production. Their drive and self discipline are apparent in the narrative of this autobiography as well as in their accumulation of notable books and periodical articles. Both kept careful records of their life and all that they observed. Ann religiously kept a diary for over 30 years. LeRoy learned to keep his records on 4-by-6 inch cards while studying at Berkeley as part of the famous "Bolton School." Their learning and growing was not confined to the library or study, however; every major or side trip included visits to historical shrines or locations. Survivors of America's pioneering past were interviewed whenever and wherever possible. As history was their passion and travel was essential, because they insisted on completely immersing themselves in the subject, theirs was a full and active life.

The reader of this book will learn much about Western history. LeRoy Hafen's description of his Mormon boyhood in Bunkerville, Nevada, is in itself a discerning study of pioneer life. Also, when the Hafens visited Western landmarks and sites, many of them unmarked, they recorded their experiences. Many of these are included in the book with appropriate historical background. Although the transitions from one subject to another are sometimes abrupt, the skillful writing throughout the book makes for enjoyable reading.

University of Northern Colorado

ROBERT W. LARSON

From Beaver to Oil. A Century in the Development of Wyoming's Big Horn Basin. By David J. Wasden. (Cheyenne: Pioneer Printing & Stationery Co., 1973). Index. Bib. Illus. 350 pp. \$9.95.

Wyoming's Big Horn Basin has long been considered a distinct geographic area, but few scholars have attempted to write a comprehensive history of the Basin. To date, the best study has been Charles Lindsay's *The Big Horn Basin*, published in 1932, and now relatively scarce. Recognizing this dearth of published material, David J. Wasden began a project in the late 1960s to "make available the recounting of past happenings in the Basin to more people." Mr. Wasden's lengthy research resulted in *From Beaver to Oil*. As a long-time resident of the Basin, this reviewer was especially pleased to see the publication of this work.

This study concentrated on the period between 1807 and 1910, although this rule has not been strictly followed. Wasden reaches back to the latter part of the 18th century to discuss the possibility that the French Verendrye brothers reached the Big Horn Basin in their explorations, and he goes beyond 1910 to discuss oil and reclamation developments.

The topical, almost anecdotal style in the latter part of *From Beaver to Oil* detracts somewhat from the narrative flow of the work, but much useful information about selected topics is presented in this format. The letters of Victor Arland, for instance, offer invaluable information about economic conditions early in the Basin's history. Railroads, schools, mail service, churches and newspapers are just some of the topics discussed.

Mr. Wasden's intentions should be applauded by scholars and casual readers alike, for he has focused attention on a long-neglected area of Wyoming. Unfortunately, a serious problem within the book's structure needs to be pointed out. In his "Introduction" Mr. Wasden comments that Charles Lindsay's 1932 publication was the "inspiration" for beginning his project, and in the "References" section, he explains that much of his work is based on Lindsay's book. But Mr. Wasden's failure to footnote his sources prevents the reader from being able to tell what parts were written by Lindsay, and what parts by Wasden. A comparison of the two books shows that most of Lindsay's *The Big Horn Basin* is copied verbatim in *From Beaver to Oil*, without benefit of quotation marks. In fact, the first half of Mr. Wasden's book is basically a reproduction of the Lindsay book, with some modifications. What Mr. Wasden has produced is two books under one title—a slightly edited version of *The Big Horn Basin* and 17 chapters of new material. The contribution of *From Beaver to Oil* could have been greater had Mr. Wasden utilized less of the Lindsay work, or had he presented the book as a new edition of *The Big Horn Basin*, with additions by David J. Wasden. In the

present version, Mr. Wasden's own valuable research is subordinated by its appearance as addenda to the Lindsay material. Mr. Wasden's desire to make Charles Lindsay's book available to more people is commendable, but he might have taken more care in differentiating between his own work and that of Mr. Lindsay.

*Wyoming State Archives
Historical Department*

BART R. VOIGT

Bent's Old Fort. An Archeological Study. By Jackson W. Moore, Jr. Historical Introduction by Dwight E. Stinson, Jr. (Boulder: Pruett Publishing Company and State Historical Society of Colorado). Index. Bib. Illus. 144 pp. \$14.95.

Jackson W. Moore is an archeologist with the National Park Service. Besides his work at Bent's Fort, he has undertaken archeological projects in several different National Park Service areas including Fort Laramie National Historic Site. He presently is with the National Park Service Division of Archeology and Historic Preservation in Washington, D. C.

As the author acknowledges, the manuscript of this book, in a slightly different form, was submitted as a thesis in partial fulfillment of the requirements for an M.A. degree in anthropology at the University of Oklahoma.

In the historical introduction we learn that Bent's Fort was constructed of adobe in 1833 along the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail near the present-day town of La Junta, Colorado. It was built by the brothers Charles and William Bent and their partner Ceran St. Vrain for the purpose of trading with Indians and independent mountain men in that part of the country. It also engaged in business in the two-way traffic of trade groups between Missouri and the Mexican territory around Santa Fe.

The fort served as a supply depot during the Mexican War in 1846 and 1847. However, the great tide of immigrants after the discovery of gold in California brought about incidents with the Indians. As a result of this trouble, business declined and in the summer of 1849, William Bent abandoned the fort. The structure deteriorated until 1861 when it was occupied by the Barlow Sanderson Overland Mail and Express Company and used until 1881.

The fort continued to deteriorate even though the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution became interested in perpetuating the memory of the historic site. The title to the property was transferred to the state of Colorado in 1954. An act of Congress established Bent's Fort National Historic Site; the National Park Service took over the administration of the site on March 15, 1963.

The book includes a study of the architecture and a room-by-room archeological investigation of the fort site. The study is illustrated by several drawings and photographs. Many significant architectural details such as wells, stairways, basements and fireplaces were located during the project.

Numerous artifacts were uncovered during this study. Besides an informative text, the author includes several illustrations of artifacts such as old bottles, various types of ceramics, including clay smoking pipes, firearms, cartridges, gunflints, glass trade beads, household articles and buttons found at the site.

This archeological study was undertaken by the National Park Service from 1963 to 1966. The author tells us that "the main purpose of this project was to provide the necessary data for the reconstruction of the site to its condition at a salient point in history." Although the reconstruction of the fort may not be attempted in the near future, the archeological information will be available.

The entire book is a scholarly contribution to western frontier history. Students and researchers especially interested in the history of the Santa Fe Trail, the Rocky Mountain fur trade, the Mexican War and the early history of the state of Colorado should find this publication a useful and important reference.

Fort Laramie National Historic Site

W. J. PETTY

The Bone Hunters. By Url Lanham. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1973.) Index. Illus. 285 pp. \$10.

Lanham has written a lively account of paleontological science as it was practiced and as it developed during the 1800s, especially in the western United States. He gives us a view of the activities and character of several men active in paleontology at this time including Hayden, Powell, King, Sternberg, Hatcher, Williston, Leidy, Osborn, Reed, Grinnell, Marsh and Cope. When he gives the reader a view of their tremendous contributions to their field of study, he also exposes the warts of these competing personalities. Here we see science in the raw with many of the elements of a good soap opera present: greed, cheating, lying, stealing and character assassination. He humanizes rather than deifies these men, thus giving a realistic view of 19th century science and scientists who were, after all, merely human. All of these men in their own way helped in the exploration and subsequent promotion of the west as an immense and potentially productive region.

The major early paleontological explorations in the West were most numerous in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, New Mexico and Kansas during the 1850-1900 period, with the greatest activity in the 1870s. During this decade

field work was conducted at a fantastic rate despite incredibly limited financial resources. Work was primarily fueled by intense interest, curiosity and competition.

In *The Bone Hunters* we see a west that has been rarely portrayed and one never seen in the popular media. Here there were no cowboys, outlaws or the ubiquitous cows, and Indians were seen but not heard. The Indian was visible but in a way different from the usual image. Here in the world of the fossil hunter the Indian was holder of lands in which there was a rare commodity—fossils which were as eagerly sought as gold. Permission was sometimes obtained to travel and collect on Indian lands, if not, a military escort was often necessary. Even in the difficult times of the Indian Wars the pioneer paleontologist traveled widely in search of his fossils.

Although Lanham writes the history of the efforts of pioneer vertebrate paleontologists working in the West, his story revolves primarily around the careers of two of the most dynamic, Othneil Charles Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope. These two men were neither creators of their field of research nor did they have the final word, but they made hundreds of significant contributions to paleontology and geology, many of which are still important today.

Marsh began his career in the early 1860s. He received his education at Yale and in Germany and upon returning from Germany took an unpaid professorship at Yale, all supported by his rich uncle, George Peabody. His field work in the West began in 1868 in the badlands of South Dakota and continued into the 1870s with army support. In subsequent years he worked in the Fort Bridger and Como Bluff areas of Wyoming. Even though he retired from field work after 1874 he maintained crews in the field for many years afterwards. During the 1880s Marsh climbed into progressively more powerful positions. In 1882 he became the vertebrate paleontologist for the United States Geological Survey, a position he held until 1892. The vast collections of specimens accumulated during his professional lifetime were given to Yale University before his death in 1899.

Cope, who began his career in 1859, conducted his first field work in the West in 1871 at the Smoky Hill beds in Kansas. By 1875 he had reported on 84 species, nearly all of which were new. He became a member of the Geological Survey staff in 1871 and went to the Bridger Basin for field work, which was considered by Marsh to be trespassing on his own private domain. This dispute over the collecting area created an animosity that, although it was low key, continued for nearly 20 years. Cope's career, although it paralleled that of Marsh in time, was characterized by considerably more time in the field and by a variety of teaching and other jobs. While the 1880s were good years for Marsh they were difficult ones for Cope. In 1884 he gave up collecting but continued to publish frequently as he had earlier. In 1895, because of a need

for money, he sold his huge collection to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. He died in 1896.

In the early stages of their careers Marsh and Cope were friends but they gradually became bitter and somewhat irrational enemies. After 1890, what had previously been a submerged animosity became an open feud with each bent upon the destruction of the other's scientific and moral reputation. Accusations of stealing data, spying, lying and misrepresentation and incorrect identification of data were hurled back and forth. At one point one of them even went so far as to have unwanted fossil remains smashed so as to prevent the other from acquiring them.

The Bone Hunters should prove to be exceptionally interesting reading for anyone with an interest in western history, geology or paleontology. Many of us who think of the west in terms of covered wagons, forts and Indian attacks will have revealed an aspect of the west that is ordered around other than survival problems. Indeed, we will get little of the frontier "feeling" from this book and that is what makes it so interesting.

Arizona State Museum

JAMES E. AYRES

United States Military Saddles, 1812-1943, By Randy Steffen. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1973). Index. Illus. 158 pp. \$7.95.

This volume is a long awaited work by the well-known artist, illustrator and author, Randy Steffen. Steffen has combined his many talents to produce a type of work not often published by a university press. *United States Military Saddles* is a highly specialized study, but it should be of interest to museologists, collectors of military equipment and students of western and military history.

According to Steffen, three items were essential for cavalry operations—a horse, weapons and a saddle. He provides a tightly woven narrative describing military saddles with brief references to the types of weapons used. Fortunately, horse equipments including bridles, saddle bags and other accessories are also touched upon. Unfortunately these passages are all too brief, yet one must remember that the book does focus its attention on saddles. At best it can be lamented that it was thought necessary to so narrowly confine the volume's scope.

Beginning with various Dragoon saddles from 1812 through the 1840s and continuing with descriptions of different contract saddles before and after the Civil War, the author proceeds with a detailed study of the well known McClellan saddles. Thereafter he discusses experimental saddles and officers' riding equipment used from 1912 to the abandonment of U. S. military horse troops

in 1943. The final chapter of the book covers miscellaneous freighting, artillery, packer and driver saddles.

Using such adjectives as glorious, colorful and exciting, the author describes the role of horse-mounted troops in American history. Thus intertwined with the story of military saddles, this is quite helpful. Yet, being so enamored with his subject, the author tends to give the cavalry too much glamour, glitter and glory. The book does not have a bibliography but some sources are listed within the text. The quality of the text and the number of sources listed suggest that the book is not as detailed or thorough as some collectors would like. As it is, the volume has popular appeal and will serve as a general reference.

Gracing most pages of this book are skillful line drawings accurately showing the numerous types of saddles. Many illustrations show fully packed rigs and soldiers wearing appropriate uniforms and carrying the correct arms and accouterments. The number and quality of illustrations is more than adequate and these drawings serve to distinguish the volume from other antiquarian works which often lack acceptable detailed pictures.

This book has been in the works for some time. Steffen has succeeded rather well in overcoming the handicap of having his notes burned. The Company of Military Historians has endorsed the book "as an accurate and useful reference work in American military history." Anyone buying *United States Military Saddles* will have invested well.

*Wyoming State Archives and
Historical Department*

JAMES H. NOTTAGE

Letters of Long Ago. By Agnes Just Reid. Introduction by Brigham D. Madsen. (Salt Lake City: Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, 1973). Index. Illus. 93 pp. \$9.50.

A Mormon Mother, An Autobiography. By Annie Clark Tanner. (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1973). Index. Illus. 346 pp. \$10.

Both of these books deal with the lives of women whose hardships, frustrations and persevering spirits helped to color the tapestry of the West—Idaho and Utah—in the late 1800s.

Letters of Long Ago is actually a collection of recorded incidents in the life of a young woman, Emma Just, as related to her daughter, Agnes Just Reid. Written in letter form, the book contains possible letters that Emma Just had written to her father in England. Mrs. Reid wrote the incidents her mother had told her

through the years and after she had written them she checked them with her mother for authenticity.

The book deals with struggles on the frontier to establish a home and raise a family in the most trying of times, as experienced by a sensitive and determined young woman. Emma married George Bennett at the age of 15, was separated from her parents who were headed back to England, and shortly thereafter was abandoned by Bennett, four months before their first child was born.

Two years later she married Nels Just and her life of tragedies and joys continued; the birth of five sons and five daughters. Only one of the daughters survived, Agnes Just Reid, author of the book.

Annie Clark Tanner's autobiography, *A Mormon Mother*, is an objective, fascinating account of a woman who entered a Mormon polygamous marriage.

Her account of her courtship with Joseph Marion Tanner is of particular interest to those who have sparse knowledge of the details of polygamy.

In introducing her future husband in the book, Mrs. Tanner wrote as follows: ". . . my impression guided me most favorably toward Mr. Tanner. As a teacher he seemed perfect. There seemed to be no limit to his knowledge. He gave lectures on various subjects all winter. He took me or asked me to come and see his first wife. We had our secret meetings and I felt favored above all the other girls in the school. Often I heard them express admiration for Mr. Tanner, but I said nothing. It was enough to know that he admired me."

Mr. Tanner began a correspondence with the writer after she had returned home from school. He asked that her correspondence to him go through his first wife. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Tanner visited Annie Clark, and Mr. Tanner proposed that he take Annie for a walk.

"I replied," she said, 'No, not for the world would I make Mrs. Tanner feel badly. This is her outing and she is my guest.' "

"The next morning she and I went for a buggy ride which was the customary way to entertain friends in the country. Mrs. Tanner, having observed that I had been comparatively indifferent to her husband, brought up the subject of polygamy. I told her that without her approval, our affair was at an end.

"'Why?' she answered, 'don't you love him?' "

"'Independent of that,' I replied, 'without your approval, our interest in each other will go no farther.' "

Annie Clark eventually married Joseph Tanner, on December 27, 1883, in Salt Lake City with the first Mrs. Tanner (Aunt Jennie) at the ceremony.

Following the ceremony all three, Mr. Tanner and the two Mrs. Tanners, took the northbound train. The bride got off at Farmington and the other two went on to Ogden.

Because of the political climate against polygamy Annie Clark Tanner became a member of "the underground," moving from one location to the other through arrangements made by friends or one of the church authorities.

Prosecution under the Edmund's anti-polygamy law meant severe penalties and such cases were being vigorously carried on by federal authorities in Utah and Idaho courts. Religious men felt it their duty, if they were to be promoted by the church, or to enjoy the Celestial Kingdom of Heaven, to enter into polygamy.

Readers of these books will find them interesting. However, 20th century women will writhe in indignation at the subservient manner in which women were regarded in that era.

While reading these two books, one has the inclination to say, "Good heavens, can't someone help these women?"

University of Wyoming

PAT QUEAL

Horace Tabor: His Life and the Legend. By Duane E. Smith. (Boulder, Colorado: Colorado Associated University Press, 1973) Index. Illus. 395 pp. \$12.50.

Duane A. Smith's *Horace Tabor* is the biography of a colorful and remarkable figure in Western history whose life spanned the years of 1830 to 1899. The subject, of course, has all the ingredients of high tragedy and of melodrama: soaring ambition, reckless speculation, lust, opulence, victory, extravagance, and ruin, all displayed against the background of late 19th century Denver.

Tabor was born in Holland, Vermont, where his early years were spent on the farm and at the village school. He was a stone-cutter for eight years. In 1855 he joined a company of Free-Soil emigrants to Kansas and in 1856 and 1857 was a member of the Topeka legislature, returning to Vermont to marry on January 31, 1857, Augusta Pierce daughter of his former employer, after the legislature was dispersed by order of President Pierce. He next moved to Denver, Colorado, in 1859 and in the following year to California Gulch (later Leadville) where he engaged in mining and mercantile pursuits, quickly amassing a small fortune. In 1878-1879 he was Leadville's first mayor, and he became the first lieutenant governor of Colorado, in 1879, holding this office until 1883, when he was elected senator, to fill the unexpired term of Henry M. Teller, who had been appointed secretary of the interior. He served from February 1 to March 3. At this time his fortune was estimated at \$9,000,000. He erected a fine opera house at Leadville and built the Tabor block and the Tabor Opera House in Denver, the latter costing nearly \$1,000,000.

Now at the height of his success, Tabor at age 52 fell in love with a 28-year-old divorcee nicknamed "Baby Doe." His wife was quickly divorced and he married Elizabeth Doe secretly on September 30, 1882, and he re-married her publicly on March 1, 1883, with President Chester Arthur as a guest of honor. Smith marks the start of his fall with the statement: "In the 1880's Tabor's money flitted hither and yon in search of still greater financial bonanzas, like a flood spreading thinly over the landscape and then slowly receding." His gambles multiplied and his speculations became wholly indiscriminate. Promoters sold him worthless mines in Mexico and South America, timber lands in Central America, and railroads built on paper. Then the production of his mines decreased and the price of silver declined; to bolster weak holdings he mortgaged sound ones; and the crash of 1893 and the repeal of the Sherman Act left him bankrupt. Heroically but vainly he tried to recoup his losses. He was old and broken in 1898 when friends secured him appointment as postmaster of Denver, and the following year he died on April 10, survived by his wife and two sons. Baby Doe lived until 1935, when she was found frozen to death in a shack beside the Matchless Mine. Smith concludes that one facet that stands out throughout Tabor's life was "his restless pursuit of instant wealth." Psychologically his character was marked by inner conflict which manifested itself by periods of boldness and resolution, followed by indecision and uneasiness.

This biography is of importance as it succeeds well in presenting Tabor in all his complexity, and gives new insights into early Western mining business activities. Smith's research is careful, his style pleasant and the book is embellished by a number of striking photographs of Tabor and his family.

University of Southern Mississippi

PHILIP A. KALISCH

Silver San Juan. The Rio Grande Southern. By Mallory Hope Ferrell. (Boulder: Pruett Publishing Co., 1973). Index. Illus. 643 pp. \$19.95.

This is a sad book in several respects—not in the author's style or intent—but because the Rio Grande Southern was built as a mining railroad only to have much of the mining on its route decline soon after it was completed. Tragically, it was abandoned just before it might have become a prime tourist attraction. It ended its days by carrying mostly sheep and cattle, somewhat more prosaic than gold and silver ore. Such was the history of the Rio Grande Southern, born in 1891, died in 1951. It ran from Durango to Mancos, Dolores, Rico, Telluride, and Ridgway, Colorado, connecting with the Denver and Rio Grande at each end and

winding through some strikingly beautiful parts of the San Juan mountains. This latter attribute never endeared it to the construction workers or to those whose job it was to keep the tracks open through the annual winter snowslides.

Those few brief words could delimit its history but would not tell the story of the engines, the cars, and the men who kept this railroad running for six decades. The author, a railroad historian with previous books to his credit, correctly focuses on these aspects in a book probably two-thirds of which is photographs. One might even surmise that Ferrell fell in love with Engine Number 20, it appears so often in picture and prose.

Silver San Juan is a photographic joy to behold, enhanced by paintings by Howard Fogg, well-known railroad artist, among others. It is easy to catch Ferrell's enthusiasm and his love for this railroad and the country it ran through. Railroad buffs and Colorado San Juan enthusiasts won't quibble over the price.

One might have wished for a slightly more careful historical framework and overall research; for example, the photographic caption on page 133 leads the reader to assume that Bryan was in Telluride in 1896, which he was not. Also, a little more on Telluride and Rico mining problems and production would have helped explain the railroad's early 20th century history. This is nit-picking and is not meant to detract from what Ferrell and Pruett Publishing Co. have done; it is a fine work. They have collaborated to produce a book that should stand for many years as a tribute to a railroad and its era.

Fort Lewis College

DUANE A. SMITH

This Was Cattle Ranching. Yesterday and Today. By Virginia Paul. (Seattle: Superior Publishing Company, 1973). Index. Illus. 192 pp. \$13.95.

Wilderness and the American Mind. By Roderick Nash. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1973). Rev. ed. Index. 300 pp. Cloth, \$10; paper, \$2.95.

Two Great Scouts and Their Pawnee Battalion. The Experiences of Frank J. North and Luther H. North. By George Bird Grinnell. Foreword by James T. King. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973). Bison Book. Index. Map. 299 pp. \$3.45.

Contributors

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM holds two degrees from the University of Missouri and she has served on the faculties of Stephens College and of Park College. She is the author of *Footprints on the Frontier* and *The Arapahoes, Our People*, and co-author, with Maurine Carley, of *The Shoshonis, Sentinels of the Rockies* and *Wyoming Pageant*. The ethno-histories of the two Indian tribes, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, are in their highly acclaimed Civilization of the American Indian Series. Mrs. Trenholm is presently editing, revising and updating the *Wyoming Historical Blue Book*. Her home is in Cheyenne.

HOMER FRANKLIN, SR., co-editor of the William Riley Franklin journal, is a retired educator living in Lubbock, Texas. His son, HOMER FRANKLIN, JR., who worked with him in preparing the journal for publication, is a graduate of Texas Technological College in Lubbock. A chemical engineer, he works for a consulting firm in Houston.

RICHARD F. FLECK and ROBERT A. CAMPBELL, co-authors of "A Selective Literary Bibliography of Wyoming," are both assistant professors of English at the University of Wyoming. Professor Fleck has edited selections of Henry David Thoreau's previously unpublished Indian notebooks, which will be published in book form later this year by Hummingbird Press, Albuquerque. Professor Campbell is currently editing three unpublished letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, and is also compiling a biography of Charles Kingsley.

MYRTLE CHALFANT GREGG, who now lives in Farmington, New Mexico, still actively follows her hobby interests in Hereford cattle and flower gardening.

JEAN LASSILA, her great-niece, is a descendant of Wyoming pioneers. Her paternal grandfather was John Shepherd Day who came to Wyoming in 1885 and later owned a ranch in Fremont County. Her maternal great-grandfather was Peter Heagney, who moved to Wyoming in 1867 and helped build Fort Caspar. She was graduated from the University of Wyoming, and received a Ph. D. in organic chemistry from Yale University. She is a former special lecturer at Case Institute of Technology and a former research associate at Iowa State University. She has published

articles in chemical research journals and is a co-author of three chemistry textbooks. She presently lives in Ames, Iowa, with her husband, Kenneth Lassila, and their two children.

PETER W. DUNWIDDIE, at present affiliated with the Institute for Environmental Studies, University of Wisconsin-Madison, completed his undergraduate work at that University this year. He is a Wisconsin native, but has visited Wyoming frequently in recent years. He writes that "My great love has been the Wind River Mountain Range, from which I gained my first real appreciation of the mountain men. . . . My fascination with the history, the country and the people of Wyoming grows with each visit, one of which I hope to make permanent."

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Annals of Wyoming



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KATHERINE HALVERSON
Editor

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The cover photo of J. B. Okie is used through the courtesy of Karen L. Love.

Filler material in this issue of *Annals of Wyoming* is excerpts from Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Selected Documents Concerning the Administration of Indian Affairs at the Upper Platte Agency. Record Group 7.

J. B. Okie *Lost Cabin Pioneer*

PART I

By

KAREN L. LOVE

This study of J. B. Okie was researched and compiled as a master's thesis submitted to the Division of American Studies, University of Wyoming, in May, 1972. The study was financed in part through a Grant-in-Aid awarded to Mrs. Love in 1971 by the Wyoming State Historical Society.

INTRODUCTION

The Badwater country is treeless and dry. Its emptiness can make the most independent spirit feel lonely. Its unpredictable weather can ruin the most ambitious and hard-working rancher. The dusty, rolling hills that stretch for miles seem indistinguishable to an eye accustomed to pines, oaks, or mountains to break the monotony. The land around Badwater Creek will probably always be isolated because to most people it is extremely inhospitable country. The few who choose to live there are grateful for its emptiness because it protects their land and keeps it much as it has always been.

Very few people who travel Highway 20 between Casper and Shoshoni ever turn north at Moneta to explore the long, deserted road leading toward the Owl Creek Mountains. The few who do are probably some of the 50 people who live at Lysite or some of the 25 people who live at Lost Cabin. They, along with several scattered individuals in the Casper and Riverton areas, already know the name J. B. Okie, and as it is spoken today, it brings back a flood of recollections about the early days on Badwater Creek. Those people would be amazed if they knew that the name is barely mentioned in the more recent books on Wyoming history. To them J. B. Okie was such an important character in the history of central Wyoming that forgetting him would be like forgetting exactly who it was that discovered America.

To the student of Wyoming history in the 1970s, J. B. Okie might be a man of little interest and less importance. The name receives scant mention in the widely acclaimed *History of Wyoming* by T. A. Larson or in Lewis Gould's *Wyoming: A Political History 1868-1896*. *Wyoming*, American Guide Series, never

mentions Okie's name or the town of Lost Cabin, yet it relates many of the fascinating tales of the state's by-ways. The one book that pays much attention to him is Alfred J. Mokler's *History of Natrona County 1888-1922*. Mokler, Okie's good friend, wrote his book seven years before Okie's death; he included only uncontroversial material dealing more with the town of Lost Cabin than with J. B. Okie. Mokler wrote too early to tell Okie's whole story objectively. Almost 50 years later, however, it still waits to be recorded. The few fragile people left who actually knew the man will take the story with them and that could be the end of it. But in light of the great respect still held for Okie 42 years after his death and the intriguing tales still passed around about the man, as well as the community's continuing curiosity to learn the truth, the effort to preserve this small part of Wyoming's past is justified.

The deserted road leading north from Moneta gives access to the primary clue that a fascinating story is being forgotten. The road passes over dry hills and colorful badlands that are part of the geological Wind River formation. The land is almost barren of vegetation, because the formation lacks the chemicals needed for their growth. Pronghorn antelope herds browse for what little vegetation there is between the alkali flats that form in the low areas. Before coming to Lysite, the road goes over a low pass with red and white badlands formations on both sides. Here 55 million years ago eohippus, the three-toed horse, roamed, grazed, and died, leaving his fossils on this hilltop for his neighbors in time to find. In the spring the Wind River formation shows its worst side when it characteristically fails to drain off the spring rains and becomes thick with mud. Before the road was maintained by the county, spring travel was an unpleasant experience.¹

Passing through Lysite, now just a store, a school, and several houses, a dirt road continues three miles up Badwater Creek. Lost Cabin appears at first as only a grove of huge old cottonwood trees in the distance. The town is now comprised of seven houses, several large deserted buildings, and an enormous stone mansion. Here J. B. Okie homesteaded, built an empire, made his million, and lived with an elegance seldom seen in the early West. Here, too, he died. Lost Cabin today gives only a few clues to its former prosperity. A warehouse-size structure with large plate glass windows is now deserted and the glass so dusty it shuts out the sunlight. This was the administration building for the Bighorn Sheep Company, owned and operated by J. B. Okie. The bunkhouse across the road still looks somewhat like an old railroad station despite the remodeling being done to convert it into a house. Down toward the creek the collapsing ruin of the old general store

1. J. David Love, U. S. Geological Survey, personal interviews in Laramie, Wyoming, 1971 and 1972.

waits for a strong wind to finish the job started by years of neglect. By climbing over fallen boards and piles of debris, the curious can still get inside to see the long staircase leading up to the balcony where ranchers' wives could try on fashions from as far away as Paris and London. Beside the store stands the old warehouse, and beyond it on the edge of the hill is the power plant that provided carbide lighting and, later, electricity for the town. Down over the hill and across the creek is the old stable where the Okies once kept remount stallions and prize Belgian horses.

By far the most conspicuous building left standing is the mansion. The Thomas Spratts live there now and maintain the house in excellent condition. But the elaborate concrete fence that once surrounded an immaculately groomed lawn now surrounds only waist-high grass and shaggy shrubs. The grass hides four small tombstones, marking the graves of J. B. Okie, two of his sons, and his brother Howard. The mansion itself is a more appropriate gravestone for Okie, however, because he was never bound by Lost Cabin. Old-timers remember him as the man up in the tower of the mansion, looking out, with an eye for opportunity, over the expanse of his empire.

J. B. Okie's vigor did not result from a western upbringing. An absolute eastern "greenhorn," he claimed 400 years of British aristocracy in his family background.² The Okie family had distinguished itself in the east since 1660 when the first paternal ancestor landed in America. This was John Okey who, as a colonel of dragoons under Oliver Cromwell, had decided to emigrate after the accession of Charles II. Abram Okie, J. B. Okie's great-grandfather, enlisted as a volunteer in the Grenadier Corps of the Duke de Lauzun and also served in America in the Revolutionary War. He married Abigail Carone, of French descent, and later became president of the Western Reserve Bank of Philadelphia and one of the founders of the Girard Trust Company.³ J. B. Okie's father was a prominent physician who counted Abraham Lincoln among his patients.⁴ He married Susan J.

2. Mrs. A. D. Macfarlane, personal interview in Casper, Wyoming, June, 1971.

3. "John Brognard Okie," *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, 1927, XVII, p. 325. Okie's nephew, Frederick William Okie, appears in Volume K, p. 170 of this same series, but he lists his paternal ancestors a little differently than J. B. Okie did. According to Fred Okie, the first ancestor to come to America was Janse Van Nuys Auke who came from the Netherlands in 1651 and settled in New Amsterdam (New York). The spelling of the family name changed through five generations from Auke to Ouke, and finally to Okie under J. B. Okie's grandfather.

4. Love interview; "Empire for Sale," *Time*, XXXXV, (June 11, 1945), 19: Kathryn Hammons, "J. B. Okie; Pioneer Sheepman" (unpublished manuscript).

Pitcher, a descendent of the famous Molly Pitcher, and from this marriage came John Brognard Okie.⁵

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

William Thompson Okie and Susan Pitcher Okie were living in Madison, Indiana, when their first son, John, was born December 10, 1864. Four other children followed shortly thereafter: Howard, Frederick, St. Claire, and Grace. The family moved to New Jersey and finally to Washington, D. C. where the children were educated. At the age of 16, John was appointed a cadet at the school of the United States Revenue Marine. With this group, according to one source, he was taken on a surveying field trip in the West. As the boys were working in the field, one of their instructors offered a casual opinion that was to set the direction of J. B. Okie's life. "A man could get rich out here," was the off-handed comment.⁶ But by this slender, blue-eyed boy⁷ the remark was not taken casually. He was bright, inquisitive, opportunistic, and his imagination had been aroused. The subsequent return to the military school must have seemed unbearably dull and restrictive. The freedom and opportunity of the West never let Okie's imagination rest until the next year 1882, when he resigned as a cadet.⁸

Setting off alone for Wyoming on the Union Pacific, Okie must have caused considerable anxiety for his parents. Their first-born was rejecting their hopes of an education for him and running off to follow some wild dream about getting rich in the West. He was only 17 years old. But J. B. Okie boarded that train, nonetheless, and who knows but that his parents were a little envious. Okie's father, who had been a respected physician all his life, could not have been unaware of the excitement of such a wild adventure. Okie's mother, too, must have viewed the adventure a little wistfully because several people recall that she was the source of the vigorous, opportunistic spirit her son had inherited.⁹ Who knows what schemes developed in the boy's mind as he watched the Great Plains rush by his window. No one who ever knew Okie would doubt that even at 17 he knew exactly what he would do. He was never known to hesitate when advising people in later life even on the most complex problem. His mind was quick, unusually accurate, and he had great faith in his own ability. When this

5. Valentino Baima, personal interview in Nevada City, Calif., August, 1971.

6. An anonymous interview, June, 1971.

7. Hugh S. Day, personal interview in Riverton, February, 1972.

8. Hammons, "Pioneer Sheepman," p. 2.

9. Baima interview, August, 1971.

slightly-built boy got off the train at Rawlins, those who saw him may have wondered about his future, but J. B. Okie undoubtedly knew he could "get rich out here."

When Okie arrived in Rawlins in May, he had only what little money was left from the \$150 his mother had given him to come west. The train ticket had used up a large portion of it, so the boy needed a job immediately. Captain R. A. Torrey, deciding to take a chance on the boy, hired him as a cowboy for \$25 a month.¹⁰ Being a Wyoming cowboy in 1882 took more than imagination, as this five-foot, nine-inch greenhorn soon discovered. He must have taken a lot of "ribbing" from the other cowhands because he always admitted in later years that he had been a "damn poor cowboy."¹¹ The experience, however, was invaluable.

In late August he headed east again with hopes of borrowing some capital to give him a start in the sheep business. By October he was back in Wyoming, again working as a cowboy with nothing to show for his trip but promises. His luck changed by November when his mother sent him \$4500 on the condition that the sheep purchased would be entirely hers but they would divide the profits equally. Okie immediately bought 1000 ewes, 16 bucks, two teams of horses and a wagon. He was on his own at last. For the first few months he herded his thin, scabby sheep along the Sweetwater River south of Lander and from there moved them over to Beaver Creek.¹² The other herders in the area nicknamed him "the cadet" because he still wore his old Revenue Marine uniform. A gulch near Lander where he ranged his sheep is still known as Cadet Draw.¹³

Okie saw the Badwater country for the first time in the summer of 1883. He had put his sheep in with A. D. Bright's band and hired on with him as a herder, hoping that his sheep would improve with better care. With another of Bright's herders, Okie drove the entire band from Beaver Creek across 55 miles of unsettled country to Badwater Creek at the foot of the Owl Creek Mountains. The trip took the two men over rolling, treeless country, spotted with occasional water holes and the sun-bleached remains of thousands of buffalo. When they finally reached the shade of the cottonwood trees along Badwater after their long, dusty ride, the area must have seemed like an oasis. The one long trip probably made Badwater seem especially beautiful and may have influenced Okie's decision to settle there permanently. Okie's

10. Susan P. Okie v. John B. Okie, United States District Court case 884, testimony of J. B. Okie, 1902, Federal Records Center, Denver, Colorado.

11. Day interview.

12. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

13. Mary Helen Hendry, "The Big Tepee," *Casper Star-Tribune*, March, 1967.

son, Van, in later years described his father's first impression of the Badwater Country:

With plenty of water, trees, level arable land, and the Big Horn Mountains not far away, forming a semi-circle on the north, this spot would be protected from winter's polar blasts and free of the winds which tear across the open plains. Here was the place to settle and build a castle among the hills; here a man might erect an empire of his own and be his own master. No white man had settled here before him. No human habitation was closer than the few cabins at Thermopolis, sixty-five miles to the west, in the Big Horn Basin. This was a country of great silence, broken only by the occasional ripple of the stream, the rustling of the leaves of the cottonwoods and willows disturbed by the breeze.¹⁴

The banks of the Badwater had long been a favorite camping place for the Shoshone Indians. They had always camped in the shady stream bottoms close to the water and fallen wood. Years before Okie's arrival, a flash flood had roared down the valley, torn through the tepees of the Indians camped there, and drowned a great many people before they could escape to higher ground. Subsequently, their name for this clear, fresh, mountain stream was Badwater.¹⁵

The Shoshones were not the only men to precede Okie to the Lost Cabin area. About 20 years prior to his coming, an incident occurred that was the basis for a legend about the region which still exists 100 years later. Seven Swedes had accidentally made a fabulous gold strike in 1864 somewhere near the headwater of Badwater Creek. Before they could reach a settlement to tell of their find, Indians killed five of them, and one was driven insane by the fatigue and exposure of the return trip. One man was left to tell of their strike and deposit the \$7000 worth of gold dust in the safe at Fort Laramie. Several times men organized expeditions to search for the lost mine and the cabin the seven men had built near it, but always they ended in failure or death. The last sane prospector was killed in one of these expeditions, leaving the insane man jabbering meaningless jargon about the Lost Cabin Mine. As time passed, many people began to regard the story as a fabrication of distraught minds; but always the buckskin bag of gold bore silent witness to the truth of the story.¹⁶

Whether J. B. Okie ever had dreams of finding the Lost Cabin Mine or whether he ever made an effort to search for it is uncer-

14. Van Guelder Okie, an unfinished story of J. B. Okie's life in Lost Cabin, pp. 1-2, J. B. Okie biographical file, Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 2.

16. Rex Lewis, "The Myth of the Old Lost Cabin Mine," (unpublished paper, W.P.A. file, Wyoming State Archives, Cheyenne, Wyoming, April 24, 1936), produced in full in the appendix of this work.

tain. But in 1883 as a young man of 19 in lonesome country, he had to be less concerned with gold and more concerned with keeping his flocks alive during the winter. His vagabond brother, Howard, came out during 1883 and 1884 to help herd sheep.¹⁷ That first winter the two lived in an eight-by-ten tent and survived on bacon, potatoes, and water.¹⁸ In the fall of 1884 they began work on the first cabin. They built it without nails, chinked the cracks with mud from the creek banks, and covered the roof with sod. The windows and doors were merely openings covered with parts of packing cases or stray pieces of canvas, while the only heat was the camp stove.¹⁹ Crude as it was, that dugout cabin, built on the bank of the creek, served as the only shelter for three winters. Howard had left to continue his life of adventure elsewhere in 1885. Okie, meanwhile, had separated his sheep from Bright's band and had begun an independent operation with headquarters in the little dugout by the creek. On his twenty-first birthday, his mother gave him half interest in the sheep he had been herding for four years.²⁰

In the spring of 1887 Okie was ready to expand his operations further. He wanted to clear some land of sagebrush, dig irrigation ditches, and begin some farming. To implement this plan, he needed tools and more men. Rawlins was the closest supply center, so Okie hitched up his team and started the 20-day round trip. On this trip he would meet his future wife, Jeannette Anderson.

The Andersons were Swedish homesteaders who lived some distance from Rawlins. Their daughter, Jeannette, had to live in town with another family to attend school. She lived with Professor C. L. Wells, principal of the grammar school, and a widower who needed help caring for his young daughter.²¹ Okie first saw Jeannette at the little frame hotel that faced the single dusty street in town. After a long winter in a ten-by-twelve dugout cabin, to Okie this blonde, buxom, Scandinavian girl of 20 must have seemed like a dream. Finally, in the general store he found a chance to talk to her and learned that she sang in the choir at church services. The next Sunday Okie, feeling especially religious, was seated in the one-room schoolhouse where services were held, saying his prayers with the others and waiting for the choir to sing. At a community dance a few days later, he joined the usual long stag line and managed to get a few dances with Jean-

17. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

18. Percy Shallenberger, "In Memory of John B. Okie," oration given at Okie's funeral, November 10, 1930, p. 3, J. B. Okie biographical file, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming.

19. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 2.

20. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

21. Baima interview.

nette. She must have been somewhat impressed with the handsome, dignified young man who represented eastern culture, because she promised to see him again in the fall.²²

Okie headed back to Badwater with six hired men, extra teams and tools. That summer, work commenced with a new vigor. Eighty acres of land were cleared of sagebrush for the planting of alfalfa and grain. The men dug ditches for irrigation water and built a dam to hold the spring run-off. They also constructed a log stable and corrals for the sheep and horses. Finally, as if he had special plans, Okie built a new and larger cabin up on the hill away from the danger of floods.²³

In the middle of October the young man set out again for Rawlins with high hopes. He had corresponded with Jeannette as much as possible and had also written to his mother in Washington, D. C., telling her all about this new girl.²⁴ Jeannette must have felt the same, because she accepted his proposal. They were quietly married in the home of Professor Wells;²⁵ afterwards they started on their honeymoon trip to Lost Cabin in a supply wagon loaded with the winter's stores.²⁶ Finally the wife of a cultured eastern gentleman, Jeannette found herself spending her wedding night shrouded in a tarp under the supply wagon as a blizzard howled around them.²⁷

The first ten years of this marriage may well have been the happiest in either of their lives. They were working together and working hard to build the Okie empire at Lost Cabin. The beautiful Swedish girl was not idle while her husband provided her a living. For years before Lost Cabin had its first doctor, Jeannette filled the role for the community, using her handy book on homeopathic medicine.²⁸ When Okie brought to Lost Cabin the first steam shearer in the United States, Jeannette demonstrated the method before a large group of shearers, sheep owners, wool buyers, and Casper citizens. She sheared her sheep in less than five minutes, astounding the onlookers.²⁹

Her quick thinking and strong stomach once helped her save the life of a ranch hand. The man had for some reason entered the elk pasture where Okie was trying to domesticate several bull elk. One of the elk attacked the man and began goring him with its huge antlers. Jeannette, who had seen from the house what was happening, rushed out with a gun and pelted the animal with

22. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 4.

23. *Ibid.*

24. Baima interview.

25. *Fremont Clipper* (Lander), October 22, 1887.

26. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 4.

27. Baima interview.

28. *Ibid.*

29. *Annals of Wyoming*, January, 1949, p. 100.

buckshot.³⁰ She then pulled the man from the pasture and took him to the house where she cleaned the gaping wound in his stomach. Taking needle and thread, she sewed up the wound while the man lay fully conscious on the kitchen table watching her. He totally recovered.³¹ In Jeannette, Okie had found a good pioneer wife, a hard worker, a sturdy and competent woman.

The Okie family began to grow almost immediately. John, Jr., was born in 1888 followed by Howard in 1890 and St. Claire in 1892. Van and Jeannette came along in 1893 and 1896, respectively.³² Paul was born in 1898 but lived to be only four before he contracted diphtheria during the 1902 epidemic in Lost Cabin.³³ James joined the family in 1901 but was to enjoy only fifteen years of a normal life³⁴ before becoming totally paralyzed by encephalitis.³⁵ The youngest child, Mary, was born in 1903.³⁶

His eight children were no financial hardship to J. B. Okie because his business operations continued to provide a good living. In 1891 when he was only 27, people already referred to him as "the sheep king."³⁷ By 1893 he found it to his financial advantage to form the Bighorn Sheep Company, issuing his mother 50 percent of the stock for her half ownership of his sheep.³⁸ Okie also bought out the Smith Mercantile Company in Casper that year and set up his youngest brother, Fred, as manager.³⁹ Fred, having recently graduated from Oberlin College in Ohio, had followed his two older brothers to Wyoming.⁴⁰ With his genial personality and business ability, Fred seemed like the person to make Okie's first mercantile store a success. He became a well-known and well-liked Casper citizen who was looked to for advice on financial and investment matters by men twice his age.⁴¹

By 1895 J. B. Okie was ready to expand again. He had lumber hauled by freight wagon the 85 miles from Casper and built the first of many Bighorn Sheep Company mercantile stores. In following years he built similar stores in Arminto, Lysite, Kaycee,

30. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 5.

31. Baima interview.

32. Petition for Probate of Will, filed December 11, 1930, Clerk of Courts, Fremont County, Wyoming.

33. Van Guelder Okie, unfinished autobiography, p. 20, J. B. Okie biographical file, Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.

34. Day interview.

35. Letter from Kathryn Hammons, March 1, 1972, quoting St. Claire Okie Hayden.

36. Petition for Probate of Will.

37. *Wyoming Derrick* (Casper), January 1, 1891.

38. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

39. *Natrona Tribune* (Casper), July 20, 1893.

40. *Ibid.*, August 1, 1895.

41. *Ibid.*, July 11, 1895.

Moneta, and Shoshoni.⁴² As his wealth expanded through both the sheep business and the mercantile business, Okie gained the respect of the people of Fremont County. They elected him to the state legislature once, and several times as a delegate to state and national political conventions. In Casper, meanwhile, Fred was making a success of the Casper Mercantile, had been elected city clerk, and had bought a fine new house, a handsome stallion, and a "nobby" new buckboard for his talented and well-educated new wife.⁴³ The offspring of Susan and William Okie seemed happily on their way to financial success.

In August of 1895, William Okie died in Washington, D. C. Although he had not supported his family for almost 20 years and had never been close to his sons, the death of William Okie seemed to foreshadow bad luck for both Fred and J. B.⁴⁴

In December, 1897, Fred made the mistake of letting himself be overcome by the Casper Mountain gold fever. Perhaps he was tired of working for his brother who was becoming rich the slow but steady way. Whatever his motives, they were strong enough to allow him to ignore the lessons of experience. Nine years before, the visions of quick millions had first encircled Casper Mountain in a golden mist. Rumors spread, excitement soared, and mining plans blossomed. The sounds of pick and drill were brief, however, and by late 1892 the miners realized that no one was going to become a millionaire mining Casper Mountain. Dreams of quick wealth, always slow to die, created a second surge of interest around 1895. The Casper Mountain Copper Mining Company sold \$10,000 worth of stock in a town that had three years before been totally discouraged. Promises of 20 carloads of ore a day came to nothing. Finally a third surge of interest began in October, 1897. The newspapers reported the strike as "one of the greatest discoveries of gold-bearing rock yet discovered in Central Wyoming or perhaps in the state." Wild dreams took shape in the Klondike and the Tillie Miller claims. Stories of rich assay spread with as much excitement and enthusiasm as they had in 1888 and 1895.⁴⁵

Fred Okie caught the gold fever in December, 1897, claiming a strike adjoining the Klondyke claim. The *Natrona Tribune* reported that Okie "expects to find 'millions in it' before the spring time comes."⁴⁶ By April the assay results showed that Okie's Hat Six claim would give at the most \$4.40 a ton at 100 feet below the

42. *Natrona County Tribune* (Casper), April 24, 1902.

43. *Natrona Tribune*, July 23, 1896; May 7, 1896; May 14, 1896.

44. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, exhibit letter from S. P. Okie to J. B. Okie, April 30, 1898.

45. Alfred James Mokler, *History of Natrona County, Wyoming 1888-1922* (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., 1923), p. 100ff.

46. *Natrona Tribune*, December 2, 1897.

surface. The last mention of Fred Okie's million-dollar claim was that the mill would be put up as soon as possible and development begun.⁴⁷ Three months later, after several other problems had compounded his despair, Fred Okie and his wife packed up and left for New York. The paper merely reported, "He will engage in business of some kind; but at present he is not sure what he will do."⁴⁸

Besides Fred Okie's embarrassment in the mining business, three other difficulties probably contributed to his decision to leave Casper. For some yet undiscovered reason, perhaps because of Fred's departure, the Casper Mercantile closed in July, 1898, the month Fred left, and J. B. Okie had all the merchandise removed to his store in Lost Cabin.⁴⁹ Secondly, in the month that Fred was reading his assay reports, his little daughter caught a severe cold that almost caused her death.⁵⁰ Then late in May of 1898 an epidemic of spinal meningitis struck Casper. A dozen children were infected in one day. Mothers and children evacuated the town immediately until hardly a child was left on the streets. Every family watched fearfully for the appearance of the dreaded fever and purple spots. Once a child was stricken, there was no hope. His muscles would become rigid, his head would draw back, and the poor child would scream in pain. Finally the little patient would become stupid and deaf, and death would come within 48 hours. Mrs. Fred Okie was understandably among those who fled east on the train with their children. The two doctors in Casper in 1898 knew little about the disease, so the only hope came from a group of citizens who claimed the disease was caused by the unsanitary conditions in Casper. The residents began a campaign to clear the streets of garbage and to dismantle the cow corrals and hog pens in the middle of town. In a month all signs of spinal meningitis had disappeared, and the mothers and children began to return.⁵¹ But the frightening experience must have been too much for the young eastern woman because Helena Okie did not bring her child back to Casper. Instead Fred Okie closed the Casper Mercantile and went east.

J. B. Okie and Jeannette remained behind with their growing family and their steadily growing empire. J. B.'s dreams were more practical than his brother's, and his wife was a sturdy western ranch girl who was accustomed to the unpredictable life in the new state of Wyoming. Life, however, was not necessarily any smoother for the J. B. Okies; Jeannette contracted a serious case of

47. *Ibid.*, April 28, 1898.

48. *Ibid.*, July 14, 1898.

49. *Ibid.*

50. *Ibid.*, April 7, 1898.

51. Mokler, *Natrona County*, pp. 183-4.



pleurisy that turned into pneumonia, forcing her to spend the winters in Washington with Okie's mother.⁵² In 1902, four-year-old Paul Okie and a neighbor, Marty Willoughby, came down with diphteria. By the time a doctor could be summoned from Thermopolis, both boys were dead.⁵³ To add to the difficulties, Okie's mother brought suit against him for \$50,000 as a result of business problems.⁵⁴ Once his reputation as a rich man became established, Okie was sued quite often.

Nevertheless, life at Lost Cabin was not always filled with disappointment and tragedy. The Okies were by this time most assuredly rich. Their log cabin, which had grown in the 1890s like a chambered nautilus adding compartments, was finally replaced with an elaborate stone mansion in 1901. The family could afford world travels that few in the area could ever hope for. They filled their mansion with exotic furnishings and trappings imported from all over the world. The children were sent to the finest schools. In March, 1906, J. B. Okie further indulged his taste for luxury and brought the first automobile to central Wyoming.⁵⁵ All in all, in the first decade of the new century, the Okies were doing very well. The Bighorn Sheep Company was prospering, the chain of mercantile stores had a virtual monopoly on business in the area, and Okie owned enough land and water rights to assure his future success.

But once again personal problems began to disrupt their life. Storm clouds arose as early as 1902, although yet impossible to recognize. The *Natrona County Tribune* gave brief mention in September of that year to the event that began the trouble. "The telephone line was completed to Lander on Tuesday of this week and to Lost Cabin on Saturday. The people along the line find it a great convenience and a great saving of time and money to transact their business by telephone."⁵⁶ Within a year Herbert G. Lovett of Los Angeles, arrived in Casper to take over the management of the telephone exchange.⁵⁷ With him came his wife of one year, Clarice. The Lovetts were not just another young couple moving into Casper; Clarice was said to be the most beautiful woman in Wyoming.⁵⁸ She was also vivacious, well-educated, and

52. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 8.

53. V. G. Okie, autobiography, p. 20.

54. *Natrona County Tribune*, October 24, 1901.

55. *Ibid.*, March 22, 1906.

56. *Ibid.*, September 4, 1902.

57. *Ibid.*, November 19, 1903.

58. *Windriver Mountaineer* (Lander), June 26, 1908.

(See photo opposite page)

Wyoming Recreation Commission Photo
J. B. OKIE MANSION AT LOST CABIN

talented.⁵⁹ She joined the Casper Dramatics Club and charmed the community with her portrayals.⁶⁰ Because of her fluency in Spanish, the county asked her to interpret in court for accused Spanish-speaking prisoners. Some people believe that after meeting J. B. Okie and realizing his wealth, she made an effort to attract him. One of her friends in Casper remembers her saying, "If I knew J. B. Okie as well as you, I'd make something of it."⁶¹ She was also supposed to have made a determined effort to learn French just to impress him.⁶² Whatever the case may have been Okie did not seem to need much convincing.⁶³ Jeannette had been an ideal pioneering wife for the early days in Lost Cabin; but throughout Okie's days of empire-building, he had become a sophisticated, well-educated world traveler. Jeannette, who had lost her girlish beauty and grown heavy after bearing children, did not share his intellectual curiosity or love of books.⁶⁴ The situation was undoubtedly tense from those days when Okie first heard the appealing voice of a new telephone operator until 1907 when his divorce from Jeannette was granted.⁶⁵

Some people who knew Okie believe that his usual clever manipulation of life was especially apparent in the divorce proceedings. With his wealth, he was able to make a straight cash settlement with Jeannette for \$50,000.⁶⁶ Many believe he accomplished this by hiring Dr. H. O. Cox of Lost Cabin to lure his wife away, after which Okie was able to file a counter divorce suit and thereby arrange the settlement.⁶⁷ On June 26, 1908, Clarice finally secured a divorce from Lovett on the grounds of desertion, and the same night she married her millionaire. The papers noted casually that Okie's love for Mrs. Lovett had been known for sometime.⁶⁸

J. B. Okie, with Clarice, began more than ever to enjoy his wealth. Exactly five months after their marriage they left for a

59. Mrs. Alta Barnes, personal interview in Casper, Wyoming, June, 1971.

60. *Natrona County Tribune*, January 25, 1906.

61. Anonymous interview.

62. Baima interview.

63. Mrs. Don Robson, personal interview in Lysite, Wyoming, July, 1971.

64. Baima interview, Robson interview; S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, exhibit 124, letter from S. P. Okie to J. B. Okie, undated.

65. Barnes interview.

66. Bighorn Sheep Company minutes book, October 5, 1908, J. B. Okie Collection, Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.

67. Mary Helen Hendry, personal interview in Laramie, Wyoming, May, 1971; Henry Jensen, personal interview in Lysite, Wyoming, July, 1971; Macfarlane interview; anonymous interview; Robson interview.

68. "Divorced and Remarried on the Same Day," *Windriver Mountainer*, June 26, 1908.

six-month around-the-world tour, during which they visited Arabia, India, Japan, and Hawaii. On this tour they also spent several months in the interior of China away from the usual tourist haunts.⁶⁹ After their return, they were no longer content to remain in Lost Cabin all year. They bought a house in Denver and one in Pasadena. Having added an elegant aviary to the house in Lost Cabin, they bought a large collection of exotic birds and housed them in the beautiful, domed chambers of the aviary. They also built several little California-style bungalows in Lost Cabin to accommodate their guests. On winter evenings Clarice and J. B. would sit by the fire in their library, reading French novels aloud.⁷⁰

Despite several periods of bad luck, Okie's sheep and mercantile businesses continued to thrive in the second decade of the century. His son, Howard, took over the management of the stores, after finishing school at Culver Military Academy. When a serious drought hit central Wyoming in 1919, Okie decided to ship his bands of sheep to Mexico for better grazing. Still a man of opportunity, while down there he bought the Piggly Wiggly Store franchise for Mexico and opened six stores. Business was going well.

While he was away, a flu epidemic hit Wyoming, and among the many who died that winter was his son, Howard.⁷¹ That was not the last of his personal misfortunes. On October 21, 1921, he divorced Clarice.⁷² The split, probably a result of Okie's intense pride and Clarice's beauty, came about after one of their many parties in Lost Cabin. Clarice had given her attentions to a younger man,⁷³ and that ended the marriage. The divorce came as a shock to the community because every one believed that the two were very much in love.⁷⁴ Sometime afterwards, Okie received a letter from Clarice in which she said they had both been foolish and should try to start again. Okie's pride would not let him.⁷⁵

Alone, Okie began the last decade of his life. Much of his time he spent traveling between Mexico, Lost Cabin, and his other homes. Okie, however, was not one to remain alone. On one of his many trips to Mexico City, he met and later married the daughter of a former president of Mexico. They had two children,

69. *The Windriver Mountaineer*, November 26, 1908.

70. Baima interview.

71. Jensen interview.

72. J. B. Okie v. Clarice V. Okie, Civil case number 3009, September 8, 1921, Clerk of Courts, Fremont County, Wyoming.

73. Macfarlane interview; Baima interview; Robson interview; Day interview.

74. Hammons, "Pioneer Sheepman," p. 11.

75. Robson interview.

Juan, born in 1924, and Maria, born in 1926.⁷⁶ This caused a conflict with the children of his first marriage at the time of his death because of the inheritance. There was some question as to whether he had ever really married the Mexican woman. Okie once told a friend that they had gone through the church ceremony but not the civil ceremony; Mexico required both.⁷⁷ Okie had provided for the two children, however, by legally adopting them.⁷⁸

He never completely deserted Lost Cabin despite his other elegant residences near more exciting urban centers. Because his roots were there at the foot of the Owl Creek Mountains, he preferred to spend the major part of the year there with his old friends.⁷⁹ No one who knew him would admit that Okie was depressed in his last years. Even though he had taken to drinking more, he had no serious financial worries, and he still seemed to enjoy life in Lost Cabin. He was able to survive the immediate results of the stock market crash better than most.⁸⁰

In November of 1930, Okie was at Lost Cabin taking care of business and enjoying the fall duck hunting season. On Wednesday afternoon, November sixth, he and his general manager, R. P. Pruitt decided to go out to the reservoir to shoot some ducks. Pruitt agreed to go around to the opposite side of the reservoir and drive the ducks across to where Okie would be lying in wait. After completing the beating of the ducks and hearing no gunshots from across the water, Pruitt became puzzled. He retraced his steps to where he had left his companion, but Okie was nowhere around. Becoming alarmed, Pruitt scanned the surface of the water and discovered Okie's pith helmet floating some distance from shore. Immediately he headed back to Lost Cabin where a search party was organized, and Deputy Sheriff Jim Thompson of Shoshoni was called in. The group worked for two days dragging and finally draining the reservoir, until on November 8, they found his body.

76. Petition for Probate of Will.

77. Robson interview.

78. Last Will and Testament of J. B. Okie, Clerk of Courts, Fremont County, Wyoming.

79. "J. B. Okie Drowns in Reservoir at Ranch," *Casper Daily Tribune*, November 7, 1930.

80. Day interview. The only proof that Okie had financial difficulties in 1930 is a petition filed during the ten-year court battle over the will. The petition filed November 4, 1939, states, "That John Brognard Okie at the time of his death held the controlling interest in said Bighorn Sheep Company. That at said time the affairs of the said company were in very bad condition, that it had only a few sheep, the equipment was run-down and out of repair. That the company also had large and pressing debts." Three months later Okie's children decided to drop the whole case and come to a friendly agreement. This single statement about his financial affairs at the time of his death was, therefore, never proved. It cannot be accepted unquestionably as fact because the petitioners stood to gain much if such a statement were proved true.

Okie, who was unable to swim, had probably slipped down the steep, muddy bank and been pulled under by his heavy, water-soaked clothing. The reservoir at that spot was 30 or 40 feet deep and the bank about ten feet high. He would have had no chance to save himself.⁸¹

Many people still believe that J. B. Okie committed suicide. Those who knew him, however, are sure it was an accidental death.⁸² Some of his friends knew that he kept a tiny glass vial of poison with him at all times, to use if he ever reached the point where he could no longer care for himself. The untouched vial was on his body when he was brought from the reservoir. An inquest was held and the investigating officer reported:

I have made as complete an investigation of Okie's circumstances and recent activities as possible at this time, and can say definitely that any question of suicide may be eliminated. All of his business was in the best of order, all details of his everyday life were in the best of order, and in view of all circumstances it seems clearly a case of accidental drowning. I have learned he was unable to swim. At the place where he was last seen the bank breaks right off and is sheer to the water. It would have been quite easy for him to have accidentally fallen from this bank and then to have been unable to save himself in the water.⁸³

J. B. Okie was buried in the yard of his mansion beside his sons, Paul and Howard, and the grave was marked by a small stone slab with the simple inscription, "J. B. Okie 1864-1930."

SHEEPMAN

J. B. Okie died a rich man. His initial success had been in the sheep business, even though his fortune was amassed from several sources. A man with such initiative would probably have been successful in any business, but J. B. Okie had luck on his side, too, when he chose to become a sheepman. His timing was perfect. Many men made quick fortunes in the sheep business between 1880 and 1920, but the big fortunes were made by those who started between 1880 and 1895.⁸⁴ J. B. Okie was among them.

William Tweed, an Englishman in search of gold, brought the first sheep to central Wyoming in 1870. Tweed made a little different discovery than he had expected, but it was every bit as lucrative. He found that sheep did well in the area and required little care except for disease control and protection from predators.

81. *Casper Daily Tribune*, November 7, 1930.

82. Day interview, Macfarlane interview; Jensen interview; anonymous interview.

83. *Casper Daily Tribune*, November 7, 1930.

84. George W. Ogden, "Bringing in the Fleece," *Everybody's Magazine*, September, 1910, pp. 345-356.

In his winter camp on Red Canyon Creek, a tributary of the Little Popo Agie River, Tweed also found that sheep wintered well in this part of Wyoming.⁸⁵

The first large operator in the area was W. P. Noble who had 9000 sheep near the Shoshoni Indian Agency in 1882.⁸⁶ That same year 17-year-old J. B. Okie was working on the range for Capt. R. A. Torrey at \$25 a month. That fall he, too, got started in the sheep business. With the \$4500 his mother had loaned him, he bought 1000 ewes from a man named Havens on the Sweetwater River and 16 thoroughbred bucks from W. D. Currier at Lookout, Wyoming.⁸⁷ Okie's start that year made him one of the very early sheepmen in central Wyoming. He had a long way to go, however, to prove he was one of the successful ones.

Profits in sheep ranching were good, and by 1884 the tax rolls listed 23 sheepmen in Fremont County.⁸⁸ During the range industry boom period from 1877 to 1887, the sheep proved to be more profitable than cattle, as investments began to double and quadruple. James S. Brisbin wrote in 1880 that an investment of \$5000 in sheep raising could be made to pay 35 percent the first year, 47 percent the second year, and 60 percent the third year.⁸⁹ Even with the various depressions that occurred during Okie's years as a sheep rancher, the sheep business continued to be a good investment. Debts were easily paid off by wise managers.⁹⁰ In fact, as Edward Norris Wentworth analyzed the situation, "There seemed to be only four basic causes of loss in the industry: 1. natural causes—storms, drouths, disease, and predators; 2. lack of knowledge of practical sheep management; 3. speculation; and 4. dishonesty."⁹¹

By 1889 the number of sheepmen on the Fremont County tax rolls had risen to 30 from the 1888 figure of 23. The number of sheep, however, had doubled.⁹² Meanwhile, the cattlemen of central Wyoming were not doing as well. They had suffered tremendous losses in the winter of 1886-1887 and had never quite recovered. The cattlemen watched their prices plummet⁹³ and the

85. Edward Norris Wentworth, *America's Sheep Trails* (Ames, Iowa: Iowa State College Press, 1948), p. 319.

86. *Ibid.*, p. 621.

87. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

88. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 320.

89. James S. Brisbin, *The Beef Bonanza* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company, 1881), pp. 35-70 & 93-139, quoted in Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 445.

90. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 446.

91. *Ibid.*, p. 447.

92. *Ibid.*, p. 320.

93. Larson, *History of Wyoming*, (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1965), p. 192.

price per head of sheep rise steadily.⁹⁴ They also watched the lands they had once controlled exclusively become overrun by sheep. When the railroad finally came to Casper in 1888, sheep ranching spread even faster because of easier transportation of wool.⁹⁵ The result was a bitter conflict over grazing rights on the public domain.

The cattle-sheep wars which grew out of the conflict were basically a confrontation of theory and custom. Theoretically the range was open to everyone, but by custom, stockmen respected the prior right of established operations.⁹⁶ When sheepmen arrived, it worked to their advantage to support the public domain theory. The cattlemen responded with violence. Bands of masked men would raid sheep camps at night, burning the wagons, killing thousands of sheep and often the sheep herder, too. The cattlemen set up "deadlines" on the range and forbade any sheep to cross over them to graze. Any herder who accidentally or purposefully crossed a deadline was in danger of losing his sheep and his life. As the sheep increased and demand for grazing lands increased, the conflict became even more violent. The situation became doubly complicated when many cattlemen, realizing the profits in sheep, began to graze both.⁹⁷ The cattle-sheep wars continued for years with the destruction of thousands of sheep, quite a number of murders, and very few court convictions. The last sheep camp raid in Wyoming occurred in 1912 near Dubois. The men were positively identified and brought to trial but found not guilty.⁹⁸

Okie was running sheep throughout the early sheep boom and the cattle-sheep wars. His first band of 1016 sheep, purchased in December, 1882, wintered on Beaver Creek. Okie, knowing very little about herding sheep, kept them too long in each camp and herded them along the creek when they should have been out on the hills. Thin, scabby, and affected by the cold, the sheep proved hard to herd. Finally in February, 1883, a terrible snow storm hit and sent temperatures down to a record 57 degrees below zero for three days. Okie came out of it with 556 sheep remaining. All his bucks were dead and the ewes in such bad condition that many of them did not come in heat the following fall. Okie's ignorance of proper lambing techniques caused him to lose many of his spring lambs.⁹⁹

94. Henry G. Trautwein III, "History of the Wyoming Wool Growers Association 1905-1915," (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of Wyoming, 1964), p. 97.

95. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 522.

96. *Ibid.*

97. Larson, *History of Wyoming*, p. 369.

98. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 543.

99. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

Because his sheep were in such poor condition in 1883, Okie decided to put them in with A. D. Bright's bands and go to work for Bright as a herder at \$40 a month. The \$40 did not even cover the expenses, however, so Okie came out of the deal six months later with no money but with more sheep sense. Before he left Bright, he managed to scrape together \$300 to buy 150 ewe lambs. The money came from the sale of a little Negro shanty he had owned in an alley in Washington, D. C. Having saved his money as a boy, he had built this shanty with it and charged a family \$5 a month rent. Its sale meant he could increase his band of sheep from 718 to 868.¹⁰⁰

That winter of 1883-1884, when his brother, Howard, was with him, marked the beginning of a period of expansion for Okie. His added experience enabled him to care for his sheep better and realize better profits. After four years of fighting to keep his flocks alive and healthy, Okie must have been more rudely awakened than pleased when he received the contract on his twenty-first birthday from his mother, giving him half interest in the sheep. The contract stipulated that when Susan Okie died, J. B. Okie was to keep her half in trust for his brothers, Fred and Howard. Most importantly, however, the contract cancelled his debt of \$4500 but required that he pay her in cash half of each year's wool money. He was to receive no salary for his work until 1888; after that he would be paid \$75 a month.¹⁰¹

With his future thus laid out, Okie began the second phase of his sheep ranching career. By 1886 his sheep numbered \$2200.¹⁰² Then the winter of 1886-1887 struck central Wyoming with its repeated blizzards, heavy snowfalls, and blood-chilling rains.¹⁰³ In that one winter Okie lost three-fourths of his sheep, having only 500 head when spring finally arrived.¹⁰⁴ He had fewer sheep than when he had first started in 1882.

Okie's quick recovery from this loss proved the rapid success possible in the sheep business in the 1880s. His timing was, then, definitely a part of his good fortune. Starting out again in 1887 with 500 head, he was able to increase his band to 5000 by the spring of 1889.¹⁰⁵ The *Wyoming Derrick* began to refer to him as "the sheep king,"¹⁰⁶ and reported that he had sheared 12,000 sheep in the spring of 1891.¹⁰⁷ During this period and up to 1893, Susan Okie loaned her son money whenever he needed it for the

100. *Ibid.*

101. *Ibid.*

102. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 1.

103. Larson, *History of Wyoming*, p. 191.

104. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, p. 3.

105. *Casper Weekly Mail*, April 5, 1889.

106. *Wyoming Derrick*, January 1, 1891.

107. *Ibid.*, May 7, 1891.

business, the total amount eventually reaching \$23,355. Okie paid it all back to her, however, besides continuing to send her cash dividends from the wool sales every year.¹⁰⁸

As a sign of his success and respect in the community, J. B. Okie was elected the first president of the Bighorn Mountain Woolgrowers Association in 1891.¹⁰⁹ At the second annual meeting in 1892, the members again offered him the office of president, but he declined. J. D. Woodruff was chosen to replace him.¹¹⁰

Okie, his brother Fred, and John S. Day organized the Bighorn Sheep Company on October 1, 1893. The company issued half of its stock to Susan Okie and the other half to J. B. Okie, except for the single shares issued to other members of the company.¹¹¹ Okie had great plans for his company when he started it. That year a large number of inexperienced men were going into the sheep business. Okie foresaw that many of them would fail, thereby flooding the market with sheep. He wanted to be in a position to buy when these failures depressed the price of sheep.¹¹²

Although the Bighorn Sheep Company did well in the next few years after 1893, one weighty responsibility kept it from doing extremely well—Susan Okie wanted her yearly cash dividends. Her own real estate business in Washington took a downward turn which put pressure on her for mortgage payments. She in turn pressured her son constantly for her money. She forbade him to make any improvements on the ranch at Lost Cabin for fear they would endanger her dividend payments. She had even badgered him into paying her the \$4500 debt she had supposedly cancelled in 1885. To keep up her dividend payments each year, Okie was forced to sell more sheep than he could really afford to sell. When Fred wanted to go into the sheep business, Susan Okie promised to give him a band of sheep to start out with. But then she tried to force J. B. to give Fred half of those promised sheep out of his own portion. Okie explained to her that he had a wife and small children to support and that she could give Fred her own sheep if she wanted. The last straw for Okie was when his mother refused to let him buy land to gain badly-needed water rights.¹¹³

Up to 1898 Okie had made several attempts to buy his mother's shares in the Bighorn Sheep Company. Finally in June, 1898, she reluctantly agreed to sell her half interest in the company for \$30,000. Okie immediately was free to enlarge the business, buy his water holes, improve the ranch, and generally put the Bighorn

108. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

109. "Woolgrowers Organize," *Wyoming Derrick*, April 9, 1891.

110. *Natrona Tribune*, April 18, 1892.

111. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, testimony of J. B. Okie.

112. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, exhibit letter from J. B. Okie to S. P. Okie, February 21, 1893.

113. *Ibid.*, testimony of J. B. Okie.

Sheep Company back into shape. In the next few years the company made more money than ever before. Okie's new stable alone sometimes brought in \$1000 a month. Troubles, however, were not yet over.¹¹⁴ Susan Okie realized that the stock she had sold for \$30,000 was now worth \$250,000. She desided to sue her son for the return of her interest in the company on the grounds that he had taken advantage of her ignorance of the sheep business, and forced her to sell just before the period of greatest prosperity. She filed suit in United States District Court in October, 1901.¹¹⁵

When Okie received word of the suit, he made a hurried trip east to Washington, perhaps in an attempt to settle the problem out of court.¹¹⁶ The confrontation between mother and son, both financial opportunists, must have been stormy. Susan Okie was long remembered for her impatience, stubbornness, and love of controversy. She would never admit defeat.¹¹⁷ Her stubbornness and J. B. Okie's self-confidence and pride could only result in a stalemate. When Okie returned to Lost Cabin a week later, nothing had been settled. He immediately consulted a Cheyenne attorney and braced himself for a family battle set to begin in January, 1902.

The trial must have been bitter. Personal letters from years before were read aloud in court and often revealed more than just sheep business. Testimony was long and emotional. Okie's brothers and sisters were brought in to testify against him, but all to no avail. At the end of the hearings, the judge ruled that J. B. Okie had not pressured Susan Okie into selling against her will, that she was far from being ignorant of business matters, and that Okie had paid her a fair price for her shares.¹¹⁸ Twenty years after accepting his mother's loan for \$4500, Okie was finally free of obligation to her and could honestly say he had repaid her in full.

That year, 1902, the Bighorn Sheep Company continued to do well. Okie sold \$27,000 worth of wool clippings in July and in September was ready to ship a whole trainload of sheep to eastern markets.¹¹⁹ In this period of prosperity, Okie faced another law suit, this time for \$100,000. The suit was the result of an outbreak of violence among Okie's herders in which a man was shot to death and another badly wounded.

The incident began when Van Ferris and Fritz Kasshan had a disagreement over wages with E. S. Murphy. Murphy was herding

114. *Ibid.*

115. "Suit for \$50,000," *Natrona County Tribune*, October 24, 1901.

116. *Ibid.*, November 7, 1901.

117. V. G. Okie, story of J. B. Okie, pp. 8-9.

118. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, Judge's Memorandum.

119. *Natrona County Tribune*, July 10, 1902, and September 9, 1902.

sheep for Okie on shares at the time. Okie testified at the trial that on the morning of June 14, 1902, Ferris and Kasshan had threatened to kill Murphy and burn his property. Okie had tried to make some wage settlement with them and keep them from going to Murphy's camp. Unable to hold the two men back, he sent a warning to Murphy of their threats.¹²⁰ To prevent the destruction of Murphy's property, Okie organized a posse of eight men with himself as foreman.¹²¹ In the posse were Murphy and a man named Colonel Barrie, a South African with a reputation for eccentricity.¹²² The posse rode toward Murphy's camp on the head of Badwater in hopes of stopping Ferris and Kasshan from burning the camp down. After dismounting, the men started toward the sheep wagon when suddenly a shot was fired at them from the wagon. In immediate response the five men fired into the wagon all at once, killing Kasshan and shooting off Ferris' arm.¹²³

Murphy was accused of the murder and brought to trial in Casper. Barrie's presence in the posse and his bad reputation made the whole affair look worse than it otherwise might have.¹²⁴ The case came to court three times in the next two years. Twice the result was a hung jury.¹²⁵ The third time Ferris and Kasshan's brother sued Okie for \$100,000 damages. Since Okie was the only member of the posse with any property or money, the two filed their complaints against him.¹²⁶ The judge dismissed the case, however, in October, 1903, for lack of county funds, lack of any more eligible jurors, and because it had already been tried twice in Natrona County.¹²⁷ Rumors circulated that the prosecuting attorney shortly afterwards had a new band of sheep, but if Okie may have been responsible for that, no one would have blamed him.¹²⁸

The Kasshan murder appears to have been one of the few incidents of violence in Okie's sheep ranching career. He was able to avoid the violent confrontations of the cattle-sheep wars. Perhaps because Okie had come to central Wyoming so early, cattle-men recognized his prior rights to grazing lands. Perhaps, too, they respected and feared his wealth and influence. Thirdly, Okie

120. *Ibid.*, December 11, 1902.

121. V. G. Okie, autobiography, p. 19; *Natrona County Tribune*, July 30, 1903.

122. V. G. Okie, autobiography, p. 19.

123. "Will Ask \$100,000 Damages," *Natrona County Tribune*, August 6, 1903.

124. V. G. Okie, autobiography, p. 19.

125. Mokler, *Natrona County*, p. 292.

126. *Natrona County Tribune*, August 6, 1903.

127. *Ibid.*, October 8, 1903.

128. Anonymous interview.

held water rights on a tremendous amount of grazing land which would automatically discourage intruders. Perhaps more than anything, Okie's realistic attitude and ability to avoid emotionalism helped him stay out of trouble. He once advised a friend never to let his personal opinions interfere with his business.¹²⁹ Following his own advice, Okie was smart enough to observe the "deadlines" and was respected enough by others to be left alone.

Okie had his share of problems in the sheep business, but he made more than his share of innovations. He began operating the first steam sheep-shearing plant in the United States in 1894. Casper had three large sheep shearing plants each employing about 40 men,¹³⁰ one of which was probably Okie's steam shearing plant. Machine shearing, however, never became widespread in Wyoming or Montana. A. A. Evans, president of the Sheep Shearer's Union of North America, estimated in 1939 that 90 percent of Wyoming's sheep were still hand-sheared while 90 percent of sheep elsewhere were machine-sheared.¹³¹ Obviously, Okie's modern techniques did not find an eager following in Wyoming.

That same year, 1894, Okie tried another innovation that his fellow sheep ranchers showed no enthusiasm for. On March 15 he wrote to the *Natrona Tribune* from Washington, D. C., telling of a syndicate that wished to build a \$10,000 wool-scouring plant in Casper. He added that he had the authority to sign for the syndicate and make any minor changes the town wanted. The Casper people had to decide within five days whether they wanted the plant.¹³² Nothing more was ever mentioned about the scouring plant, which seemed to indicate that it was never built. The plant would have saved the Wyoming sheepmen money by scouring their wool locally before shipping it east. As it was, they were paying to ship the extra weight of dirty fleeces.¹³³ But again Wyoming wool growers were not yet interested in the advances being made in other areas of the country. Thirteen years later at the Wyoming Wool Growers' third annual convention, Okie's old pleas were justified. In an attempt to help their members learn better ways of preparing their fleece for market, the wool growers arranged for Professor George E. Martin to speak on the problems and benefits of wool scouring.¹³⁴

Okie continued his attempts to control more of the operational steps between range and factory. Besides setting up his own machine shearing plant and trying to set up a local scouring plant,

129. Jensen interview.

130. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 424.

131. *Ibid.*

132. *Natrona Tribune*, March 15, 1894.

133. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 435.

134. Trautwein, "Wyoming Wool Growers," p. 78.

he purchased his own feeding pens in Nebraska.¹³⁵ Sheep feeding companies operated in many areas of Nebraska for the convenience of western wool growers. Rather than grow fattening feeds for their sheep, most sheepmen unloaded their stock on the great plains to graze before being shipped to market.¹³⁶ Okie, however, preferred to own and operate his own feeding pens, probably located in Pilger, Nebraska.¹³⁷ He also fed his sheep as far east as Rochelle, Illinois, to assure high prices in Chicago.¹³⁸ As an additional price boost, Okie built large wool warehouses in Lost Cabin and Lysite so that after shearing in the spring, he could store the wool for advantageous shipping at the best market time.¹³⁹

Okie hired Basque sheep breeders to run his flocks, which was wise management because they were known to be the most successful herders.¹⁴⁰ Basques were in great demand but almost impossible to find because they preferred to work for flockmasters of their own nationality.¹⁴¹ But J. B. Okie traveled, and could bring his Basques directly from northern Spain. He also spoke several languages, being, therefore, about the only person with whom his herders could converse. After a year of wages, Okie would give his herders an interest in the flocks they followed. Under this system of incentive, they proved to be industrious, temperate, and faithful.¹⁴²

Okie became interested in the Australian method of shearing, sorting, and preparing wool for market. This method inspired widespread interest among wool growers for several years and for good reason. In 1913 the tariff on foreign wool having again been revoked,¹⁴³ western sheepmen were in competition with the efficient Australian ranchers who had to comply with rigid regulation for wool preparation, set up by their country. They had to carefully skirt, sort, and grade all wool before it could be sent abroad. The American sheepman was immediately at a loss. He could either accept lower prices for his inferior wool or try to set up a system to produce wool of equal quality.¹⁴⁴ Okie chose to build Australian shearing sheds and attempted to compete.¹⁴⁵

Wyoming was the first state to build the Australian shearing

135. *Natrona Tribune*, January 20, 1898.

136. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 346.

137. *Natrona Tribune*, April 29, 1897, and December 31, 1896.

138. *Ibid.*, December 8, 1898.

139. Hendry, "Big Tepee."

140. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 404.

141. *Ibid.*, p. 270.

142. William E. Curtis, "Chicago Man Guides Huge Power Project," August 6, 1909, unidentified newspaper article, Fremont County file F-88, Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.

143. Larson, *History of Wyoming*, p. 372.

144. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 575.

145. Jensen interview.

sheds. Sheepman James Cosgriff brought an Australian wool expert, W. F. Rich, over to the United States to lecture on the Australian method. Wyoming ranchers accepted his suggestions enthusiastically.¹⁴⁶ The first sheds were built on the Six-Mile Ranch south of Bitter Creek Station near Moneta.¹⁴⁷ The technique was shortlived, however, because the wool buyers would neither recognize nor reward individual efforts to improve the quality of American wool.¹⁴⁸ Prices for the finely prepared wool were about the same as those paid for wool prepared in the old haphazard fashion. By 1916 use of the Australian method began to decline rapidly because sheepmen could not afford to put the extra time and money into preparation of the wool, when the price they received was the same as before.¹⁴⁹ How long Okie persisted in using the technique is uncertain. But one of his Australian shearing sheds still stands at Moneta as a reminder of the many innovations Okie tried to improve his wool-growing techniques.

Despite his usually successful management and his efforts to modernize his sheep business, J. B. Okie did make some serious mistakes. The most serious one practically wiped out his sheep business. In 1919, topping off a decade of blizzards and tariff problems, a severe drought hit Wyoming. Rather than watch his sheep die on the range with the others, Okie decided to ship 30,000 head across the Rio Grande River to graze in Mexico.¹⁵⁰ In theory the plan appeared sound; but in practice it created only problems. The expenses of shipping were bad enough, but misfortune did not stop there. The forage in Mexico was not as good as expected which caused the loss of many sheep.¹⁵¹ The Mexican sheepherders could not match their Basque counterparts in the United States; thefts were common. Okie later told a friend that he had been forced to hire men just to watch the thieving sheepherders, and then hire men to watch the men watching the sheepherders.¹⁵² He finally sold his remaining flocks and more than likely at a loss because of the Mexican market. The combination of shipping costs, poor grazing, thieving sheepherders, and a forced sale practically broke Okie.

Although despondent about losing his sheep, Okie's enterprising

146. State Board of Sheep Commissioners, "Sixteenth Annual Report of the Board of Sheep Commissioners of the State of Wyoming" (Cheyenne: S. A. Bristol Co., November 30, 1914), p. 21.

147. 147. Gerald Melvin Burke, "Some Economic Aspects of Wool Marketing in Carbon, Natrona and Sweetwater Counties, Wyoming" (unpublished Masters thesis, University of Wyoming, 1958), p. 10.

148. Wentworth, *Sheep Trails*, p. 575.

149. Burke, "Economic Aspects," p. 10.

150. Van Guelder Okie, rough outline for his unfinished autobiography, p. 15; in the possession of this author.

151. Jensen interview.

152. Day interview.

spirit remained intact. He utilized his mercantile talents south of the border, eventually turning his Mexican fiasco into a profitable venture through his Piggly Wiggly Stores.

MERCHANT

Okie made a large part of his fortune in the mercantile business. Here again his success was influenced by his timing. He established stores where people needed them and there were none. His real success, however, came from his management insight.

J. B. Okie first entered the mercantile business in 1893 with his brother Fred and his ranch foreman, John S. Day, when he bought out the Smith Mercantile Company in Casper.¹⁵³ If this first attempt had been interpreted as an omen, the outlook for the future would have been bad. As it was, Okie's purchase of the Casper Mercantile was merely a rough start. In July, 1893, the *Natrona Tribune* noted the purchase. Immediately Okie became involved in an 18-month-long legal suit questioning his right to buy the company and accusing him of fraud in the purchase.¹⁵⁴

Before the sale took place, Okie owned 33 shares of stock in the Smith Mercantile Company. He appears to have paid \$6800 to the company as purchase price for the store. The problem arose when the creditors against the company discovered the company was insolvent at the time of the sale. They immediately sued Okie for payment. The court, deciding in Okie's favor, concluded that the transaction was not a transfer in trust or creditors, but a bona fide sale. The question of fraud had arisen because there was a slight difference between the value of the property sold and the price paid. On this matter, the court decided that unsettled conditions between Okie and Smith Mercantile made the difference understandable. If any fraud was perpetrated, and the court agreed that there appeared to be one, it was in the misrepresentations of the concern's assets by the president of the company. Okie emerged blameless.¹⁵⁵

The court would have been very interested in a letter that Okie wrote to his mother five months before he supposedly bought the Smith Mercantile Company. He wrote that he expected to be in possession of \$80,000 in 12 percent notes and \$50,000 cash by September 1, 1893. "I will also have my ranch and the controlling interest in the Smith Mercantile Company," he continued. The notes, he expected to transfer to Smith's, where all the debtors had to buy their supplies. The debtors would be compelled to borrow from the bank of L. Smith and Company to cover expenses, but

153. *Natrona Tribune*, July 20, 1893.

154. *Ibid.*, November 8, 1894.

155. *Ibid.*

Okie admitted that he secretly owned controlling interest there, too. He wrote that no one, not even his brother Fred, knew of his connection with the store or the bank and therefore any of their acts would not lessen his popularity. He said that he planned to wait until a panic or some other cause depressed the price of sheep, and then he planned to instruct Smith's to stop loaning money and to foreclose all mortgages. "If these plans succeed," he wrote, "I will make \$500,000 in the next three years." He instructed his mother to tell no one of the letter and especially to keep secret his ownership of the store. He had cleverly arranged the bylaws of the company so that he had absolute control and could discharge every officer of the company in ten days.¹⁵⁶ Two weeks before he announced publicly that he was "buying" Smith Mercantile, Okie wrote to his mother that gazing upon a bankrupt world has taken away any sensitiveness he might have had in the past.¹⁵⁷ He was then 28 years old.

When the Smith Mercantile case was finally dismissed, Okie proceeded to make the newly organized Casper Mercantile Company into what was reported to be one of the most successful stores in central Wyoming.¹⁵⁸ Fred Okie, who was employed as secretary and manager of the company, did much to bring the store into prominence. He began by running full-page ads in the *Natrona Tribune* and inventing contests to promote his goods. For example, in April, 1896, he devised a double contest to promote Snow White flour. Two prizes were to be awarded, one to the person who baked the best yeast bread with Snow White flour, and one to the school child who sold the most Snow White flour.¹⁵⁹ Fred Okie also pushed his products by taking them on the road himself. He traveled the Union Pacific line across southern Wyoming distributing Black Leaf sheep dip in each of the important towns.¹⁶⁰ Fred's own character worked also to make the store a success. The newspaper referred to him as genial, efficient, enterprising, progressive, and a true gentlemen.¹⁶¹

The success of the Casper Mercantile must have inspired J. B. Okie to broader visions. As the number of settlers around Lost Cabin increased and the 85-mile trip to Casper for supplies became more tiresome, Okie saw the opportunity to help the community and increase his fortune. Around 1895 he built in Lost Cabin the

156. S. P. Okie v. J. B. Okie, exhibit letter from J. B. Okie to S. P. Okie, February 21, 1893.

157. *Ibid.*, exhibit letter from J. B. Okie to S. P. Okie, July 9, 1893.

158. *Natrona Tribune*, July 7, 1895.

159. *Ibid.*, April 16, 1896.

160. *Ibid.*, March 5, 1896.

161. *Ibid.*, January 28, 1897; February 13, 1896; January 3, 1895; July 11, 1895; February 1, 1894.

first of his Bighorn Sheep Company Stores.¹⁶² It became the commercial center for miles around. Okie must have commented at some time that his income from these stores was as good as finding the Lost Cabin gold mine, because a story grew up that he had named the town in this way. One day someone supposedly asked him what he was going to call his town. For a moment Okie watched the men streaming in and out of the saloon across the street; then he was supposed to have said, "Well, boys, she's a gold mine. We'll just call her Lost Cabin."¹⁶³ The story's accuracy may be questioned but its implications were true. Okie's business did boom in Lost Cabin. The *Natrona Tribune* reported that the business done by J. B. Okie's store would have been a credit to any of Casper's business houses.¹⁶⁴

Meanwhile, Fred Okie in Casper had become enthralled with visions of real gold mines and subsequently the Casper Mercantile had closed. Okie transferred the inventory to his store at Lost Cabin. There he could be sure of selling it, either to white settlers or to the numerous Indians who came through Lost Cabin.¹⁶⁵ All the merchandise had to be brought to Lost Cabin by freight team, and for this job, he hired Frank Webb's freight teams from Casper. They could haul as much as 75,000 pounds of supplies using four freight teams of 16 to 18 horses each.¹⁶⁶ By 1909 the newspapers reported that Okie was doing a business of \$175,000 or \$200,000 a year just at the Lost Cabin Store.¹⁶⁷ Following the enormous success of the first Bighorn Sheep Company Store, Okie opened five others in the area. He eventually owned stores in Moneta, Arminto, Lysite, Shoshoni, and even as far north as Kaycee.¹⁶⁸

More than just good timing contributed to Okie's success as a merchant. Although he built stores when and where they were really needed, his management techniques also added to his good fortune. He knew how to please people.

The men who worked for Okie found him to be an understanding employer. One of his employees recalled that Okie never became exasperated or perplexed, excited or impatient, and he always looked after the needs of his employees. He built modern apartments and houses for them. His mansion was always open to

162. Van Gelder Okie, a rough outline of his unfinished autobiography, p. 3.

163. R. Lewis, "Lost Cabin Mine," p. 6; Hugh Day tells a slight variation of the same story. Lost Cabin had its name long before Okie's businesses were established, however, because the *Fremont Clipper* mentions the name as early as September 17, 1887, eight years before the store was built.

164. *Natrona Tribune*, February 2, 1901.

165. *Ibid.*, April 11, 1901.

166. *Natrona County Tribune*, August 22, 1901.

167. Curtis, "Power Project." The figures quoted by Curtis seem highly questionable but cannot be verified one way or the other.

168. *Natrona County Tribune*, April 24, 1902.

everyone, and employees were welcomed to parties there as they would have been to a community hall.¹⁶⁹ He brought in all kinds of amusements for them: free moving pictures, a roller skating rink, two dance pavilions, and a golf course. At least twice he paid all the expenses of sending an employee to the Mayo Clinic for treatment of medical problems. Often Okie's patience was tried by blundering greenhorns, but he proved himself a man of self control. Once while he was in Europe, two new employees decided to stock up on shoes. Being fresh from New York and not realizing the needs of a small community like Lost Cabin, they ordered \$4000 worth of ladies' dress shoes. When Okie returned and found hundreds and hundreds of ladies' shoes, his only comment to the men was, "Do you think we have enough shoes now?"¹⁷⁰

Okie knew how to please his customers as well as his employees. He stocked a supply of goods that must have amazed the isolated ranchers of central Wyoming. The balcony of the store was reserved for ladies' ready-to-wear. Here, ranch wives who might not have seen another woman for six months, could come together to dream over the ultimate in feminine fashion, ready-made dresses from Kansas City. Sometimes Okie, being the world traveler he was, would even order finery from Paris to delight the women of Lost Cabin. At his store they could buy curling irons, pompadour combs, ruffle crimpers, silver-backed looking glasses, whalebone corsets, fancy bloomers, satin slippers, organdy, and laces. While women preened before the long mirrors in the balcony, the men could marvel at the wondrous claims made by the many different medicines Okie stocked. There were cures for "ailments of the liver, the spleen, kidneys, the chest, lumbago, and disorders of the privates." The most popular were The Great Doctor Kilmer's Swamp Root Elixer, Mexican Mustang linament, Searles Remedy, and Lydia Pinkham products with their everlasting benefits. Besides these marvels, Okie's store had everything for the farmer, cattlemen and sheepman.¹⁷¹

Okie served his customers with more than just merchandise. He gave them credit when they could get it nowhere else and loaned them money when no one else was willing. In the West after the financial crisis of 1887, interest rates, already high, rose still higher, but at the same time the flow of eastern capital to the West virtually ceased. Ranchers just could not get loans. If they were fortunate enough to get one, they could expect to pay 7 or 8 percent interest rates on real estate; and on chattels, 10 to 12 percent

169. Day interview; Shallenberger, "In Memory," p. 6.

170. Day interview.

171. Mary Helen Hendry, "A Thorough Man and Shrewd One," *Casper-Star Tribune*, March, 1968, p. 37.

was considered very liberal, from 18 to 24 percent was not uncommon, and 40 percent or above was not unknown.¹⁷² Okie loaned them money at 12 percent on their sheep, then a very unstable commodity. He was taking a big chance himself, but he saved many ranchers by making loans to them when they could not borrow anywhere else. Anyone who thought he was being cheated needed only take that same unstable collateral somewhere else and try to borrow. They would soon realize that Okie was being generous in allowing them 12 percent.

Hugh Day of Riverton, remembers from personal experience how J. B. Okie treated his customers. Day was starting out in the sheep business, and like all the other ranchers in the Lost Cabin area, he bought on credit at the Bighorn Sheep Company Store. Twice a year he would pay his bill when he sold his stock. One morning he rode in to Lysite to get supplies at Okie's store there to feed his shearing crew but was shocked to have the clerk tell him his credit was no good anymore. Frank Harper, the general manager, had sent word that Day had charged too much, and his credit was to be cut off until he paid. The young sheepman left the store confused and worried that this stroke of bad luck might cause him to lose everything he had built up so far. Just then two men pulled up in a car. J. B. Okie stepped out and called a greeting to Day. Immediately sensing trouble, Okie questioned the young rancher and learned the cause of his worry. J. B. Okie was never known to ponder over a problem nor did he do so then. He immediately went to Harper's office. There, in front of Day and anyone else who wished to hear, Okie informed Harper that he was to sell Hugh Day anything he asked for, and he was to continue to sell to Day until the shelves were empty; then he was to sell the shelves. Okie then made Harper call the clerk immediately and repeat his exact words. When Day returned to the store to re-order his supplies, the clerk's first comment was, "Do you want the shelving, Hugh?"¹⁷³ Okie was clearly the kind of businessman who knew how to get a small town to support him.

Because he was trying to manage the store in an isolated area, Okie had the added problem of outlaws. Many infamous characters rode through Lost Cabin and staked themselves in Okie's store. Anyone who knew him remembered that J. B. Okie never let anyone take advantage of him even though he was only 5 feet 9 inches tall, slender, and prematurely bald. Some of the early townspeople still remember how he handled one tough fellow who tried to get away without paying his bill. The man, a rough looking stranger, came in one afternoon, picked out the supplies he

172. John D. Hicks, *The Populist Revolt* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1961), p. 82.

173. Day interview.

wanted, and loaded them on his horse. He was going to ride off without even making a pretense of paying. He looked like such a mean character that no one in the store dared question him. Okie had been watching, however, and confronted the man in front of the store, demanding payment. The fellow just glared at Okie and roared out in disgust, "Don't you know who I am? I'm the bad man from Stinking Water!"¹⁷⁴ Okie calmly pulled a gun on him and retorted, "Well, I'm the stinkin' man from Badwater." The fellow paid his bill.¹⁷⁵

Most often Okie preferred to use clever manipulation rather than threat of violence to protect his business interests. Once just before he set out for Casper with the receipts from the Lost Cabin store and the other businesses in town, Okie was warned of a possible robbery attempt. On the desolate 85 mile ride to Casper, Okie was overtaken by a rough character called "Wild Bill." Okie greeted him with native friendliness and unconcern which made Bill hesitate. The two rode along together for some time while Okie chatted pleasantly. They were still together when night came, so they decided to camp. Okie unloaded his pack saddle, and to Bill's surprise, brought the money out into clear view. Then Okie handed it to Bill, asking if he would mind guarding it for the night. Such trust must have been Bill's undoing because when the sun rose the next morning, the would-be-robber was still guarding the money. He handed it over to Okie and the two rode on into Casper together.¹⁷⁶

Despite his ability and foresight in the mercantile business, Okie must have viewed some of his earlier decisions with a little chagrin. In May of 1897, a sheepherder named Barney Bansman reported a wonderful discovery to the newspapers. He explained that he had been cutting down brush on his Bridger Creek ranch when he found a small oil spring of peculiar taste and color. The *Natrona Tribune* described the incident:

Having accidentally touched the top of his head with some of the oil, he found when combing the remnants of hair on his head, that a brand new growth of hair had started on the bald spots which the oil touched. He went almost crazy with delight at his discovery and anointing his bald head, in a few days he had a new growth all over the open and bare place and now is a completely changed man, and as he intends to get married in a short time, you can imagine his joy. He confidentially informed us that a stock company has been formed to exploit his wonderful discovery and among the names of the prin-

174. The Stinking Water is the former name of the Shoshone River.

175. Jensen interview; V. G. Okie, autobiography, p. 13; Hendry, "Thor-ough Man."

176. R. Lewis, "Lost Cabin Mine," p. 7; V. G. Okie, autobiography, p. 13.

cipal officers we see those of J. B. Okie, J. W. Moore, C. H. King, Ed Adams, and the Hon. Frank Warner will also come in.¹⁷⁷

Bansman's business was doomed, however, when a practical joker named Lem Harold from Muskrat Creek secretly emptied half the contents from several bottles and refilled them with urine. When those bottles sold just as well and reportedly produced the same amazing results, Harold couldn't keep the secret. He boasted to his friends that he was a walking gold mine, and Bansman's sales suddenly fell off.¹⁷⁸ This single article in the newspaper appears to be the first and last reference to the amazing oil discovery. Okie, at least, must have been grateful for that.

When the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad by-passed Lost Cabin in 1914 in favor of Lysite, Okie's Lost Cabin store began to lose business. It finally closed around 1917.¹⁷⁹ Okie's only other attempt at merchandising was in the 1920s when he opened six Piggly Wiggly stores in Mexico.¹⁸⁰ He saw that a fortune could be made in the general store business during this era. But he had enough insight to recognize, as well, that the ranchers and sheepmen of this new state had to be dealt with uniquely. Because he understood the situation, he not only made a fortune, but he earned friendship and great respect from his community.

(To be concluded)

177. *Natrona Tribune*, May 6, 1897.

178. Love interview.

179. Jensen interview.

180. *Casper Daily Tribune*, November 7, 1930.

Thomas Fitzpatrick Ind Agt Upper Platte & Arkansas to A Cummings Esqr Sup Ind Affairs St Louis. Dated Saint Louis, Missouri Nov. 19th 1853.

Our relations with the wild tribes of the Prairies & Mountains resolve themselves into a simple alternative. The policy must be either an *army* or an *annuity*. Either an inducement must be offered to them greater than the gains of plunder, or a force must be at hand able to restrain and check their depredations. Any compromise between the two systems will be only productive of mischief, and liable to all the miseries of failure. It will beget confidence without providing safety. It will neither create fear or satisfy avarice, and adding nothing to the protection of trade and emigration will add everything to the responsibilities of the Government.

Ibid.

Leaving the Arkansas at the mouth of the "Fontaine qui boilles" and tracing along the base of the Mountains — passing under Pikes peak and winding around the ranges that shut in the South Fork — crossing the "great divide" that extends even to the Missouri — the descent trailed down one of the many small streams that unite and form the South Platte. The topography of this region presents many interesting features. Sheltered valleys, — a mild temperature, large growths of timber and immense water power may be numbered amongst its advantages. These together with an abundance of small game render it the favorite resort of the Indians during the winter months and enables them to subsist their animals even in the severest seasons. Indications of mineral wealth likewise abound in the sands of the water courses, and the gorges and canions from which they issue, and should public attention ever be strongly directed to this section of our territory, and free access be obtained the inducement which it holds out, will soon people it with thousands of citizens and cause it to rise up speedily into a flourishing Mountain State.

Thomas Fitzpatrick Indian Agent Upper Platte & Arkansas to
Thomas H. Harvey esqr Supert Indian affairs Saint Louis, Mo.
Dated Bents Fort Arkansas River Oct 19th 1847

Nothing in my opinion has been more prejudicial to the welfare and improvement of the Indians within the territory of the United States, than the great forbearance, and constant humouring of all their whims together with the erroneous opinion existing that nothing but the introduction of Christianity was wanting to make them happy and prosperous.

The 1850 Overland Diary of Dr. Warren Hough

The original diary of Dr. Warren Hough, who traveled overland by wagon from Deer Grove, Cook County, Illinois, to Salmon Falls, California, is in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Walter Tate (Warrena) White, of Abbeville, Louisiana. It is published in *Annals of Wyoming* with her permission.

The original journal, written in pencil, was a "pocket book," bound in leather, with a tab, or "tongue," which slipped into a slot, a type of diary commonly used in the mid-1800s. The first entry was on March 8, 1850, and the last was on July 12, 1850.

A few pages of the original diary have been deleted. They include weather tables for the first part of March, 1850, and the entries through March 21, which are illegible in many places. The original spelling and punctuation have been retained, except for a few marks of punctuation inserted for ease in reading.

Dr. Hough was a physician, and practiced in several Illinois counties. He was probably living either in Chicago or Deer Grove when he left for California. According to Mrs. White, her grandfather did not remain in California. She quoted a family story recounting that he "sailed around the Horn" to return home. His ship took on a cargo of bananas, which was all the crew and passengers had to eat when they ran out of food before the voyage was over. Dr. Hough reportedly never ate another banana the rest of his life.

Dr. Hough practiced medicine until past his eighty-eighth birthday. After 1900 he made his home with a daughter, Mrs. White's mother, in Arkansas, and died there in 1901.

March	21	S to Ira Wells from pleasance valley To Rock Island ferried the Mississippi to Davenport, Iowa
	22	S in Rockingham
	23	S in Muscatine.Mr. Forbugger
	24	Went to Cedar River and ferried the river to Sandy hook then went to Iowa City
	25	Sun. went to Church and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Kidder
	26	Stopped in Iowa City til 28 went 22 miles stopt campt out
	29	went to Maringo stopt at Honey Creek
	30	crost 3 bad creeks. camp at Bear Creek in sight of sawmill
	31	Sunday went and heard a California preacher he preached from Prov. 8.4
April	1	Mon. went across a prairie 18 m. saw a number of Elk horns went 2 m and campt by a creek by the name of Baren
	2	crossed North Skunk verry bad road Rainey To Newton Jasper Co. stopt at Mr. Benits &

3 he was gone to Calif.
4 stopt at Benette
5 ferried the North Skunk went 3 m and stopt at Panthers Grove
6 next house, Mithel Grove bad road to Fort Des Moines and camped in sight of the town. the road for the last 5 miles verry bad our horses down a number of times
7 9 of us ferried the Desmoines and went to Church. sermon Joshua 13.8 went again in the evening got there before time.6 out of 8 of us read a chapter apiece in the pulpit
8 Ferried the Desmoines and Racoon River & went over 17 or 18 m prairie & campd by the North River
9 went 1 m, & crossed the North R. & unloaded our waggons & crossd Madison Co. Iowa on a foot bridge went to Happy Grove & a verry Plasant pace Drove and campd off the road 1/2 m.all Prairie Saw many Elk Horns saw many T. Buzzards
10 went to Wahta-Wah or Middle River Wheeling Ford met a Horse this morning & 10 of us tried to ketch him but could not.in about 4 mi we met a man after him he went 20 m back and caught him.saw many Elk horns saw the Calif. preacher he pasd us at noon at Middle R. here was 2 or 3 men with a Tent and a Barrel of Whiskey and a little pan of corn. no Hay for 2 days. camp at Wheelings Ford this we had to Brush & put in dirt.I heard Wolves in the night
11 went 12 m. came to Campbells Grove here we took dinner & the Preacher came up.this as good a camping place as I have seen fine cool weather. Roads fine all day on the Prairie saw a fine grove at the right hand came to the Nishnabotany or Indian Town this river we Forded. ferry below here is 4 or 5 houses got all the hay they had. \$20 Ton 1 d. per bale. campd
12 Rained in the night & Blew verry hard snowed and froze in the morning but the sun came out clear came over the Prairie 15 m. to Highland Grove then to West Nishnabotany. Toll Bridge 2/per M and Horse but we Forded it a few Rods Below the Bridge & Mills camp Then to Silver Creek. Here is a new settlement Wheat looks green & the best of any we have seen. Saw the largest Elk Horns
13 Traders Point
14 went to church
15 I saw an old Indian chief washcousin.gave him 2/

22 Went after corn pd for dinner Traveled 40 miles South & Lodged at Mr. Richards Esq. Bill 4/

23 Ferried the Nishnabotony Diner & Hors Feed Ferried back the Nishnabotony Staid at Mr. Richards Beg'd & Bot 18 B. Corn at 1.25 pr. Bushel

24 At Francisville 9 bushels corn Dinner, Pd for wagon Exeltree, pd 2 boys for hauling us out of a hole, pd for Ferridge, pd Hired Waggon

26 left Francisville and ferried went down

29 to Pope and cross Indian Creek & campd

30 Went to the Elk Horn & ferried pd 10/

May 1 went to the Platt. good roads and good camping

2 Saw Indians. good Road. 2 bad Runs to Cross

3 Went to Loop Fork

4 Ferried & campd. 10 men volunteered to go back and look for 4 Horses that got away the 2nd at night. a company came up with a girl that lost her father at Nishnabotony. her Uncle with her

Sunday 5 a part of our company gon a mile & 1/2 to see 6 Indians Bodies Killed by the Sioux 104 miles from C.B.

6 Monday went about 24 & camped by the Loop about one mile from the road.

7 went about 18 saw some antelopes. Saw 7 good waggon wheels in deep hole in the Loop Fork.

8 went over Sand bluffs without water 12 or 15 miles & camped by Prairie Creek

9 went to Wood Creek. Buffalo Chips for fuel. Saw many bones by the way & 2 graves close side by side one I. Kellog. at Wood Creek found a fresh grave old cloth & a good Harness. one of our company broke his waggon made a cart of it

10 found Good Grass 1 1/2 miles south of the Ford at Wood Creek & went this day to the Platte. passed 2 graves of Californians that died with cholera last June. I. Hale from Beetown, Wisconsin his wife and 2 children was with him saw Deer & Antelope. saw an Animal that would weigh 50 or more dead but what it was I could not name it. camped by the side of Timber. this morning a man of our company was under the influence of Laudinum & had like to have died but we brought him out

11 Drove with water but once & no feed. Saw much game Antelopes Deer & Buffalo. a number of dead Buffalo by the side of the way camped at long Island. one company have been here 2 weeks & have killed 13 Buff. here we came in sight of the Platte & saw many Trains on the other side. on each side of the

Road we saw Hundreds of Prairie Dogs & verry amusing to see the little fellows peep their heads out of their holes & bark at us. we passed a long

12 Sunday at Long Island.freezing nights & very warm days. good level Roads. this day we drove 10 miles on account of Grass & then found very poor & campd by the side of a bad sluggish stream, a clear swift running stream, 1/2 miles South. Saw 12 dead Buffalo in the 10 miles & some of our men says that over the Bluff about 2 miles that 160 they can count that was burnt by the fire being set about 10 days ago by one Clark of little foot

13 Platt River. drove by the side of the River. saw a Wolf and many Buffalo burnt & campd by the River. poor wood & River water. found some Grass about 2 miles from the R

14 Drove by the R. Saw many Trains on the other side. campd by a little Dirty Run no wood Buffalo chips for fuel

15 Started at 7 o'clock as usual saw many dead Buffalo & one alive on the bluffs about 2 miles off & 4 or 5 of our men started for him & one on horseback & when they came up to him there was a large herd & they fired at an old Bull & then I. Porter went & shot him in the head & the B. came at him & got him down & he fired a pistol ball into him & the other men came up & drove him off. they succeeded in Killing him packed a horse with some of the meat. camped at Skunk Creek

16 had a division in the company. the two Lothrops made a disturbance in the train & in private companies & they & part of the train went on & we stopt & 4 of us went out a hunting & we saw 20 old B. & 5 calves. I shot one down & one cut his throat and then it got up and came at us and we gave him another shot & packed in its hams.at 3 o'clock started on went 8 miles & campd

17 went good R this after noon the bluffs has been lined with Buffalo description will fail to tell the amount. saw the grave of George Washington Jordan who died May 1st with the congestion on the brain aged 27 Residence Dubuque Co. Iowa. W. Johnson killed a B. passed our dissenters 2 miles & camped by

18 The Platt in the flatt was covered with Buff & a number across the River to us & 2 the boys chasd and shot at but not hit. 4 or miles we crossed Bluff Creek quick sand but good ford. left the R. & went over Sandy Bluffs a few m & came onto the R flats

& then over the Bluffs 2 1/4 mi & on to good camping ground.on the Road for some miles here is good Brooks & good camping drove 29

19 Sunday lay over.Ferguson's Company passed & Vinal Andrews in it. one ox company passed & a Horse Company. the Dissenters camp in the rear of us but in sight & the Lothrops came up to get his acquaintance not to write back their conduct

20 went 34 miles & came by the side of the Platt. passed by a company saw 2 good waggons & a horse by the side of the road a dying. came in sight of Vinal's Company & 2 waggons & a sick man they thought he would Die before M but he was better. it was inflamation in the bowels

21 passed the Lone Tree. passed 2 Graves a Mr. Keley & one Margaret Hawk aged 47 both died 1849. Mr. K. Died with the cholera. one Horse D. of our company and one left. saw 2 or 3 good waggons left on the road & campd in sight of Chimney Rock.here is a kind of rock that makes a noise like a child a crying. some large snakes such as the adder Rattle & Bull snakes. saw many of the Sioux Indians on both sides of the River. Ears burnt so that they are sore. Face & hands chapt & cracked open Eyes & lips sore.

22 all cross as fury. saw a number of Indians ford the River

23 Good roads passing Chimney Rock.the Rock is a great curiosity

24 come in sight of Black Mountain

25 Traveled over heavy Sandy Roads to Ft. Laramy. here is a Government Ferry they Ferry for 8/1.00 a waggon, so many in before us. we could not ferry this day. saw an Indian child wrapped in some skins & lashed up in the forks of a large dry willow. the United States major said we could Ferry over by 10 o'clock at night. all the waggons but one was Ferried that was before us. they was taking over 4 horses the Boat sunk & one young man by the name of Thaddius Morrel from Kane Country Sugar Grove, Ill. was Drowned. here is a garden & onions & other vegetables growing nicely & in sight on the mountains there is ice & snow

26 Sunday. many looked for the drowned man but to no purpose

27 Ferried the Platt at Laramy Ft. & the next company sunk the boat & 2 came near being drowned. one went ashore holding the horses mane. went 15 & camped by a good Spring

28 a few rods after we started we saw the grave of Mrs. Mildred Moss died 1849 from Galena age 47. At noon Laramy Peak is to our left & looks as if it was not more than 6 or 8 miles but it must be 20 or 25. we can see the snow plain & clouds pass below the top of mo

29 Traveled some miles North West.in all saw sheep's Horns Twice as Big as Tame s. Prickley pears thick as thistles at the east. we heard that the man with the Barrel of whiskey at Middle River was shot on a stolen Horse. we heard he had stolen some cattle the night or 2 before we was there & he was caught with an emigrant's horse & would not give him up & the emig. shot him & took his horse

30 overtook a Boy of 19 with tris. provisions on his back that was Hard Bread & sugar & carried a can of water. he started from Ohio had out traveled all the Teams but ours. heard of a man ahead with a wheelbarrow he stopt at Ft. Laramy & got a supply & enquired if there was not some Packers ahead for he had out traveled all the teams & he wanted to overtake them so as to have company. a few days after some Packers came along & enquired for the man & barrow & said they had rode a number of Days to overtake him. Drove about. here's some of the most rocky mountains I ever saw & Bluffs as red at sundown as Blood can be

31 Traveled in sight of mountains all Day with snow on them. passed 3 or 4 large Trains & one had a woman aboard. came to the last ferry on the Platte

June

1 Ferried the Platte pd four dollars & fifty cents for one waggon & 2 horses. went four miles & campd over

2 Sunday part of our company went on for feed & the Porters & 2 or 3 others stodp over Sunday. the mountains covered with large Pines although they look small & large snow Drifts on the mountains. many handsome flowers & pretty smelling shrubs & large snakes & other insects

3 Traveled some sandy & crooked road. carried our water for horses & ourselves for 24 miles. passed a small alkaline pond & a few miles further a small stream of Alkali. some of our horses drank & it physicked them immedately. very soon after passing these ponds we saw many cattle bones which was killed by drinking the water. passed Willow Springs and Prospect Hill. camped on a pretty little stream on the left of the road.

4 We drove 15 miles & came to Independence Rock

where every body's name is on. we drove round the rock & turned out our horses on poor feed. drove this day 23 & camped 1/2 mile beyond the Devil's Gate one of the greatest Natural Curiosities I ever saw & here was the rest of the peoples names that was not written at the Council Rock. a grove was by the side of the road in the Gate. Campd 1/2 mile beyond the Gate off the road by the River

- 5 Cross many bad streams. 10 or 11 miles from the Gate is another similar pass & another grave on the Right side of the road & on the Tomb was Nancy Carole Smith Born May 1824. Buffalo chips is a total failur for fuel but Sage Roots is a good substitute. for a number of days we haven't been out of sight of snow
- 6 in sight of the Rocky Mountains although we have been in sight of rocky mountains for 2 weeks they have not appearance of R. M. there is a number of what is called Rocky some is towering above another as white as snow can make them. they are over 50 miles off an occasionally they look precisely like the White Clouds. Drove 28 forded the Sweet Water & camped in the forks. no grass for the horses the last night nor this night
- 7 passed over many hills and sloughs & stony roads. stopt at noon by a grave the inscription was F. Merion Young Died August 30, 1849 age 2 years 8 month & 23 days. Wm has got the tooth ache & cross as fury. passed over three miles of the roughest road & stony that I ever saw. we are hardly opposite the Rocky M. but such a scene no Tongue cannot describe white as the snow can make them (the Rocky mts.)
- 8 forded a bad Creek & on the West side was the Grave of Sally Willcox 5 years old. forded a number of bad creeks some 3 feet deep.passing the Rocky Mountains passed the grave of _____. Good roads little feed. Traveled over much sand passed Pacific Spring about 12 miles & camped but a very _____ past the R. M. good water sandy road
- 9 Sunday. went 6 miles to the cutoff & went 6 miles to Little Sandy & found the rest of the company had gone by Salt Lake & we drove back 6 miles & went the S. L. R. to the Big Sandy & Forded. good Ford & found our company making in all A. B. Andrews Parker & Kent dividing & separating-went about 8 miles & crossed Big Sandy this day & camped 1/2 mile

from Big Sandy. we are leaving the Rocky Mountains

- 10 behind us but plains in sight & far as they eye can see the mountains is covered with snow & ice
- 11 Ferried the Green River. drove 6 miles & campd & 6 before we came to a ferry. last Friday we drove over snow from 3 to 4 feet deep after we Ferried Green River & 130 or more Horses turned out to graze. the Indians fastened wigwam poles on back of a horse & lashed a young Indian in a Buffalo robe concealed & ran among the horses. I happened to be by & caught our Horses before they took fright & the rest of our company that was Ferried & saved them but about 100 ran off among the bluffs & else where & was not found. when we left I gave a rifle that cost me 11 dollars for ferrying one wagon & 2 horses which was Five Dollars
- 12 drove in all sandy & uneven road. about 12 o'clock heavy hail storm came to Hams Fork & could not ford it & took one of our waggon boxes & put it into a Tent & fastened the Tent around it and ferried all of our stuff over then our wagons pulled over with ropes & swam our horses. passed a grave who died last August
- 13 came 10 miles without water & about 5 more came to Black Fork bad driving in & water came into our boxes. drove past Ft. Bridger & campd in the Cedar Mountains covered with snow on both sides of us
- 14 had the most hills we have had on our whole route & the most stones. drove to Bear River. dangerous River to ford. a number of men got thrown from their horses in fording. here is a Tribe of Snake Indians & they was the most cheerful & lively Indians I ever saw
- 15 we forded all safe & drove over a hill & then down a valley & crossed many bad holes
- 16 Sunday. laid by
- 17 rained and snowed. The hills covered with snow & all our company went on but one wagon & ours. found last that one William Scott from the Oswayo was with us & was the nearest neighbor to Uncle Elisha Mix in Sharon, Pa. came to Weeber River & followed it down to the ferry & found the rest of our company. drove 20 miles
- 18 Ferried & pd \$3.00.44 miles to the great Valley. Traveled over Seram M. Traveled up the canyon. Broke the reach & lost our Bacon Beans ropes Bridles

curry comb & all my clothes but what I had on but found a part.most all our medicines

19 Traveled up the canyon & crossing it in all 19 times. went up a hill 3 miles & saw the great valley. went down another small stream & campd

20 drove through the great Mormon City & crossed near the hot spring saw a man that was in company with 2 of the Jordans

21 drove to Willow Creek

22 drove to the Weber

23 & encamped over Sunday I was sick with the mountain fever

24 I was better. Ferried the Weber. 3 dollars. went to Box Elder Creek & encamped

25 went to Bear River & ferried.the ferriage was 4 dollars & one for a bridge 2 miles further on Mud Creek

26 Drove

27 Crossed the Casus Creek & campd by the side of the creek

28 Came in sight of Steeple Rocks

29 drove over bad hills had to let our waggons down with ropes. encamped on Goose Creek Saturday

30 Sunday rested

July

1 we travel up the Creek 18 miles & good road traveled

2 went over the Hills To Thousand Spring Valley saw the grave of David K. Boner Drowned July 1, 1850 from I think from Dubuque Co. Iowa aged 19 years & one m & how a man could drown either 20 or even 40 miles from here is a mystery unless he fell in one of those wells.Johnson said every thing that he could to provoke me & we divided & left the wagon & Harness. traveled saw many dead Horses & one mule. saw an advertisement that the Indians had shot a man & they did not expect he would live & shot 4 horses. encamped on the head of St. Mary's River

4 I saw this morning one of the company that the Indian shot. 2 men were on watch & at Daylight one of the men went to the camp about 1/2 mile. 4 of the Horses strayed a little from the rest & the man Wm. Samuel Oliver started to go round them when he saw 3 or 4 Indians & in a minute one rose up from behind a sage brush & shot him with an arrow in the Breast. he ran round the Horses & started them to the camp & pulled the arrow out & left the flint in. doctor said it touched his heart went 35

5 saw some Indians. crossed St. Mary's River had to

back everything across the River & haul the waggons. came to the grave of W. Henderson who Died this morning & there was an advertisement on the tomb to caution all emigrants to keep a strong guard for the Indians had stolen 11 horses from their company & shot one mule & stripped one man of all his clothes & left him naked.

- 6 came up to the company that the man died out of & lost the horses. Mr. Henderson died with a Relax or Diarrhea. Samuel Oliver that was shot by the Indian Died last night. a little before we camped we saw 20 or 30 Indians & the Capt. of the Train that lost the 11 horses with some of his men & revolvers went in pursuit of them. they said they would kill every Indian they could. went 35. I have went on foot this 4 days. we have not been out of sight of snow a day since we came in sight of Ft. Laramy
- 7 went down the St. Mary's over hills and rough r.
- 8 went down the R
- 9 went a verry crooked road over a point of stony road
- 10 went over a number of miles of Desert some 12 or 14 & then 2 or 3 off the road & cut hay on the opposite side & ferried it in a Box
- 11 this morning heard we were within 12 m. of the sink of St. Marys River & some say it is 80 or 110 & after arriving at about 14 miles we found many at the River & some said it was the end & 18 or 20 miles further the Desert & we must go 10 miles out of our way for Hay to go across the Desert. I saw a man with the ox team that had been to Oregon & California & he said to me he was lost coming the new route & the River so altered he and 2 others that had been through was not satisfied but on the whole concluded it was the sink. we hear of another man being shot & one drowned at the sink & many Horses stolen & I don't know how many we passed dead & dying many enquiring for provisions. all lay over F 1/2 a day
- 12 one came to us this morning & said they had eaten all they had for supper & nothing for breakfast. had money enough but nothing to eat

Some New Notes on Two Old Forts

By

FRED R. GOWANS

While doing research for a doctoral dissertation entitled, "A History of Fort Bridger, 1842-1857," the author accumulated a sizable amount of material concerning two areas of Wyoming history on which very little has been written. With the thought that the material would be of interest and importance to the student of western history additional research was completed so that the data could be published.

The following articles, "The Fort on Willow Creek" and "Fort Bridger: Claims and Counter Claims," deal with the history of Fort Supply and Fort Bridger in regard to the financial claims of Lewis Robison against the Trustee and Trust of the Mormon Church and James Bridger's claims against the United States government.

THE FORT ON WILLOW CREEK

With the creation of the territory of Utah on September 9, 1850, Fort Bridger became located in the political boundaries of the territory under the governorship of Brigham Young. This action started a series of events which culminated in the founding and construction of Fort Supply.

Since the erection of Fort Bridger in 1843, its owners, James Bridger and Louis Vasquez, had been free from any type of governmental control from Mexico and the United States. Now with the formation of Utah Territory, the owners felt the containment of civilization and the weight of laws passed by the political machinery of the territory.

In the winter of 1852-1853, the Utah Territorial Legislature granted a charter to Daniel H. Wells of Salt Lake City to operate the emigrant ferries on Green River. Naturally the mountain men, including Jim Bridger, resented the act of certain Utah groups acquiring the lucrative business which they had controlled. They had no intentions of turning their business over to the Mormons, so they enforced what they thought were their rights, controlling every ferry but one and reaping approximately \$30,000 in tolls during that summer.¹

1. Milton R. Hunter, *Brigham Young the Colonizer* (Salt Lake City: The Deseret News Press, 1940), p. 281.

When the Mormon traders returned to Salt Lake City that fall, they reported that Bridger was selling powder and lead to the Indians and inciting them to kill the Mormons. Bridger was accused of selling weapons to the Indians, which was violating Governor Young's revocation of all licenses to trade with the Indians.²

Governor Young's reasons for desiring to own Fort Bridger are apparent. Thousands of Mormon emigrants were traveling to Salt Lake City each year, and an outpost in which they could rest and replenish their supplies just before traveling the last 100 miles through the mountains would be of untold benefit.³

The sheriff, James Ferguson, was ordered to confiscate Bridger's dangerous goods and deliver Bridger to Salt Lake City as a prisoner.⁴ When the posse of 150 men arrived at Fort Bridger, several days were spent in searching, but Bridger was not to be found. Conviction of guilt or fear of the Mormons apparently induced him to flee into hiding in anticipation of apprehension and arrest.⁵

After carrying out the orders regarding the Fort Bridger property, some of the posse continued on to the Green River, where they engaged in a battle with the mountain men at the ferries. Two or three of the latter were killed and much of their property, which included whisky and several hundred head of livestock, was taken by the posse. When the sheriff and his assistants returned to Salt Lake City with the livestock, the word was given out by church leaders that the Mormons were in Green River Valley to stay.⁶

Bridger seemed not to be entirely of the opinion that he was out of Green River Valley. Hardly had the posse, which continued on at the Fort until October 17, 1853, left the Green River Valley, before Bridger and John M. Hockaday, a government surveyor, began a land survey of the land claimed by Bridger. The survey was completed on November 6, 1853. On March 16, 1854, a copy of the survey was filed with Thomas Bullock, Great

2. Andrew L. Neff, *History of Utah, 1847-1869* (Salt Lake City: The Deseret News Press, 1940), p. 91. Because of the Walker War, which was affecting most of the Mormon settlements in the Great Basin, Governor Young had officially rescinded the granting and use of licenses to trade with the Indians. Hunter, *op. cit.*, p. 281.

3. Frederick Ross Gowans, "A History of Fort Bridger, 1841-1858," unpublished doctoral dissertation, Brigham Young University, 1972, p. 97.

4. *Ibid.*, pp. 96-97.

5. William A. Hickman, *Brigham Young's Destroying Angel* (New York: George A. Crofutt, 1872), pp. 91-92.

6. Gowans, *op. cit.*, pp. 101-102.

Salt Lake County recorder. A copy was also filed with the General Land Office in Washington, D. C., on March 9, 1854.⁷

Apparently the Mormon leaders thought that the summer's work of eradicating the valley of its undesirable elements had been well done, and that they should follow at once with a permanent colony to be established at or near the site of Fort Bridger.⁸ This was implemented at the General October Conference of the Mormon Church in 1853, when Orson Hyde was appointed to make a permanent settlement in the Green River Valley at Fort Bridger. On the last day of the conference, October 7, 1853, Hyde read the names of 39 persons selected to accompany him on that mission, and those called to the so-called Green River Mission were sustained by the vote of the saints assembled.⁹ The instructions given those men at that time clarified the meaning and purpose of the mission.

Elder Orson Hyde was chosen to lead the company to somewhere in the region of the Green River, select a place, and there build an outpost from which to operate as peacemakers among the Indians, to preach civilization to them, and try to teach them to cultivate the soil, to instruct them in the arts and sciences if possible, and by that means prevent trouble for our frontier settlements and immigrant companies. We were to identify our interests with theirs, even to marrying among them, if we would be permitted to take the young women of the chief and leading men, and have them dressed like civilized people, and educated. It was thought that by forming that kind of alliance, we would have more power to do them good, and keep peace among adjacent tribes and also with our own people . . . Our missionary call was to take our lives in our hands, as true patriots, and head off, and operate as far as possible against the wicked plots of the white men who were trying to carry their plans to success through the Indians, and possibly set the savages on the warpath, that the government might send troops, and thus make a better market for the schemer's herds of cattle and horses.¹⁰

October 18, 1853, was designated as the departure date; however, the majority of the men were unable to make that date, and it was November 1, 1853, before the party was formed.

Because of the danger associated with the mission from Indians and mountain men, the leadership of the mission was given two titles—a military and an ecclesiastical designation.¹¹ This company of 39 men organized at the state house in Salt Lake City, under the direction of Captain John Nebeker, started their march

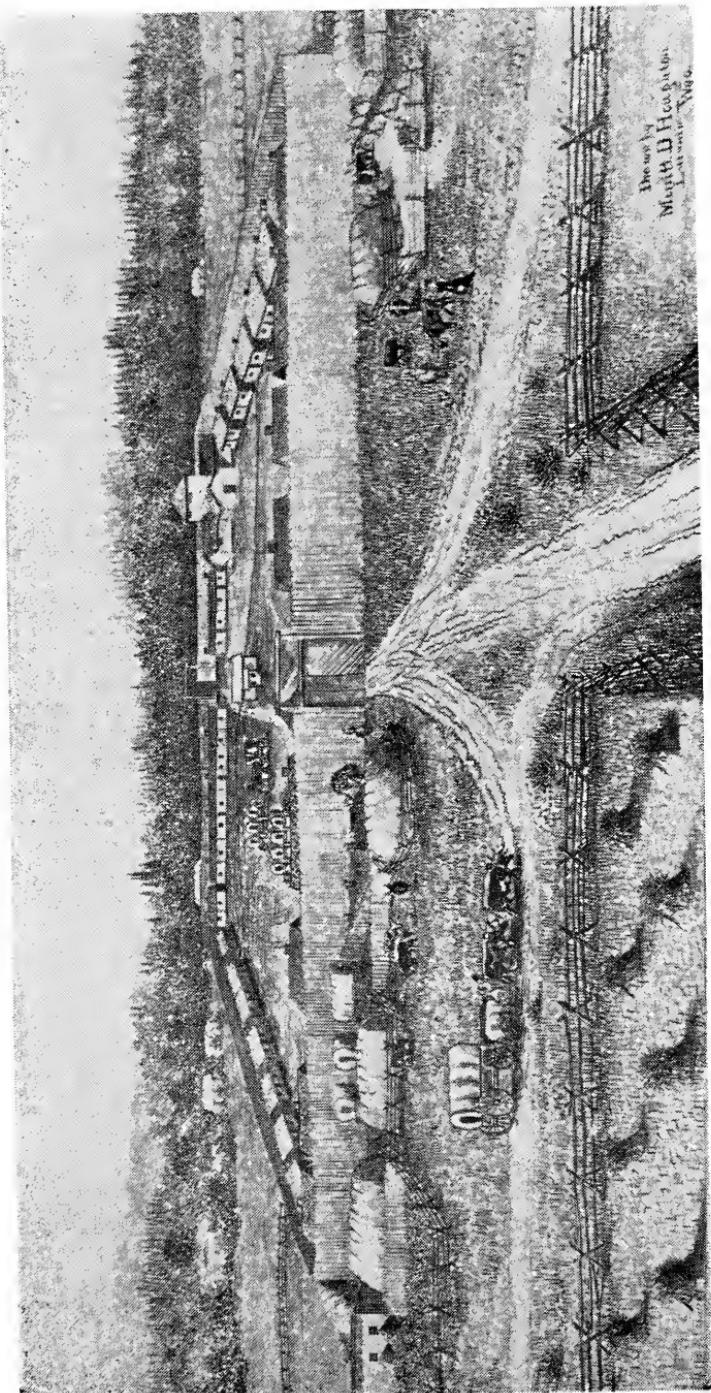
7. Cecil J. Alter, *James Bridger* (Salt Lake City: Shepard Book Co., 1925), p. 249.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 250.

9. Andrew Jenson, "History of Fort Bridger and Fort Supply," *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, IV (1913), p. 32.

10. James S. Brown, *Life of A Pioneer* (Salt Lake City: George Q. Cannon & Son Co., 1900), p. 304.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 305.



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

FORT SUPPLY

to the contemplated settlement and arrived at Fort Bridger eleven days later.¹²

As soon as the first company was on its way toward the settlement, Orson Hyde busied himself in raising another company to follow the first. In less than two weeks, a group consisting of 53 men, primarily volunteers, had been raised and fitted with supplies and necessary tools and implements. With Isaac Bullock as captain and accompanied by Orson Hyde, this group left Salt Lake City three days after the first company had arrived at Fort Bridger.¹³

When the first company of Mormon colonists arrived at Fort Bridger, they found about a dozen mountain men, who were angry at having two or three of their numbers killed at Green River Ferry by the Mormon posse only a few weeks previously. They had no intentions of turning the fort over to the Mormon colonists. According to James Brown, they were "considerably cowed" by "twelve or fifteen rough mountain men" who seemed to be "very surly and suspicious;" the "spirit of murder and death appeared to be lurking in their minds." Consequently this group of Saints, being unprepared for such a reception, soon lost interest in occupying the post. Wandering southward, they learned that about 20 additional mountain men, together with a group of Ute Indians, had settled for the winter on Henry's Fork.

Green River Valley looked to these colonists "as if it were held in the fists of a well organized band of from seventy-five to a hundred desperadoes." But the fearful Saints went southwest through snow along Smith's Fork, being finally forced to halt by bad traveling conditions at Willow Creek, a tributary of Smith's Fork, about two miles above the confluence of the two streams and at a point about 12 miles southwest of Fort Bridger. Here they chose to settle.¹⁴ They were joined on Willow Creek by the second group sent out from Salt Lake City and together they established a settlement known as Fort Supply. In speaking of the arrival of the second group, one of the original members, James S. Brown, remarked that "on November 26th, 1853, Captain Isaac Bullock came in with fifty-three men and twenty-five wagons. When they joined us our company was ninety-two strong, all well armed and when our block house was completed we felt safer than ever . . ."¹⁵ On the eighth of December, Orson Hyde made a visit to the Fort. James Brown recorded in his diary:

He (Hyde) preached to us that evening, and gave many words of encouragement. On the ninth, he examined our work and defenses.

12. Jenson, *op. cit.*, p. 33.

13. *Ibid.*, pp. 33-34.

14. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 306.

15. *Ibid.*, pp. 307-308.

He was highly pleased with the country, and applauded our choice of location; in fact, seemed generally pleased with what we had done.¹⁶

The plans for the blockhouse were made by James S. Brown, and within two weeks, the project was completed. This blockhouse had four wings or rooms of equal size united at the corners, thus forming a center room. This room was built two stories high, the lower one being used for storage and the upper for a guard house from which position the surrounding country could be surveyed. All of the rooms in the blockhouse were provided with portholes.¹⁷

By 1856, the structure of Fort Supply had changed from a blockhouse to a picket-walled fort enclosing ten acres with several private and commercial buildings. George A. Smith, writing to the *Deseret News* on April 28, 1856, referred to Fort Supply as being:

. . . made by setting six feet in the ground a double row of pickets eighteen feet long about one foot through and pointed at the top, thus enclosing about ten acres. The workmanship of this stockade, with its bastions, indicates creditable skill and union on the part of its projectors and occupants. A two story house, used for a court house and other public purposes, twenty-five neatly constructed dwellings, and substantially made corrals and stockyards evidence the energy and taste of the people . . . An adjoining field of 200 acres is enclosed with a fence worthy of being patterned after by any settlement that I have visited in the Territory; it is built of substantial poles laid up in Virginia fence style with stakes and riders. This enclosure has a great variety of soil and large additional field will be made this spring.¹⁸

Elsiha B. Ward, an old mountain man, and his Indian wife joined the company during the winter months. In addition to Ward's wife, six other Indians who wandered into the camp made possible the study of the Shoshone language and customs.¹⁹ By spring, the first attempts of missionary work were begun. A special group of missionaries was chosen to leave the Fort in April and carry the gospel message to the Indian tribes scattered about. During the winter, only six of the missionaries had made progress in the Shoshone tongue. Of these, four were chosen by Orson Hyde to make the initial contact with the Indians.²⁰ E. B. Ward, Isaac Bullock, James S. Brown, and James Davis were chosen and set apart for this special mission. Around the middle of April, these men set out to visit the Indian Camps.²¹

16. *Ibid.*, pp. 308.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 307.

18. Jenson, *op. cit.*, pp. 37-38.

19. L. G. Coates, "A History of Indian Education by the Mormons," unpublished doctoral dissertation, Ball State University, 1969, pp. 123-125.

20. *Ibid.*, p. 125.

21. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 312.

Initial contact was made with Chief Washakie's camp. The chief cordially accepted the elders, and during a council meeting with the tribal leaders gathered, he listened intently to the message of the Mormons. The chief made no rebuttal to the message presented except in references to the desire of some of the missionaries in marrying Indian women.

No, for we have not got daughters enough for our own men; and we cannot afford to give our daughters to the white men, but we are willing to give him an Indian girl for a white girl. I cannot see why a white man wants an Indian girl. They are dirty, ugly, stubborn, and cross, and it is a strange idea for white men to want such wives. The white men may look around though and if any of you could find a girl that would go with him, it would be alright, but the Indian must have the same privileges among the white man. With this the council ended.²²

The missionaries continued their journey to the surrounding camps, including the Green River area. This proselyting continued sometime into the summer until the entire mission was abandoned sometime in July.²³ No baptisms were performed during their mission nor was any great progress made in spreading the Mormon doctrines.

The true state of the mission during this first year has been somewhat unclear. Reports given by members of the mission were generally favorable, and the *Deseret News* reported that all was well in the mission.²⁴ Authors of other historical works published, mentioning Fort Supply, include the report of harmony and success felt by the first missionaries and church leaders. They also record the continuous occupancy of the Fort by Mormon missionaries from 1853 to 1857. However, after the examination of documents and journals of men who lived the first winter in the fort, visitors, and others concerned with the mission, another story unfolded.²⁵ James S. Brown reported contention among members of the mission, and that President Nebeker, C. Merkley, and a few others were leaving on May 1 for their homes.²⁶ By spring of 1854, Orson Hyde also had second thoughts about the mission. Hosea Stout recorded Hyde's opinion of the Fort in his diary.

It is the most forbidding and God forsaked place I have ever seen for an attempt to be made for a settlement and judging from the altitude. I have no hesitancy in predicting that it will yet prove a total failure.

22. *Ibid.*, p. 318.

23. Journal of John Pulsipher, MS in Brigham Young University Special Collections, October 18, 1853.

24. Jenson, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

25. Evan Mecham, "The History of the Fort Supply Indian Mission," unpublished researched paper, Brigham Young University, April 1973, p. 15.

26. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 314.

but the brothers here have done a great deal of labor . . . Elder Hyde seems to have an invincible repugnance to Fort Supply.²⁷

Because of the problems of contention surrounding the mission, the organization collapsed, and by July, the men were all released save a few who stayed to save the crops. John Pulsipher, in his journal reported:

A strong company of missionaries under Orson Hyde this fall went out 125 miles in Indian country and located at Fort Supply and commenced learning the Shoshoni language. Built log houses and Fort and wintered, and in the spring fenced a big field and put in crops but it was a high cold frosty country. Many of the men were discouraged and dissatisfied, Elder Hyde was not with them and they thought it a hard lonesome place, so the next July they were all released to go home unless some wished to stay and save the crops.²⁸

Eight months after the founding of Fort Supply and the mission, it was dissolved. Discontentment and hard environment had taken its toll.

The success of the mission is questionable and yet it was not a total failure. The Indians had been contacted and fortification had been built in the disputed Green River Valley providing a place of location for future settlers.

General Conference of the Mormon Church was held April 6, 1855, in Salt Lake City and with it came the reorganization of the Fort Supply Indian Mission. Twenty elders were called to serve as missionaries at that time, and James S. Brown was called to be the Mission president. He had been the second counselor during the 1853-1854 mission and had a great deal of knowledge concerning the Shoshone tongue as well as the area around Fort Supply.²⁹ Isaac Bullock was called to be captain in charge of the re-opening of the Fort and its farms.³⁰

The mission was well organized and the men that were to be called had been instructed during the winter concerning their required labors in the mission and in the Shoshone language.

At April conference of 1855, I was called with many others to take a mission to Israel, the Lamanites in the Mountains. This was new business to me but I was willing to try and I thought by the help of the Lord perhaps I could do some good. I had attended meetings and tried to learn my duty, and if I was ignorant it was not my fault.

The past winter I attended an Indian School taught by Brother Charles to learn the Shoshone language. He got some knowledge of the language last year, and we learned many words from him.

The mission seems to have been formed in a more organized manner

27. Diary of Hosea Stout, MS in Brigham Young University Special Collection, May 7 and 11, 1854.

28. "Journal of John Pulsipher," October 18, 1853, *Utah Humanities Review Quarterly*, Vol. 2, October 1948, No. 4, pp. 351-380.

29. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 350.

30. Gowans, *op. cit.*, pp. 107-127.

than before. The admonitions to the Elders by the Church Leaders, also includes more context directed at conversion of the Indians to Mormonism and spreading the gospel to the remnants of Israel.³¹

The missionaries left May 17 for Fort Supply.

We went as directed 125 miles and located our head quarters at Fort Supply the old stamping grounds of Elmer Hyde's mission that was out here last year, where we found several log houses and a wooden Fort built & a farm of more than a hundred acres fenced.³²

The mission was divided into two groups. There were seven men in the company who were fluent in the Shoshone language. These men, led by President Brown, were sent out to proselyte the Indian camps in the surrounding area. The other group was to stay at the Fort and carry on agrarian interests and teach the Indians who might visit the Fort.³³

President Brown's group met with Washakie early in the summer of 1855. During the Council meeting, including the head men and the sub-chiefs, the elders explained their mission. They presented Washakie and the Indian leaders a letter from Brigham Young offering friendship, trade and teachers to teach farming methods to the Indians as a sign of friendship. A Book of Mormon was also presented to the Indians with a declaration concerning the contents and the Mormon belief that it is a record concerning the Indians' forefathers.

The Book of Mormon was then handed to the sub-chiefs. Many of these Indians at this time declared the book, "No good to the Indians," and displayed dissatisfaction at the message of the elders. Washakie then picked up the book and began his oration.

You are all fools; you are blind, you cannot see; you have no ears, for you do not hear; you are fools for you do not understand. These men are our friends. The great Mormon captain (Brigham Young) has talked with our father above the clouds, and he told the Mormon captain to send these good men to us.³⁴

Washakie continued speaking of the need for the Indian to change and adapt to more stable existence. Washakie expressed his desire to learn of the ways of farming and continue trade with the Mormons.³⁵ This response was manifested many times during the next few years of the mission.

At Fort Supply, the Indians were instructed as they came to visit

31. "A Short Sketch of the History of John Pulsipher," Brigham Young University, reprinted 1972, p. 45.

32. Pulsipher, *op. cit.*, pp. 351-380.

33. Charles E. Dibble, "The Mormon Mission to the Shoshone Indians," *Utah Humanities Review*, University of Utah: Salt Lake City, Utah, 1947, p. 172.

34. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 356.

35. *Ibid.*

the post and trade with the Mormons. An example of this method is found in John Pulsipher's Journal.

On the 9th of August 30 Indians visited for a week, they danced and feasted. August 12, Sunday about 40 Indians attended church and were taught all the missionaries thought they could remember.³⁶

During the last part of the summer, August 3 or 4, 1855, the first fruits of the proselyting mission were produced. Three baptisms were performed: Mary Corger, an Indian boy named Corsetry, and Sally Ward—all Shoshone Indians. These were the first people of that tribe to enter the Mormon faith.³⁷

There are numerous accounts to be found in letters and diaries pertaining to the missionary work among the Indians at and around Fort Supply. Isaac Bullock wrote:

We introduced the Book of Mormon and while at endeavoring to give them an insight into it they call on us for a piece of paper and pencil which I furnish him and the Chief took it saying I will write and see if you can understand my writing. He then made the enclosed characters and representation and presented it to me saying can you read this I answered no, his reply was neither can we read or understand yours. I then said if you will explain to me your writing as I have explained mine to you I will then understand it.³⁸

The language barrier was one of the major problems to the missionaries. Yet Bullock stated:

The brethren here feel very anxious to learn the language of the natives so they can preach to them. Four men are calculating to start in a few days to Washakee's camp and winter with him.³⁹

The missionaries were not content to preach just to the Indians who came to the fort, but continually paid visits to the Indian camps. Isaac Bullock wrote:

I visited Washakee and his band about 2 weeks ago. He manifested a good spirit. The most friendly I ever found him in possession of. The prospects here are as bright as they ever have been and the brethren feel desirous to carry out their missions according to the spirit of the same.⁴⁰

The leading brethren and most of the missionaries realized that the greatest missionary tool would be converted baptized Indians who could preach to their own people and have more influence with them. The renowned Friday, the Arapaho who paid a visit

36. Pulsipher, *op. cit.*, p. 362.

37. Dibble, *op. cit.*, p. 175.

38. Isaac Bullock to George A. Smith, Oct. 5, 1855, quoted in Manuscript Collection of Isaac Bullock, MS in Church Historian's Office, hereafter cited as MCIB.

39. Isaac Bullock to George A. Smith, October 20, 1855, MCIB.

40. Isaac Bullock to Brigham Young, June 29, 1857, MCIB.

to Fort Supply, was singled out as a good prospect to help the cause of Mormonism among the Indians for two reasons: first, he seemed sincerely interested in the Mormon doctrine preached to him by some of the missionaries; and second, he had an excellent understanding and ability to speak English. Isaac Bullock wrote:

Yesterday we received a visit from Mento Supa or Black Bear in company with Friday and some 40 other braves of the Arapaho tribe. They are on their return from a fruitless chase after the Euwinta Tribe. They said they were two days without food. We fed them bountifully after which we preached to them in English as Friday understood the English language well, he interpreted to them. We instructed them concerning the Book of Mormon, the nature of our mission, etc. etc. We told them about the good feelings, we entertained for all the Red Men, counciling them to be at peace with all tribes, etc. etc. They manifested a good friendly feeling towards us and we believe their visit will be productive of good . . . We believe Friday would make a good missionary as he was 7 years in S. Louis.⁴¹

In August, 1857, because of warfare with the surrounding tribes, the Shoshone Nation had been driven together for better protection. On August 18, 50 to 60 of them came to Fort Supply. According to Bullock, "they were very friendly we made them a dinner and while it was being prepared I preached to them the Book of Mormon writings of their Fathers."⁴² Bullock and the other missionaries at Fort Supply did not waste the opportunity to tell the Indians that the approaching federal army was coming to punish the Mormons because of the Book of Mormon and the Church's doctrine of polygamy. According to Bullock, this excited the Indians, "for said they we have more than one wife. If they are mad at you and are going to fight you because you have many wives what will we do?"⁴³

The question of agricultural success was one of the major concerns for the original settlers at Fort Supply. If Fort Supply was to furnish food supplies to the emigrants, it was necessary that farming be successful. Brother Robbins, one of the first settlers, wrote from Fort Supply on March 5, 1854, to Orson Hyde:

We are enjoying first rate health and have ever since you left. The spirit of the Lord has been with us, and we have enjoyed ourselves much. We have had pretty cold weather most of the winter though not as much snow as was anticipated; the most on the ground at one time has probably not exceeded one foot on the level; but in consequence of the west winds our animals have had a good chance to get at the grass. The severe weather set in about the first of January and the thermometer stood on the 6th, 17 below zero at sunrise; on the 20, 25 below, at sunrise on the 21st, 30 below. A few cattle died, and some who went out to see to the stock got their feet slightly

41. *Ibid.*

42. Isaac Bullock to Brigham Young, October 18, 1857, MCIB.

43. *Ibid.*

frozen. At this date the thermometer ranges from 8 to 12 above zero with frequent snow squalls.⁴⁴

Similarly, the *Deseret News* of June 22, 1854, contained the following:

By our latest advices from Green River Ferries, and Fort Supply, dated the 17th and 20th inst., we learn that matters are moving on quite harmoniously; but the question whether farming can be carried on there to advantage is still undetermined.⁴⁵

A small crop was raised in 1854, but in the fall of that year, it was still a question whether or not farming could be made successful.⁴⁶ George Boyd, who arrived in Salt Lake City from Fort Supply July 2, 1855, reported that the settlers there had "seventy acres of wheat looking fine, and that there were no grasshoppers." His opinion was supported by James Robison, who left Fort Supply July 18, 1855, for Salt Lake City, and reported the crops at the fort were "looking fine and the brethren were all well and in good spirits. The grasshoppers had so far done no damage to the fields."⁴⁷

Though the preceding reports during the summer of 1855 would indicate that the crops at Fort Supply would be good, Isaac Bullock gave a very unfavorable report concerning the crops under the date of October 5, 1855. He wrote:

Agreeable to your request I now snatch a few moments to fulfill my promise. I arrived safely at Fort Supply, September 25th after being absent a month and five days. I found the brethren generally enjoying good health and spirits. The wheat had suffered very much from a severe frost on the 17th of September, which killed nearly every thing that had not fully matured, cut down the potatoe tops and gave the trees and shrubery a chill that turned the leaves down in humble submission, as preface to what was coming. On the night of my arrival, ice froze one fourth of an inch thick on the north side of my room. The wheat, which was in the milk, or dough, is mostly spoiled, being frozen stiff, and one half of our wheat crop is cut off. three acres of wheat were ripe and harvested before the frost.⁴⁸

A good account of what had been accomplished at Fort Supply in 1855 and the agricultural possibilities at that high altitude was plainly stated by George A. Smith. He recorded the following:

Elders Ezra T. Benson, Erastus Snow and myself accepted an invitation from Judge Bullock to visit his residence at Fort Supply. We went up the Black's Fork Road, through a very fine and rich bottom, capable of producing the choicest grain, vegetables and fruit, and were surprised to find that Fort Supply was seven thousand two hun-

44. Jenson, *op. cit.*, pp. 34-35.

45. *Deseret News*, June 22, 1854, p. 6.

46. Jenson, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

47. *Ibid.*

48. Isaac Bullock to George A. Smith, October 5, 1855, MCIB.

dred feet above the level of the sea, according to the best estimate that we could make of its relative position to Bridger. The settlers have saved everything that would feed stock, even to the wheat heading and chaff. The success of this settlement, at so great an altitude, shows conclusively what may be done with some of our mountain valleys, those which have been considered a couple of thousand feet above the level of cultivation.⁴⁹

Even though George A. Smith was well pleased with the success that the Fort Supply settlement had seen in agriculture, it is easy to see that he realized the elevation was too high to accomplish much in regard to agriculture. Fort Supply, however, was an excellent example of devotion and industry for Smith to use as an inspiration to other settlers at a lower elevation who might complain.

In writing to George A. Smith on October 20, 1855, Isaac Bullock stated: "We have gathered everything which we raised into our Fort and feel that we can protect ourselves this winter by the grace of our God."⁵⁰ The settlers survived the winter but this was only accomplished by budgeting the food and supplies.

One year later Bullock wrote to the *Deseret News*:

We have just got through with our wheat harvest, and are now harvesting our oats, potatoes, beets, etc. Notwithstanding the frost of Sept. 7th we will have half a crop of wheat, and our potatoes are turning out as well as could be expected The brethren are all alive, preparing for winter, and Fort Supply is becoming more desirable than it was.⁵¹

On June 29, 1857, Isaac Bullock wrote Brigham Young the following concerning the difficulty with their crops:

I feel to give you a brief report of the affairs of this mission. I arrived here on the 2nd of May and found a good spirit of reformation and industry among the brethren. The weather continued cold and stormy till the 20th of May, freezing almost every night. The crops were very backward, as the wheat sown in March and April was repeatedly cut down with, the frost, since then the weather has been warm and pleasant and the crops have grown rapidly. Our potatoes looked well until the night of the 26th of June being the first frost that injured vegetation since May 20th when the sun was 3 hours in the morning. I measured the ice—3/4 of an inch.—our potatoes were cut down.⁵²

Time and time again Bullock was forced to write the Church leaders in Salt Lake and ask for supplies to be sent because the crops at the fort were not sufficient to feed those at Fort Supply let alone the emigrants who passed by enroute to the Valley. Even though the settlers at the Fort could not produce enough food to

49. *Deseret News*, April 28, 1856, p. 2.

50. Isaac Bullock to George A. Smith, October 20, 1855, MCIB.

51. *Deseret News*, October 1, 1856, p. 4.

52. Isaac Bullock to Brigham Young, June 29, 1857, MCIB.

sustain themselves, Fort Supply was still very much needed as a resting place for the oncoming emigrants and the settlement was viewed by the church leaders as being permanent.

Fort Supply was not without trouble with the Indians. Isaac Bullock, writing George A. Smith, stated, "It is a busy time here now and the Indians are coming all around us. We have our grain to harvest, potatoes to dig and crops to secure and with all our care and diligence the natives are bound to have a share."⁵³

Referring to Brigham Young, Tababooindowetsy, a Shoshone chief, was quoted as saying:

They had much to complain of Brigham. Said they, says the Buffalo, Elk Deer, Antelope, and little prairie dogs, all of the Shoshonee meat was going to decrease and they must go to farming. And the Mormons were poor and coveted their victials meaning flour and meat Brigham had given them nothing.⁵⁴

Continuing, Bullock stated that:

They camped 12 miles from our Fort, and ordered us to bring a wagon load of potatoes and also one of flour, as if they were lords and were to be obeyed. They demanded a beef, some flour and other articles of George W. Boyd, who is in care of Fort Bridger and he had to forth over, after which they are not satisfied but went to Jack Robinson's a mountaineer, and shot one of his best work oxen.⁵⁵

In a letter written to George A. Smith from Fort Supply, on October 20, 1855, Isaac Bullock itemized the problem that continually arose between the Indians and settlers. The problem of one person promising something to the Indians, of which others did not have knowledge, continually plagued the settlement. This was usually done to get rid of the Indians who often became quite a nuisance. Bullock wrote:

There had been some trouble here with the Indians. One of the Chiefs by the name of Tababooindowesym band came to our Fort Oct. 1. They demanded a present of potatoes and wheat from Bro. Brown telling him that he had promised it to them. He told them he had made no such promise. They told him that he lied and were very bold and impatient. There had been a promise made to them by Bro. Pulsipher before they went into the valley that when the leaves fell the potatoes and wheat were ripe if they should come we would give them some wheat and potatoes that grew on their land. This promise was made in Bro. Brown's absence and he knew nothing of it. Bro. Pulsipher having the charge of affairs made this promise to get rid of them until the crops were mature for they were grabling the potatoes before they were as big as hazel nuts . . .

This lack of communication on the part of the settlers usually

53. Isaac Bullock to George A. Smith, October 5, 1855, MCIB.

54. *Ibid.*

55. *Ibid.*

brought about the attitude of stealing or destroying the crops at the fort. He continued.

Just about this time three, two young bucks and one little chief come to where Pres. Brown was standing at the bars and wanted to go through he said they might if they would keep the path and not run over the grain. They pushed through and went galloping over the wheat saying it was good to run over Mormon's grain.

It was very common for the settlers to grant to the Indians food from the fields. Yet when the settlers went to the fields to pick the crops, the Indians would take advantage of the situation by ravaging the fields and became angry if asked to stop. Bullock wrote:

I went to dig some potatoes for the Chief as I had promised him some he went along with me nearly his whole band followed and commenced grabling all round me. I spoke to the Chief to see what his people were doing he very carefully replied that he had no eyes and could not see them.

Usually on such occasions, the settlers ended up taking precautions against attack from the Indians which was threatened on many occasions.

A strong guard was placed around the fort and kept up all night . . . Our horses were sent out next morning with a guard to place where if any enemy was to come they could see the enemy before it would get to them and if they saw any dust or appearance of Indians that the guard should run the horses into the corral in the fort. About one or two o'clock a large dust rose in the distance pretty soon here comes the guard full charge with the horses the cry was the Indians are coming. Orders to arms . . . Every man was to his post expecting every moment to hear the war hoop cry from the guard house, which all most stopped our hearts from beating.

It often turned out being a false alarm or the Indians had second thoughts of attacking the fort. On several occasions, the cry of Indians was found out to be the Indian agent in company with the Indians enroute to the fort to settle the differences between the settlers and the Indians.

As they neared to our Fort it was authentically declared that it was the Indians Agent for here he was in person followed by the Indians who were stopped at the gate by Pres. Brown request. The agent had their arms taken from them before he would let them come into the fort . . . He then held a council with them. The thing was all talked over and they the Indians argued to throw away all of their mad feelings.⁵⁶

In summing up the relationship between the Indians and Mormons at Fort Supply, Bullock stated: "At times they manifest the most friendly feelings imaginable and at other times they are

56. Isaac Bullock to George A. Smith, October 20, 1855, MCIB.

hostile. As you can see that we have to exercise the greatest patience imaginable to get along with them."⁵⁷

For many months the leaders at Fort Supply had been asking permission to survey a site for a new location for the fort. On May 27, 1856, Brigham Young gave approval for the new location of Fort Supply.⁵⁸ Isaac Bullock, writing to Brigham Young on October 18, 1856, stated:

I wish much you would say whether a city would be better at Fort Supply or a fort? Also give us your suggestions as to the proper size. Most of the brethren seem to prefer a city, but to your council I am sure they will yield a willing obedience.⁵⁹

The statement of Isaac Bullock would indicate that very little, if anything, had been done in regards to the surveying of the new site or the planning of any specifics since the approval of Brigham Young in the spring. On May 30, 1857, Lewis Robison, writing to Daniel H. Wells, stated that "Brother Bullock has been here today and he feels very anxious for Brother T. D. Brown to come out and lay out the city as soon as practical so that the people can build before winter."⁶⁰ T. D. Brown did arrive that spring and surveyed a new city plot between Fort Supply and Fort Bridger. Bullock, writing to Brigham Young on June 29, 1857, stated "Bro. T. D. Brown arrived here on Sat. June 20th and commenced surveying the city plot of the 22nd, it is located about 3 miles north of this fort on the bench between Black's and Smith's Fork some 7 miles from Bridger."⁶¹ This plan was followed, according to Bullock, who claimed there were 15 or 16 houses built by late summer of 1857.⁶²

The Mormons at Fort Supply were still eager to fulfill their mission of preaching to the Indians and to maintain a settlement where the passing emigrants might rest and be supplied with the necessary food to reach the valley. Isaac Bullock, writing to Brigham Young, August 18, 1857, stated:

The brethren here feel to be on hand to carry out the counsel whatever it may be and are generally united should you have word of counsel here. We shall be glad to receive it and will keep you advised as much as possible.⁶³

57. *Ibid.*

58. Brigham Young to Isaac Bullock, May 27, 1856, quoted in Brigham Young's Letter Book, No. 2, MS in Church Historian's office.

59. Isaac Bullock to Brigham Young, October 18, 1856, quoted in Manuscript Collection of Lewis Robison, MS in Church Historian's office, hereafter cited as MCLR.

60. Lewis Robison to Daniel H. Wells, May 30, 1857, MCLR.

61. Isaac Bullock to Brigham Young, June 29, 1857, MCIB.

62. Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, July 16, 1857, p. 2. (Located in Church Historian's office).

63. Isaac Bullock to Brigham Young, August 18, 1857, MCIB.

So many complaints of misunderstanding, suspicion, and malice in the Utah Territory had filtered into Washington that President Buchanan, in 1857, pointed out to the Congress that the supremacy of the United States must be restored and maintained. He, therefore, appointed Alfred Cummings to replace Brigham Young as governor and ordered him and other federal officers to Utah under military escort.⁶⁴

By the middle of September, the feeling of safety for the Fort Bridger and Fort Supply settlers was in question. On September 15, a proclamation was sent to the army at Hams Fork—only 35 miles from Fort Bridger. Orders were now being given to the people at the forts that they must hold back the army and not permit any to pass. Tight security was being placed on all individuals seeking entrance into the valley.

John Pulsipher described the effect of the army's approach on Fort Supply:

September 20, 1857. Today we received the Proclamation of the Governor of Utah, Brigham Young: dated 15 September 1857, forbidding all armed forces coming into the territory under any pretences whatever. Calls on all militia to be in readiness at a moment's warning. Good . . . we received it with joy.⁶⁵

The proclamation and martial law made legal the actions of resistance offered the federal troops by the Mormons. Instructions concerning the duties of the missionaries were dispensed by Brigham Young.

September 20, 1857. President Bullock received a letter from Brother Brigham of the 16th giving us further instructions in regard to carrying into effect the fore going Proclamation. Although the invading army is approaching . . . this martial law must be carried out. Be careful of the lives of people. See that there are no more killed than is absolutely necessary to carry out these orders. Mentions in this that it would be well to move the families to Fort Supply as that is a hard place to live.⁶⁶

The exact date is not known when the removal of settlers began at Fort Bridger and Fort Supply by order of Brigham Young, but by September 29, the majority of the families were bound for Salt Lake City. George A. Smith, on his way east with a military expedition, reported that "on the 29th of September, I met some fifty families fleeing from Fort Supply and Fort Bridger, with ox and horse teams, and their herds of cattle bound for Great Salt Lake City."

64. See LeRoy R. Hafen's *The Utah Expedition, 1857-1858* (Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1958) for complete history.

65. Pulsipher reprint, *op. cit.*

66. *Ibid.*

As the army came closer, Brigham Young ordered the missionaries to leave their homes and the mission and return to the valley.

Sunday, September 27. Bro. Bullock went to Fort Bridger to learn how things are going on the road. We supposed it would be best to move soon as we did not get all our crops secured. Bro. Edison Whipple and myself went with the stock here today to be sure that they were safe. When we came in at night with the herd, Bro. Bullock had returned, and said it was time to go. So we fixed and loaded wagons in the night for a start in the morning.⁶⁷

Brother John Pulsipher concluded with his feelings and those of others who labored in the Green River country.

Our company was now only about 30 families . . . and as some had gone to the Valley before . . . we traveled night and day so that we might not fall into the hands of enemies 'til we heard they had made a halt on Ham's Fork. Then we went more leisurely with our slow teams and old wagons and within 7 days were safe in the Valley among friends. Then we separated and went to the different wards and settlements where our former homes had been. Lord bless that noble band of brethren and sisters that have labored so nobly to build the kingdom by making peace with the natives and farm a settlement, in that cold dreary place in Green River County. We worked hard and by the Lord's blessing our work was quite comfortably situated to live.⁶⁸

Upon deserting their property in Green River County, those remaining were ordered to burn all buildings and fields. This they considered necessary as a partial safeguard against the oncoming federal troops so that they should not be aiding the Army, which to them was a threat "of a armed mob."⁶⁹

During the evening of October 3,⁷⁰ Fort Bridger was set on fire by Lewis Robison, and the torch was set to Fort Supply around midnight of the same day. Jesse W. Crosby, one of the Mormons who participated in the campaign against Johnston's army, reported:

The company to which I belonged left Salt Lake City September 25, 1857. We took out our wagons, horses, etc., and at twelve o'clock set fire to the building (Fort Supply) at once, consisting of one hundred or more good hewed log houses, one sawmill, one gristmill and one thrashing machine, and after going out of the fort we set fire to the stockade work, straw and grain stacks, etc. After looking a few minutes at the bonfire we had made, thence on by the light thereof. I will mention that owners of property in several places begged the privilege of setting fire to their own, which they freely did, thus destroying at once what they had labored for years to build and that without a word.

67. *Ibid.*

68. *Ibid.*

69. Hunter, *op. cit.*, p. 288.

70. *Ibid.* Hunter states that it was six o'clock on the evening of October 3, 1857, that Fort Bridger was burned. He gives no reference.



Courtesy Dr. Fred R. Gowans
PRESENT SITE OF FORT SUPPLY

We then went our way a few miles and stopped to set fire to the City Supply, a new place just commenced; there were ten or fifteen buildings perhaps, and warmed ourselves by the flames. Thus was laid waste in a few hours all the labor of a settlement for three or four years, with some five or six hundred acres of land fenced and improved.

Our work of destruction was now finished and we moved silently onward and reached Bridger a little after daylight and found it in ashes, it having been fired the night before.⁷¹

Additional details were reported:

My grandfather's journal states that he was stationed in Echo Canyon, and that during the closing days of September, the exact date not being given, he was detained to go to Fort Supply with a number of militia men and help the settlers there to put up their crops. He says that they got there and worked early and late for three days. And just at night they finished getting the last of the grain in the stack and got something to eat and all went to sleep thoroughly tired, that about midnight an express came from Col. Robert T. Burton ordering him to burn Fort Supply. He says that there were one hundred hewed log houses, a saw mill, a grist mill, and a thrashing machine in the fort, and that it had palisades around the outside of the fort. And that there were between five and six hundred acres of grain in the stack, and a lot of meadow hay, that many of the owners of the property asked the privilege of burning their property, and that he granted it; that he took everything that was moveable except the thrashing machine, and set the fort and buildings, and grain and hay on fire, and went down to Supply City, a new place with fifteen or

71. History and Journal of Jesse W. Crosby, 1820-1869, MS in Brigham Young University's Special Collection, pp. 91-92.

sixteen houses in it, and set that town on fire; and that he and the people with him stopped to warm themselves by the burning houses; and then went on to Fort Bridger, which had already been burned, and after warming themselves by the embers there they went on toward Salt Lake City.

By carefully reading the journal over it can be definitely ascertained that this happened the night of the 3rd and 4th of October, 1857 . . .⁷²

Thus the labors of the last four years in the Green River Valley were left in ashes, bringing to a close the era of Fort Supply. On arrival of the army at Fort Bridger in November, 1857, Colonel Johnston took possession of the fort in the name of the United States, and declared it to be a military reservation. The reservation was also extended over the settlement and farming lands of Fort Supply.⁷³

There are varying estimates to the amount of money lost by the Mormons due to the fire and the takeover by the federal army. Milton R. Hunter states: "The total loss and damage sustained by these Mormon Pioneers in this case were about \$300,000.00."⁷⁴ There is little doubt that Hunter took his figure from Andrew Jenson, although he does not footnote his quote. Another Mormon source states, "The estimated amount of the property thus destroyed at Fort Bridger was \$2,000, at Fort Supply, \$50,000.00."⁷⁵ The author of *Utah—A Centennial History* also quotes the losses to be \$300,000. Most likely these figures also came from Jenson's work.⁷⁶

How accurate the estimate of \$300,000 is is a question that will be impossible to answer; but in light of the figures given in Crosby's account of the number of homes, buildings, and acreage destroyed at Fort Supply, plus the homes and acreage of Supply City and Fort Bridger, the estimate of \$300,000 is certainly acceptable, if not a bit conservative.

However, the figure of \$2,000 for the loss of Fort Bridger and \$50,000 for Fort Supply are certainly in error. The appraised value of Fort Bridger before the construction of the wall was \$11,800.⁷⁷

The name, Supply, was prophetic in a sense, indicating the aims of the settlement, which were to supply the oncoming emigrants with such home-grown foodstuffs and supplies as the country could

72. Jesse W. Crosby to Mr. W. Hewton, November 18, 1930, quoted in Manuscript Collection of Fort Bridger, MS in Church Historian's office.

73. Jenson, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

74. Hunter, *op. cit.*, p. 289.

75. History of Brigham Young, p. 717, MS in Church Historian's office.

76. Wain Sutton (ed.) *Utah—A Centennial History*. II (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Co., 1949), p. 596.

77. Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Trustee-in-Trust Department, Financial Report, April 1, 1855 through March 31, 1857, MS in Utah State Historical Society.

afford. But it proved in some way to be, instead, a "Fort Disappointment," as the location was not suitable for general agriculture pursuits because of high altitude and cold summers.⁷⁸ However, the good that was derived from this settlement of being a resting place for the emigrating Saints, a place to replenish their food supplies, an Indian Mission, and a defense against the mountain men's activities among the Indians, was worthy in the eyes of the Church leaders since the plans called for making Fort Supply a permanent settlement. If it had been permitted to continue, Fort Supply would very probably be a community in Uinta County, Wyoming, today; whereas, at the present time, there is nothing left of Fort Supply except stumps in the ground of remnants of what the Mormon settlers built there from 1853 to 1857.

FORT BRIDGER: CLAIMS AND COUNTER CLAIMS

During the years of 1853-1855, the Mormons had been successful in gaining control of the Green River ferries along the Oregon Trail from the mountain men who, for several years, had operated the ferries gaining thousands of dollars during the emigrant season. With the purchase of Fort Bridger from James Bridger and Louis Vasquez on August 3, 1855, the Mormons finalized their control of Green River County. However, with the coming of the "Utah Expedition" in 1857, which had been ordered to Utah Territory by President Buchanan to investigate rumors and ensure the governor's seat for Alfred Cumming, the Mormons withdrew their operations from the Green River ferries and left Fort Bridger and Fort Supply in ashes. The winter of 1857-1858 was spent by the army at their newly constructed Fort Scott located only a few miles from the remains of Fort Bridger. The army took possession of Fort Bridger using its stone walls as a fortification for stock and supplies against possible enemy attack. James Bridger was also spending the winter at Fort Scott with the troops, acting in the capacity of "head guide" for the military. These events of this fall and winter set into motion a series of events which would see claims brought against the Mormon Church and the U. S. Government by Lewis Robison and James Bridger respectively.¹

78. Alter, *op. cit.*, p. 251.

1. Frederick Ross Gowans, "A History of Fort Bridger, 1841-1858" unpublished doctoral dissertation, Brigham Young University, 1972.

Even though the army had taken over the fort, and as of June, 1858, Fort Bridger had become a federal army post by order of the government, church leaders had not given up hopes that their claims of ownership would be recognized by the government. Lewis Robison, who had been Brigham Young's agent in the purchase of the fort and operated Fort Bridger for the church during the years 1855-1857, was granted ownership of the fort and its lands by the Church leaders to see what he could do in getting the fort back through private ownership, or to receive some kind of compensation for its loss.²

In October, 1858, Lewis Robison reported:

. . . that he had been to see Gen'l Johnson in regard to the Bridger property. Gen'l Johnson said they were surveying a military reserve at and around Bridger, 25 miles square and taking in all the land that could be settled; but if the Government acknowledged his (Robison) claim there, he would give him \$600.00 a year for the use of it; but he thought it would take a higher authority than there was in this Territory to establish his claim. He said he thought \$600.00 a great deal of rent for the ranch.³

The amount of \$600 a year for ten years was the sum promised by the government agents to Jim Bridger for the leasing of the fort if he could prove ownership, and Robison was given the same proposition.

It is interesting to note that even though Bridger had sold Fort Bridger to the Mormons in August of 1855, he accused the Mormons of driving him out of his fort with threats upon his life and claimed he suffered complete loss of his fort and its merchandise. While wintering at Fort Scott, Bridger signed an agreement with the military for lease or purchase of his fort.⁴

Robison's claims were never honored by the government, probably because the government did not honor Bridger's claims. Bridger was never able to show a deed of ownership nor was he able to acquire one. Bridger could not produce the deed at the time of sale to the Mormons in 1855, but said he would turn it over to them if a deed were secured; of course, this was impossible because he had never been given one from the Mexican government. Since the United States did not honor his claims of ownership, they could not honor the Robison claims since Bridger did not have a legal right to sell the property.

In 1861, with the coming of the Civil War, the military troops at the fort were withdrawn and the fort was closed down except for a few remaining volunteers. In July of that year, a public sale

2. *Ibid.*

3. History of Brigham Young, MS in Church Historian's office, October, 1858, p. 260. Also Journal History, October 29, 1858, p. 8.

4. Gowans, *op. cit.*

at the fort prompted Lewis Robison to write this letter to Daniel H. Wells:

Green River Terr.

July 17, 1861

D. H. Wells Esq

Dear Brother

I have just received notice of the sale of Public Property at Fort Bridger which is to commence on the 26th of July. I expect to attend the sale. I have not learned whether they intend to sell the improvements or not, if so I suppose it would be well to enter a protest against such sale.

Should there be anything sold that you may want for yourself or the public, I wish you to inform me as soon as possible, or any suggestions about the Bridger ranch of the property that may be left by the Army. I suppose of course it will be well for me to take possession if possible. I should of written to you long before, but I have had no time to attend . . .

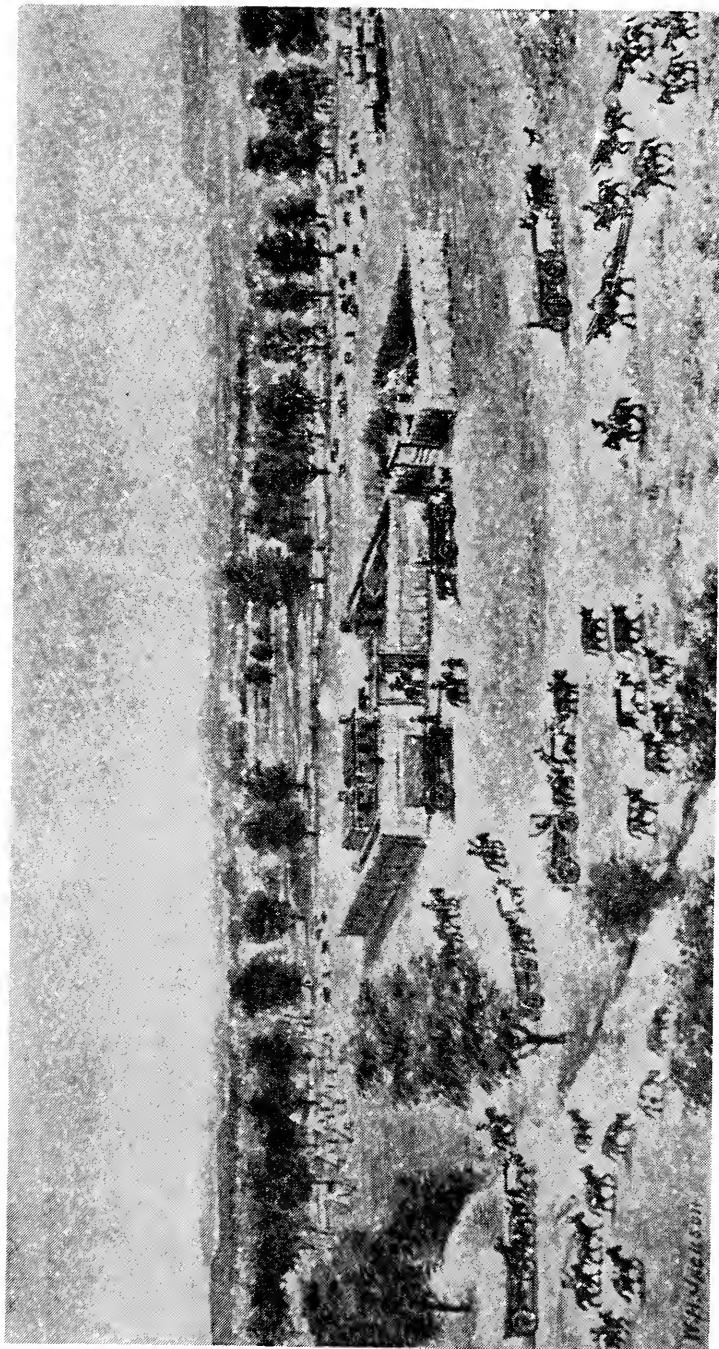
Your Brother
Lewis Robison⁵

Upon Robison's arrival at Fort Bridger, he posted the following notice indicating that he intended to take possession of the fort if he could do so legally:

5. Lewis Robison to Daniel H. Wells, July 17, 1861, quoted in Manuscript Collection of Lewis Robison (MS in Church Historian's Office), hereafter cited as MCLR. The Church sent H. B. Clawson to attend the sale at Fort Bridger. The following is the expense account turned in by Clawson and a list of the items purchased:

H. B. Clawson Expense a/c going to Fort Bridger
July 24 To attend Government Sale

To passage by mail	25.00
To Dinner at Hanks	.75
To Supper Mouth Echo	.75
To Breakfast at Muddy	.75
To Wine at W. A. Carters	2.00
July 30	
To Dinner at Muddy on Return	
To Supper at Bear River	.75
To Breakfast at Mouth of echo	.75
To Supper and Breakfast East Weber	1.50
To Meat at Eph Hanks	.75
Bill of Goods bought at Fort Bridger	July 29, 1861
To Glue posts	5.00
To 1 Lot of Hair for Horse Collars	5.00
To 1 Lot Blankets	13.00
To 1 Tea Pot	2.50
To 2 pt. canalle sticks (10.00) 1 Caster (10.00)	20.00
To 1 Lot Marbles	1.00
To 2 cork screws	2.00
To 1 Clock	2.00
To 100 ft rope	12.50
To Brushes and can for marking	1.50
To Candles and Soap	5.00
(MCLR, July 24, 29, 30, 1861.)	



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

FORT BRIDGER

NOTICE

To all whom it may concern. Whereas the premises known as Fort Bridger situated in Green River County in Utah Territory, which have been and are now occupied by the United States Army. So by lawful purchase, occupation and improvements made thereon, belong to the undersigned and whereas the said premises have been taken and unlawfully withheld from me, and whereas I have been utterly reprimanded any compensation for the use thereof, or for damages done thereto in cutting and destroying lumber or otherwise—and whereas I understand that it is the intention of officers now in charge directing and commanding at Fort Bridger to sell and transfer the same with the improvements made thereon. Now therefore I Lewis Robison the lawful and rightful owner of said premises and I hereby claim as my legal right the peaceful possession of the same together with all the buildings, corrals, yard fields or improvements thereon or appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining. And I do hereby forbid the sale of said premise or any portion thereof to any person or persons whatever and I also warn all or any persons against purchasing, taking or retaining the possession of the same.

Given under my hand and seal
this 22nd day of July A.D. 1861
Lewis Robison⁶

However, Robison's claims to ownership were not acceptable to the military at the fort and the sale went ahead as scheduled.⁷

This was the setting that brought about the claims of Lewis Robison against the Mormon church and James Bridger against the United States government.

For the next 16 years (1861-1877), Fort Bridger was a dead issue with Robison. He still had in his possession the deed to the fort given to him by Brigham Young in 1858. The deed was worthless in regards to money value, but it still represented ownership as far as he was concerned. During those 16 years, Fort Bridger had become a very active military post on the American frontier and the Robison claims were apparently forgotten by the government officials. But in July, 1877, Robison, then living in Pleasant Grove, Utah Territory, was asked to return the deed to the fort to Brigham Young. Young had been ill for many months and his death was imminent. In preparing for the settlement of

6. Manuscript Collection of Fort Bridger, (MS in Church Historian's office, July 22, 1861, hereafter cited as MCFB.

7. The claims of Lewis Robison of owning the fort were not accepted by Colonel Cooke in August, 1861. A large number of Mormons came to the sale from Salt Lake City, among whom was Robison armed with printed posters, warning the officers in charge and all persons not to purchase anything of a real character connected with the post as all belonged to him. However, after talking with Captain Gove, commander of the post, Robison was content with making the statement that Captain Gove was a gentleman but that the damned United States Government had robbed him of his property and he intended having it. Robert S. Ellison, *Fort Bridger, Wyoming* (Casper, Wyoming: The Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, 1931), p. 37.

his own estate and closing any unfinished business in regard to the church, it was felt that the deed to the Fort Bridger ranch should be obtained from Robison and held by the church. Not that the church expected to make money from new claims against the government, but simply to tie up any loose ends of Brigham Young's administration. An indenture was drawn up on July 18, 1877, in which it stated that Brigham Young paid Lewis Robison \$8000 in gold coin for Fort Bridger. The church's position was that there was no actual money transaction needed in the turning of the deed over to Brigham Young. The \$8000 in gold coin has reference to the amount of money given to Lewis Robison by Brigham Young in 1855 and 1858 to pay Bridger and Vasquez for the fort. Robison was only returning a deed which was not actually his since the money for the purchase of the fort had not come from Robison's pocket but that of the Mormon church. But, with the return of the deed, Robison was relinquishing the last evidence of his claim to Fort Bridger. This led him to seek recompense from the Church which he felt was justified because of the partnership that had been entered into by himself and Brigham Young in 1855 when he had been sent to Fort Bridger as the agent of Brigham Young to buy the fort from Bridger and Vasquez.

The following is a portion of that indenture drawn up between Robison and Young:

This indenture made the eighteenth day of July in the year of our Lord One Thousand eight hundred and seventy seven between Lewis Robison of Pleasant Grove, in the County of Utah, and Territory of Utah party of the first part, and Brigham Young, Sen. of Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake and Territory aforesaid, party of the second part. Witnesseth, that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Eight Thousand Dollars, gold coin of the United States of America, to him in hand paid by the said party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, has granted, bargained, sold, aliened, remised, reliased, conveyed and confirmed, and by these presents does grant, bargain, sell, alien, remise, release, convey and confirm unto the said property of the second part and to his heirs and assigns forever, all that certain piece or parcel of land known and described as follows to wit: . . .⁸

Some time prior to January 6, 1878, Lewis Robison wrote President John Taylor stating that he felt that the church owed him \$5000 for his service at Fort Bridger during the years of 1855-1857 and that he had a partnership with Brigham Young which entitled him to one-half of the profits at the fort based upon service. It is not known if this claim caught President Taylor by surprise or if he had some knowledge of the Fort Bridger matters.

8. Indenture, July 18, 1877, MCLR.

Needless to say, an auditing committee consisting of Wilford Woodruff, Erastus Snow and Joseph F. Smith was asked to check into the matter to see if Robison's claims were justified. On January 16, 1878, the following report was given to President Taylor from this committee:

President John Taylor

Salt Lake City, Jan 16, 1878

Dear Brother

Your committee on auditation respectfully reports that we have examined the matters pertaining to the Bridger Ranch on the Trustee in Trust Ledgers, and find as follows. viz:

Bridger Ranch a/c	
By amounts credited on Trustee in	
Trust ledgers	12,137.14
Amount charged Lewis Robison in his	
a/c, supplies drawn from the ranch as	
per his report. Led F fol 504	1,592.65
	<hr/>
	13,739.79
Contra	
To amount debited on T in T ledgers	7,504.21
	<hr/>
	6,225.58

We also find on the Indian Department
Ledgers Amounts furnished Indian Department
as per Voucher No 1 (Chargeable to B. Young
as Supt of Indian Affairs)

Also on Y. X. Company ledgers amounts furnished the Y. X. Company as per B. Young's Orders (Y. X. Led fol 132)	1,368.44
	<hr/>
	1,233.84

8,827.86⁹

The committee's report indicates that \$16,332.07 had been entered on the ledgers as profit during the time that Robison had worked at the fort. They also indicated that \$7504.21 represented the amount that Robison had indebted on the Trustee in Trust ledgers leaving a balance of profit of \$8827.86.

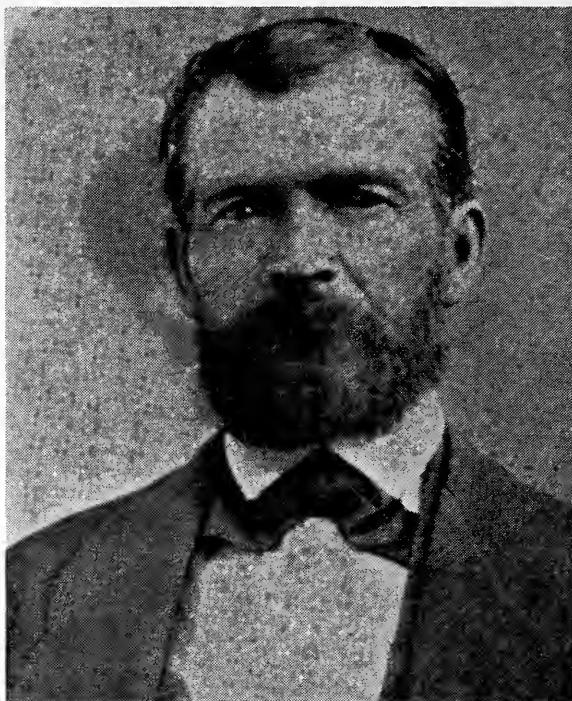
The committee also presented the following report:

Lewis Robison Personal a/c

Dr to balance of account as per	
Petit Ledger	2,111.47
Cr by amount ferrying Y. X. Company	
horses and etc across Green River. Cre- dited and Trustee in Trust on Y. X. account	
books and due L. Robison personally	160.00
	<hr/>
	1,951.47 ¹⁰

9. Auditing Committee, January 16, 1878, MCFB.

10. *Ibid.*



Courtesy LDS Archives
LEWIS ROBISON

This last report indicated that Robison also owed the Church \$1951.47. This amount subtracted from the \$8827.86 would leave a total of \$6876.39 representing the profit taken in at Fort Bridger minus Robison's indebtedness while he was in service there.

At a meeting held the next day, January 17, 1878, the following was decided upon by President Taylor and the auditing committee in reference to Robison's claim:

Pres. Taylor with Elders L. Snow and J. F. Smith of the auditing committee considered the claim of bro Lewis Robison against the Trustee in Trust for relief in the matter of the Fort Bridger property. It was decided that bro Robison receive immediate relief to the amount of \$1,250.00 cash and that the deed of the Fort Bridger property be returned to him to do as he pleased with regard to pressing his claim upon the Government for the title to the property; if he do so without assistance from the Church and obtains anything, then it is to be wholly his; but if he ask and receive any Church aid, then the Church is to have an equal share with Bro. Robison in whatever is obtained from the Government. This is to be in full settlement of all

claims of bro. Robison against the Church in the matter of the Fort Bridger property and the Y. X. Express Co.¹¹

How the church leaders came up with \$1250 from the figures presented by the auditing committee is not known. However, this was the amount offered to Lewis Robison for his half of the profits at Fort Bridger. He also was to be given the deed to Fort Bridger and all debts on the records in his name were considered paid in full.

Robison was not happy with the offer given for settlement by the Church leaders. On January 22, he wrote President John Taylor and the auditing committee as follows:

President John Taylor	Salt Lake City, U.T.
Trustee in Trust	
and	
Wilford Woodruff	
Erastus Snow	Auditing Committee
Joseph F. Smith	

Dear Brethren:

After acknowledging the receipt of your decision in the Bridger Ranch case with myself dated Presidents Office January 19, 1878. I proceed to reply by saying in the first place that I do most certainly consider that you have not fully comprehended the nature of the case under consideration. In order therefore to bring it more directly to your notice I hope that you will pardon me for presenting the following account.

BRIDGER RANCH

By Amounts credited on Trustee in Trust	
Ledgers	12,137.14
" Amount drawn by Lewis Robison, as per his own report and charged to his private acc't on T in T Led of 504	1,592.65
" Am't paid on Pres Young's orders to the Y. X. company	1,233.86
" Am't paid on Pres Young's orders to Indian Department	1,368.44

Making a total of \$16,332.07

of this amount one half (1/2) beside one half of the ranch with the improvements belongs to me, to wit \$8,166.03 1/2 which after deducting my private account charged on T in T books, viz: \$2,111.47 less \$160.00 credited to the Trustee in Trust on the Y. X. company books making the balance of my private account \$1,951.47 which after deducting from the \$8,166.03 1/2 leaves a balance due to me of—\$6,214.56 to say nothing of interest being charged for 20 years.

Brethren, these figures are drawn from your own books and as you will perceive they show paid back to the President the sum of \$661.82 over and above every cent advanced by him on account of the ranch which amount was \$7,504.21 besides my share of the proceeds which was always paid over to him or to his order, in addition to which I would be entitled to a credit of \$3,500.00 being my share of im-

11. Auditing Committee Final Statement, January 17, 1878, MCFB.

provements made on the premises by his order amounting in all to \$5,000.00

It can be seen that my claim could easily be run to near if not quite Ten Thousand dollars without charging any interest, and that my claim of \$5,000.00 first presented for services was to say the least of it very moderate indeed, considering that the President ruled for services instead of a half interest in the premises and he requiring me to make a deed for the entire ranch with the improvements, he having also received all the proceeds accruing therefrom. Nevertheless I have been, and still wish to be moderate in this settlement, and would like above all consideration to meet with the same feeling from my brethren. Now I understand that you are willing to award me \$1,250.00 and a full relinquishment of all claims and advances made on account of the Ranch and to cancel my private account. In your proposition no mention is made of the Indian claim against the Estate. I suppose that this is not included, and that my share of that claim will be settled by the Executors of the Estate of the late President Young, with this understanding, and that the need be returned to me as I understand it has not yet been recorded nor inventoried so as to appear any where of record, I will now compromise by your paying me \$2,500.00 instead of the \$1,250.00 offered as above, or if you shall choose to pay me the \$5,000.00 services as I at first proposed, you can still keep the Ranch and all the improvements and claims against the government for rent, damages and etc.

I will close by simply saying that if I should make up my account from my books instead of those in the office, it would amount to a much larger sum as I find many things omitted, hoping that the foregoing propositions, one or the other, may be not only acceptable and satisfactory but be considered reasonable and generous, as I do earnestly desire to appear to you.

I remain, very truly,
Your Brother in the Gospel of
peace

Lewis Robison¹²

It is easily noted that the figures used by Robison and those used by the auditing committee were exactly alike. Robison either had access to the same records or had copies of them. He agreed that the profit made at Fort Bridger was \$16,332.07 of which he felt he was entitled to half, due to the partnership entered into with Brigham Young in 1855.

During all the negotiations the Church never once changed their offer of \$1250 and the return of the deed to the ranch to Robison. Why Robison settled for this amount is a question that cannot be answered, at least not at this time. There is no question that Robison was a faithful Mormon and wanted, as he stated in his letter, that the transaction "be not only acceptable and satisfactory but be considered reasonable and generous." It is equally certain that Robison had a partnership with Brigham Young. Young had

12. Lewis Robison to John Taylor and Auditing Committee, January 22, 1878, MCLR.

purchased the fort for \$8000 and Robison, through his services at the fort, would have been entitled to half of the profits. It appears, therefore, that Robison was justified in his claims that the Church owed him some kind of settlement, although the exact amount is in question since there was some doubt concerning the amount Robison owed to the Church. Needless to say, the Church officials also felt that Robison had claims against the Church that were valid since they made a settlement of \$1250 and returned the deed to the ranch as indicated in the following document signed on February 15, 1878:

\$1,250.00

Salt Lake City U.T.
February 15th, 1878

Received from John Taylor Trustee in Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the sum of Twelve Hundred and Fifty (\$1,250.00) dollars, this sum being in full payment of all accounts claims and demands that I have against the said Trustee in Trust or any agent connected with said Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints up to this date. And I do hereby certify that the settlement made with me at this date by the said Trustee in Trust is satisfactory to me, and is in full payment and settlement of all claims and demands to date.

Statement of papers received by me at the date of the foregoing settlement, said papers being handed to me by President John Taylor, Trustee in Trust as aforesaid.

Deed from me to Brigham Young for Bridger Ranch, with all the papers mentioned is said deed attached, the following being a copy. This indenture made the eighteenth day of July.¹³

It is interesting to note that John Taylor returned to Lewis Robison the indenture Robison had signed and had given to Brigham Young in 1877. This deed was only recognized by the Church and had no legality in the courts or on the records of the Territory. This is why Robison stated in his letter of January 22, 1878, concerning the deed, "with this understanding, and that the deed be returned to me as I understand it has not yet been recorded nor inventoried so as to appear anywhere of record."

Also on the same date, February 15, 1878, President John Taylor signed the following settlement:

Salt Lake City U.T.
Feby 15th 1878

This is to certify that in a settlement made with Lewis Robison at this date, I hereby relinquish any right title or interest I may have as Trustee in Trust of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; to the land and premises known as Fort Bridger, situated in Uintah County in the Territory of Wyoming, and said to contain Four hundred square miles of ground more or less, also hereby relinquishing, claims in law or equity, against said Bridger Ranch property by rea-

13. Statement of Receipt, February 15, 1878, MCLR.

sons of advances made or otherwise, including rents, issues, or profits, accumulated up to or from the date hereof.

As witness my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

Attest
Geo. Reynolds

John Taylor
Trustee in Trust for the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter day
Saints¹⁴

It appears that Robison was willing to accept the terms of the settlement after his own terms were turned down simply because it was against his character to question the church leaders a second time. As to the settlement of money owed Robison for his service at Fort Bridger the only thing that can be said for certain is that the books were closed as far as the church was concerned, only Lewis Robison and Brigham Young, now dead for several months, knew if it was "acceptable and satisfactory." It does appear, however, that Lewis Robison was not treated generously by the Church.

With the deed for the fort once again in his possession, Robison accompanied his attorney, Mr. Wood, to Fort Bridger and made a formal demand of Judge Carter, an agent of the United States, for possession of Fort Bridger. Lewis Robison asked Carter to forward his demands to the proper officer of the United States government, but Carter did not comply with Robison's request.¹⁵ The records and documents that are available at this time indicate that this was the last time that Robison made demands of the federal government in connection with Fort Bridger. Just prior to the time of his death, Robison still had in his possession the deed to Fort Bridger. With his passing, both he and the deed were only memories of a past era.

It was not until 1869, 12 years after Bridger had leased Fort Bridger to the United States, that he began inquiring of the War Department as to whether the government intended to pay him \$6000, the sum of the ten annual rental payments, which he claimed was due him under the terms of the lease.¹⁶ Receiving no reply, he wrote again on January 6, 1870, to remind the secretary of war that the lease of 1857 also gave the United States government the option of purchasing Fort Bridger for \$10,000, and to say that if the government did not wish to take advantage of this option, he would like to be restored to peaceful possession of the fort.¹⁷ On April 25 of the same year, the War Department

14. Statement of John Taylor, February 15, 1878, MCRB. All President Taylor was doing was signing a quit claim deed to Lewis Robison since President Taylor had no legal deed to the ranch in his possession.

15. Ellison, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

16. U. S. Congress. Senate. *Senate Report*, No. 86, 52nd Cong., 1st Sess., 1892, Exhibit 4A, p. 7.

17. *Ibid.*, Exhibit 4B, p. 7.

replied that as soon as Bridger produced evidence of his title to the fort the government would put into effect the agreement made with him in 1857.¹⁸ Apparently Bridger made no effort to establish title, but the War Department made inquiries of the General Land Office and in 1872 Willis Drummond, commissioner of that office, declared that no private survey or claim such as Bridger's was recognized in the vicinity of Fort Bridger.¹⁹

In 1873, Bridger was urged by friends and family to solicit the aid of General B. F. Butler, a senator from Massachusetts. Failing to get any satisfaction from the War Department, Bridger wrote a letter to the senator hoping that he would use his political influence with the War Department or introduce a private bill in Congress for Bridger's relief.²⁰ There is no evidence that Butler acted upon Bridger's plea or even replied to his letter.

Bridger's family decided to take the situation in hand and on January 12, 1878, they made a formal inquiry of the secretary of war in regard to the status of Bridger's claims and also asked to be paid the accumulated rent owed to them.²¹ On February 21, 1878, the secretary of war informed Bridger's family that his failure to establish title to the property in question, previous to its being embraced in a military reservation, excluded the secretary of war from recognizing his claim to ownership or rent.²²

Receiving no satisfaction from the War Department, Bridger's family hired one Charles M. Carter, attorney, to pursue their claims directly in Congress. By bringing pressure upon that body, Bridger's family and their attorney finally obtained a hearing on May 17, 1880, at which time the House Committee on Claims in cooperation with the corresponding Senate Committee asked the War Department to investigate and report upon Bridger's claims.²³

Bridger died on July 17, 1881, but his family, with the aid of Carter, continued pursuing the case which was slowly investigated by Congress from 1880 until January 25, 1889, at which time a complete report of the investigation was presented by Quartermaster General S. B. Holabird.²⁴

Knowing that the War Department did not recognize Bridger's claim to the title of the fort by a grant from the Governor of Upper California, Carter decided that it was hopeless to press that claim, and decided to base the source of title to the fort on an alleged grant from the Governor of Chihuahua whose records probably

18. *Ibid.*, Exhibit 4F, pp. 9-10.

19. *Ibid.*, Exhibit 4G, p. 10.

20. *Ibid.*, Exhibit 5, pp. 13-14.

21. *Ibid.*, Exhibit 4N, p. 10.

22. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

23. *Ibid.*, Exhibit 4K, p. 11.

24. The complete report was published in Senate Document 86.

would be difficult to obtain. He stated before the Senate Committee on Claims that:

Under the auspices of the governor of Chihuahua, in 1843 before the Mexican War, Capt. James Bridger was induced under a promise by the Government of a large grant of land to establish a colony in Green River county, Utah, then Mexican territory, which he did at great expense . . . Under the Spanish rule he was to plant said colony and retain possession of the country for a term of years before he was to receive the title of that grant.²⁵

Carter further alleged that after the Mexican War Bridger's possession became a part of the United States territory, and that Bridger, as a former citizen²⁶ of Mexico, was entitled to have his rights respected as provided for by the treaty of peace and the rules of international law which state that conquering nations cannot dispose of the private rights of conquered subjects. Since Carter could not produce evidence of title from the Mexican government, the committee on claims felt justified in not applying the rule of international law.

Carter also argued that the establishment of a military reservation at the fort by the United States government in 1859 defeated Bridger's efforts to complete his title.²⁷ However, his argument did not convince the Congressional Committee on Claims because they had proof from Bridger that he made no efforts. He said that it was "owing to the fact that I (Bridger) was all my life out in the mountains, and consequently ignorant what steps were required to be taken to perfect my title to the premises."²⁸

After hearing all the testimony on the question of ownership of Fort Bridger, the Congressional committee on claims in 1892 accepted Quartermaster General Holabird's investigations and recommendations that the condition of the contract had not been fulfilled, thus precluding the claimant from recovery.²⁹

After denying Bridger's claims to ownership of Fort Bridger, Congress considered the question of payment for improvements which were said to be erected by the claimant. The improvements were said to consist of 13 log houses, which were so located as to form a hollow square in the center of an area of about 4000 square feet, all of which were surrounded by a stone way laid in cement about 18 feet high and five feet thick, with bastions at each

25. Senate Executive Document 86, *op. cit.*, Exhibit 18, p. 21. Mexico became independent of Spain in 1820 but doubtless there was no change in the Spanish rules for claiming titles to land.

26. The question as to whether Bridger was a citizen of Mexico has never been settled.

27. Senate Executive Document, *op. cit.*, Exhibit 18, p. 21.

28. *Ibid.*

29. U. S. Congress. Senate. *Senate Report*, No. 625, 52nd Cong., 1st Sess., 1892.

corner. Outside this wall were a corral for stock, which was enclosed by a stone wall laid in cement, and six other outhouses.³⁰ The question now arose as to whether Bridger built the improvements and if they were still in existence at the time of the occupation of the fort by the United States army in 1857.

From the foregoing material in this study, it is clear that the improvements listed above were built by either the Mormons or the military and that some of the items listed in the improvements had never existed. The only thing standing when the army arrived was the cement wall. Carter presented the affidavits that he had gathered in 1880 of several men who testified on Bridger's behalf, many years after they had been at Fort Bridger. These men either lied or were very confused about what was standing at Fort Bridger when the army arrived. All of the witnesses who arrived with the army after the Mormons had burned it to the ground, testified of seeing the fort standing with improvements ranging from \$20,000 to \$30,000.³¹

The value placed on the improvements certainly is not in harmony with Bridger's selling price, for he asked only \$10,000 for the sale of the fort to the military. Carter's whole approach to prove Bridger's claims in reference to improvements was full of loopholes. The Congressional Committee did not accept Carter's arguments and awarded only \$6000 representing the only improvement which was standing at the time of the arrival of the army, that being the cement wall. But this decision was erroneous on the part of the committee since the Mormons had built this improvement.

One aspect of this case which was never considered, or at least was not mentioned in the Congressional investigations of Bridger's suit, was the claim of the Mormons to have purchased the fort from Bridger in 1855, before the arrival of the federal troops and the signing of the contract between Bridger and the government. Of course, with this study showing that the Mormons did buy the fort from Bridger and Vasquez in 1855 and that Bridger's contract with the government was nothing but a fraudulent action on his part, the indication is that if this knowledge had been available to the Congressional committees, Bridger's claims would have been worthless.

Thus in 1892 Bridger's family was awarded \$6000, the value placed on the cement wall built by the Mormons but accredited to Bridger. Congressional action was deferred, however, until 1899 at which time Congress awarded the heirs of Jim Bridger the money.³²

30. Senate Executive Document 86, *op. cit.*, Exhibit 17, p. 20.

31. *Ibid.*, Exhibits 7, 8, 9, pp. 14-15.

32. *The Statutes at Large of the United States*, 55th Cong., XXX, 1206.

Thomas S. Twiss, Indian Agent, Upper Platte to the Honorable, The Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Dated Camp of the Indian Agency, Raw Hide Creek, 25 miles north of Fort Laramie, Novr 7th 1856.

The office of Indian Agent is no sinecure, if the incumbent discharges his duty with faithfulness towards the Tribes committed to his care. He must not expect, nor calculate upon, a carpeted Drawing Room & his office for the transaction of public business, nor servants to wait upon him, & run at every call. These things, & almost every thing else to be met with in civilized life are unknown in the Indian Country. He must not, if he is resolved to discharge a tithe of his duties, dwell in any fixed abode. The Tribes, in their usual hunting grounds, may be one or two hundred miles distant from a permanently established Agency, & it would be an act of cruelty to call the Chiefs & principal men to a council, thus leaving their families unprovided with subsistence, during the time of a long journey going to & returning from the Indian Agency. The clear & obvious duty of the Indian Agent is to establish the Indian Agency in a travelling ambulance, & to move it from Band to Band, & from tribe to tribe, as circumstances & the exigencies of the moment demand. It is much easier for him to do this than it is for a large party of Indians.

Besides, he learns, what it is his duty to know, the habits & customs, disposition & feelings of the whole Tribe, & not of a few individuals only. He acquires also a personal, an abiding influence for good over all, which can be secured by no other method.

He must inure himself to living in camp, & become accustomed to bivouac by the camp fires, at all seasons of the year. Such should be the mode of life, & such should be, or ought to be the character, adapted to this rough life, of the Indian Agents to the Wild Tribes, one whose constitution must be made of iron.

I will neither admit nor deny that all of the Indian Agents are of the right sort of material. It is neither my province nor disposition to find fault with any one & certainly not, with my colleagues whom I respect & honor for the great good they have done, for the Tribes, while they have remained in the Indian Country.

Bill Nye in the South

By

DORIS LANIER

Edgar Wilson "Bill" Nye was born in Shirley, Maine, in 1850, grew up in Wisconsin,¹ and moved to Laramie, Wyoming in 1876, where he acquired a degree of fame as editor of the *Laramie Boomerang* and was syndicated in many newspaper throughout the country.² In 1885 he became successful on the lecture stand as a humorist and joined forces with James Whitcomb Riley in 1886, a partnership that continued until 1890.³ In 1888-1889, under the auspices of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, managed at that time by J. B. Pond, Nye and Riley made an extended tour of the southern and eastern states, on which they made about 100 appearances.⁴ Part of the tour carried the two through Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia, and in South Carolina and Georgia they were joined by Harry Stillwell Edwards, a short story writer from Macon, Georgia.⁵ The news coverage of the appearances of these humorists in the deep south reveals, among other things, that Bill Nye was well known in the south in the 1880s and, though most northern lecturers generally received a cool welcome in the South after the Civil War,⁶ Nye and Riley were enthusiastically accepted. Furthermore, it appears that one of the major goals of the lecturers was directed toward the task of unifying the country. Reflecting the humorist and local color movements of the time in their use of dialect and realistic portrayal of character,

1. For further information on Nye's early years see Edgar W. Nye, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," *Century Magazine*, XLIII (November, 1891), pp. 60-67.

2. Edgar W. Nye, "The Autobiography of an Editor," *Century Magazine*, XLV (November, 1892), pp. 156-159. For further reading see Frank Sumner Burrage, "Bill Nye," *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 2, No. 1, pp. 42-49.

3. *Dictionary of American Biography*, ed. Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone, 20 vols. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1928-1936), XII, pp. 598-600.

4. Edmund H. Eitel, "Letters of Riley and Bill Nye," *Harper's Magazine*, CXXVIII (March, 1919), p. 481.

5. Edwards was an upcoming young writer of local color short stories. He published more than thirty short stories in *Century Magazine* between 1886 and 1913. He also published in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and other periodicals of lesser note. He is probably best known for his short story "Eneas Africanus."

6. Carl Bode, *The American Lyceum* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1956), p. 248.

these lecturers helped to dispel the fear and mistrust between people of different geographical locations by showing the kinship that exists between all people: the laughter, tears, eccentricities of character, and personal foibles. The following is an account of some of the appearances of the humorists in Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia as reported in the local newspapers:

Lynchburg, Virginia

November 22, 1888—The amusement lovers of the city who were not at the Opera House last night missed the richest treat of the season, which was most heartily enjoyed by those who attended the entertainment. Bill Nye, the bald-headed humorist, and Mr. Riley, the Hoosier poet, were both at their best, and their best is inimitable. Almost any single one of the former's side-splitting productions, or of the latter's original character sketches, is worth the price of admission [which was 25¢, 50¢, and 75¢ according to location].⁷ Nye's story of his dog "Entymologist" would literally "make a dog laugh," and Riley's impersonation of the irrepressible seven-year old brother entertaining his sister's beau, for truth to nature and exquisite conception of "boy" character, manners, and ideas is a perfect gem. The "combination" of these two rare "literary fellers" is a grand success.⁸

Richmond, Virginia

November 21, 1888—Tomorrow night the king of humorists, Bill Nye, and the prince of poets and comedians, James Whitcomb Riley, will appear in a unique and original entertainment. These noted platform speakers and character delineators need no further notice as they are known all over the land.⁹

November 22, 1888—Major J. B. Pond, the well-known dramatic and lyceum agent, who brings Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley to Richmond, has been here frequently before. He came twice with Beecher, and on the last occasion introduced that distinguished divine. A few years ago when Charlie Siegel was negotiating for Talmadge, Pond's letter head read as follows: "J. B. Pond, Sales Agent for Henry Ward Beecher, T. Dewitt Talmadge, Clara Louise Kellogg, Levy, the Cornetist, and Gilmore's Band." In personal ap-

7. This information was in an ad in this issue of *The Daily Virginian*.

8. "Nye and Riley," *The Daily Virginian* (Lynchburg, Virginia), November 22, 1888, p. 1.

9. "Amusements: Mozart Theatre," *The State* (Richmond, Virginia), November 21, 1888, p. 4.

pearance Major Pond is not unlike Mr. D. S. Cates, secretary of the Democratic City Central Committee.¹⁰

November 23, 1888—Messrs. Nye and Riley might justly have been proud last night of the audience that greeted them when they made their first bow to a Richmond public. Not only was the audience large in number, but in addition to the regular theatre goers there were many who are rarely drawn out to places of amusement. *The State*, knowing the character of Nye and Riley as two men whose talents mark a very distinct advance in American literature, did not err in so warmly commending them to the Richmond public, and, therefore, finds no little pleasure in chronicling their great success last night. Virginia was politically termed several years ago the “gate to the solid South,” and that arrant humbug and political shyster, Mahone, advertised himself extensively as the “entering wedge that was to split the solid South.” The results of his efforts is the justification of the introduction of his name to our amusement column. This explanation is also due Messrs. Nye and Riley since it is necessary to chronicle the fact that they have done what the entire National Republican administration—using the above mentioned person as the “entering wedge”—failed to do: that is, split open the gate and sundered the solid South. The two, therefore, cannot be said to have lived in vain. It was a delightful entertainment. Mr. Beagle, the Academy manager, calls it a “big show,” and the appellation is not bad. It was not only fun, but that best of fun, the life of which is variety. It was fun with a great deal of body to it. We have seen crowds laugh at buffoonery and enjoy it, but when real humor and character delineation (which, after all, are but transcripts of human nature saliently epitomised) are pushed forth by a subtle ability which is only born in men and cannot be acquired, the pleasure derived from such is not only equally as immediate as the risibilities are when touched by a buffoon situation, but it lives in the memory and by some saturating power stays with us long after mere amusement has been forgotten. It, in fact, imparts a serener quality to our make up. The roars of laughter last night gave Nye and Riley the comedian’s reward when he makes a hit with a new force. But the other and stronger reward may be shadowed forth in the statement that everyone who heard them last night would go to a repetition of precisely the same entertainment just, for instance, as a reader takes up his Thackeray

10. “Reportorial Paragraphs,” *The State* (Richmond, Virginia), November 22, 1888, p. 2.

and Dickens and is recipient of the mingled array of pathos and humor. Such is the genius of Nye's humor and Riley's humor and pathos—and happily the pathos comes in glimpsing dashes and the humor abides longest. It is elusive to the man who attempts to make an analysis of it since he will not only lose himself but lose his reader. We do not make the attempt.

Last night will be pleasantly remembered. Messrs. Nye and Riley will be warmly welcomed when they come here again—and they must.¹¹

November 24, 1888—Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley arrived in Richmond Thursday at noon and left Friday morning at 8 o'clock, but notwithstanding their limited time they did a good deal of sightseeing. Before an audience they are irresistible, and in their every-day life they are as good as "the show." Nye is always humorous and solemn, and Riley is singularly bright and versatile. In their peculiar way they are both genial. Tourist-like, they were particularly desirous of seeing Old Stone House, Libby Prison and Saint John's Church. The Old House was the first place visited. The juvenile keeper opened the door and Nye and Riley walked in. "This house, gentlemen, is known as General Washington's headquarters," began the boy, "but first step up to the desk and register." With this invitation Nye wrote his name and that of his partner in a large round hand, and asked for a room with two beds and bath attached. He then solemnly drew his card from his pocket and handing it to the boy said, "Take this up to General Washington." The little fellow looked a trifle confused but Nye never changed his expression. These gentlemen revelled in the dust of Libby Prison, and in Saint John's churchyard they were much interested in the quaint epitaphs on the old slabs. Riley and Nye agreed that Richmond was a most picturesque city and a much larger one than they expected to find. Mark Twain is an especial friend of these humorists, and, when I remarked that Twain had made quite a fortune out of his fun, Riley replied: "It is true, no doubt, for only a week ago he offered to go a man's security for a dollar and eighty cents." I asked Nye what he considered his most painful experience. "Painful experience? Well, I think it was when Riley and I were refused admittance to our own show. It was in a western town. We had been billed for two weeks. It was very cold when we arrived in the town late in the afternoon. We kept our room at the

11. "Academy of Music: Bill Nye and Whitcomb Riley," *The State* (Richmond, Virginia), November 23, 1888, p. 4.

hotel until nearly 8 o'clock—the time to start to the hall. We were gratified to see from the paper that there had been a good sale of seats. The hall was nearly a mile from the hotel, and it was fifteen minutes after the advertised hour when we reached the place. There was no stage or rear entrance, so we had to go in by the front door with the rest of the people. The manager had left town before our arrival to look after an opera house which he leased and managed in a distant city, and our entertainment was in charge of the doorkeeper, who seemed to be cashier and chief usher as well. We were about to pass in when this acting manager said: "No free list here!" "Yes, but I am Nye—Bill Nye—and this is Mr. Riley." "No you are not," he said. "You can't come that here." "But we are." Again the man said, "You are not. We have the pictures of Nye and Riley here and you do not fill the bill," and by the eternals he had the Two Johns, broad and fat. They had been passed off in town for Riley and myself and no amount of protestation could convince the ignoramus. We had on our dress suits and hadn't a nickel between us. It was too late to return to the hotel to be identified or to get money to buy tickets; for we had lost much time. The man at the door said he did not allow any swell-head, eye-glass ducks to fake him. Then we turned sorrowfully away and took the night train for Denver. I never knew what became of the audience; I suppose they got their money back. And whether some practical joker in the person of a bill-poster had palmed off the pictures of the Two Johns for the true stuff or the mails got mixed accidentally, I never knew, but we take no chances now. We carry in our dress coats photographs endorsed as genuine by all leading detectives in the country, and sworn to before a dozen notaries-public. No sir! we never intend to be kept out of our own show again. That experience was enough for a lifetime.¹²

Savannah, Georgia

November 29, 1888—Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, and Harry Stillwell Edwards will spend Thanksgiving in Savannah. They will be at Masonic Hall tonight. It is not often that Savannahians have an opportunity to be entertained by a triumvirate like Nye, Riley, and Edwards. "Bill" Nye has become a prominent figure in the literature of this country. He is a remarkable man.

One of the chief features of Bill Nye's character is his unpretentiousness. If he is vain at all, it is over his homespun

12. "Reportorial Paragraphs: Facts and Suggestions From Various Sources," *The State* (Richmond, Virginia), November 24, 1888, p. 4.

appearance. When a lady remarked at a dinner party, "I do not admire handsome men," the grateful air with which he extended her his hand for a shake was appetizing. He is not spoiled a bit by popularity. Then his heart is as big as his bump of ludicrousness. His personal qualities will charm equally age and fancy. The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The sale of tickets is large and the humorists will undoubtedly be greeted by a large audience. Reserve seats will be on sale today at the association rooms.¹³

November 30, 1888—The Nye-Riley-Edwards combination gives an entertainment that is well worth \$1.00. It is doubtful if more pleasure can be obtained for \$1.00 than this combination affords. Nye and Whitcomb Riley are artists in their way. They are never tiresome. They aim to please and they hit the mark. Those who hear them read for the first time are surprised as well as amused, and are afraid the entertainment will end too soon. They read the best of their own productions and, as presented by them, their productions appear to have additional merit. They don't seem to be pleased with their own humor, but others are. Mr. Edwards' selections are excellent, and he reads them well, but he is an amateur compared with Mr. Nye and Mr. Whitcomb Riley. Masonic Hall, in which they read last night, was comfortably filled, and there has not been a more satisfied audience in this city for a long time.¹⁴

Macon, Georgia

November 28, 1888—Friday night is the time appointed for one of the most enjoyable entertainments Macon will know this season—an entertainment with a special attraction for our people because of the connection with it of one of Macon's most popular young men. The stories which have given Mr. Edwards a national reputation cannot fail of added charm when he interprets their humor and pathos. Of the distinguished men who will share with him the labors and honors of the evening the *Washington Post* says:

Rarely has the public the opportunity of enjoying such a combination of humor and pathos as is presented when Bill Nye, the humorist, and James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, appear together on the same stage. It was no wonder, therefore, that Masonic Hall was crowded from stage to entrance last night by an audi-

13. "Funny Bill Nye: To Be At Masonic Hall Tonight," *Savannah Morning News*, November 29, 1888, p. 8.

14. "Humor and Pathos," *Savannah Morning News*, November 30, 1888, p. 8.

ence which laughed and applauded continuously and sometimes mingled its laughter with tears. Mr. Nye is witty, with a keen sense of the ludicrous and an aptitude for fitly describing a situation. His clean-shaven face is never broken by a smile and the apparent seriousness with which he relates a droll story adds to the charm of its telling. Mr. Riley has already been repeatedly commended in the *Post*. His power of mimicry, the flexibility of his voice, the simplicity, pathos, and directness of his poems—all these characteristics delight and entertain. His pathos, as in "Jim, Take Care o' Yourself," is heart-touching while he can run the whole gamut from tears to side-splitting mirth with wonderful effect.¹⁵

November 28, 1888—The Academy of Music will be crowded on Friday night. Messrs. Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley and Harry Stillwell Edwards will appear in a programme of readings and will delight all who attend. Mr. Edwards joined the party at Charleston. To give an idea of the readings, the following is taken from the *Lynchburg Virginian*: [See Nov. 22, 1888, p. 1, *Daily Virginian*.]¹⁶

November 30, 1888—Mr. Edwards made his first appearance with Nye and Riley at Columbia, South Carolina, and acquitted himself well. The audience was enthusiastic, and the entertainment is described by the correspondent of the *Charleston News and Courier* as "delightful in every respect." Macon people will have tonight an opportunity to laugh such as they rarely enjoy.¹⁷

November 30, 1888—The prospect of a delightfully amusing entertainment by the famous humorists and comedians, Nye and Riley, together with local pride in giving Harry Edwards a complimentary benefit on his first appearance on the stage, will draw a large audience of Macon's best people to the Academy tonight.

Here is what a friend says:

The audience which will greet Nye, Riley, and Edwards tonight at the Academy of Music will doubtless amount to an ovation. Mr. Edwards is deservedly popular in Macon, and his many friends will be glad of an opportunity, not only to enjoy the combination of wit and pathos, but to show their appreciation of him. The pendulum will vibrate 'twixt a smile and a tear,' as these three men—all of unique genius—play at will upon those

15. "Nye, Riley, and Edwards," *Macon Telegraph*, November 28, 1888, p. 4.

16. "The Three Geniuses," *Macon Telegraph*, November 28, 1888, p. 6.

17. "Editorial," *Macon Telegraph*, November 30, 1888, p. 4. *The Charleston News and Courier* was not readily available for study. However, this short article indicates that the three were well received in South Carolina.

emotions that turn the corners of the mouth now up, now down. For the sources of laughter lie hard by the fountain of tears.¹⁸

December 1, 1888—Macon people had their first glimpse of Bill Nye and the Poet Riley last night. The other member of the trio has been seen often, but never to better advantage or with more pride than on last night, it being his first appearance on the stage.

Bill Nye's appearance suggests, if he will pardon such a suggestion, a big, peeled onion dressed in broadcloth. His head is bare, with, to use his own expression, a lambrequin of hair on the suburbs, and his clothing fits him with a slickness that gives him an unctuous air. He comes upon the stage in a way that reminds you of a big overgrown junior at a college commencement and falls, more than walks, into his stage attitude. Then he stands as if he was anxious to return for some comfortable chair behind the scenes and wait for his next turn. He speaks slowly and deliberately, as if he wanted to carefully weigh and inspect every morsel before letting the audience have it. His face is as bare of smiles as his head is bare of hair, but he atones for all this area of baldness by playfully biting his upper lip and puckering his mouth after the fashion of a man who has just gotten up from a good dinner and enjoyed it. He tells his stories as they are written. The humor is apparent in every sentence, no matter how slowly he brings it out. He does not seem conscious of the fact that he is telling a story for the fun there is in it, but more to get it off his mind. His dog story last night was told in this way and therein was the charm.

In the remarks which followed the introductory by Mr. Edwards, Bill said he had enjoyed a razor-backed hog, and considered it in its youth a very fine bird. When coming in on the train, he saw a flock of them at some station below here. His friend, Mr. Riley, alluded to them as a school of goldfish. He thought from what he had seen of the razor-backs in this pine region that they were built more for speed than anything else, and had suggested to the editor of the *Telegraph* that there should be a new brand of swine—more given to corpulency. The editor replied that in this country it would not pay to raise any sort that could not out-run a nigger.

The large audience enjoyed Mr. Nye's off-hand manner, and he left them his ardent admirers. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley was more of a stranger than Mr. Nye. True his poetry

18. "Nye, Riley, and Edwards," *Macon Telegraph*, November 30, 1888, p. 5.

was known and enjoyed, but the author was lost in it some way. He has the appearance of George Wilson, the minstrel, with a voice similar, especially in the recitations, to that of our own Capt. John Giles. The first impression was unfavorable, but this impression melted like snow in the sun. Before he had reached the half of his first recitation the audience as a whole were his fast friends. His style is entirely different from that of Mr. Nye. Mr. Nye is cold, emotionless; Mr. Riley is full of life and feeling. And, yet, both amuse. Mr. Nye turns the corners of the mouth upward only; Mr. Riley turns the corners up and down as he chooses. He is both poet and actor.

Mr. Edwards adds no little to the programme. He fills a place that hitherto has been wanting. He tells the stories of the South in a truthful way. Messrs. Riley and Nye know no more of the Southern darky than they do of the razor-backed hog that tickled them so on their trip South. Mr. Edwards was reared with the old-time plantation negroes and their dialect lingers in his memory.

Last night he read his "Two Runaways" and "The Valley and the Shadder" and received unbounded applause. Macon felt proud of him. His introductory, giving a brief sketch of the home-life of his two colleagues, was a gem in its way, being tender and beautiful and so unlike what one would expect from the "introductory" of a programme.

In compliment to Messrs. Nye and Riley, Mr. Edwards gave a dinner at his elegant Tattnall Square home at 4:30 in the afternoon. The dinner was a most charming affair and had been prepared by Mrs. Edwards. Those present were Messrs. Nye and Riley, Col. Tom Hardeman, Col. A. R. Lamar, Major W. H. Ross, Mr. F. H. Richardson, Mrs. R. H. Plant, Mr. E. A. Wilson, Mr. J. C. Bannon, and Mr. N. R. Winship. With such humorous and witty souls as Riley, Nye, and Edwards, and such genial companions as those named above, and a dinner prepared by the fair hands of Mrs. Edwards, one can imagine what a feast that dinner was.

The total receipts of the entertainment last night were \$350.50, of which the library received \$135.00.¹⁹

December 2, 1888—Mr. Edgar Wilson Nye and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley spent yesterday in Macon. They intended to continue on their pilgrimage yesterday morning, but somehow or other after they arose and looked about them they resolved that Macon was about the best place they could find, and so lingered.

19. "Three Funny Men," *Macon Telegraph*, December 1, 1888, p. 2.

The pleasant impression which they had made on the community by their entertainment of the previous evening was deepened by the better social acquaintance for which their delay gave opportunity to a number of our citizens. If Messrs. Nye, Riley, and Edwards will at any time repeat their triple act in Macon, they will be received by an audience twice as large as that which greeted them last Friday evening—and it was the largest and best audience ever seen in the city on an occasion of this kind.²⁰

20. "Editorial," *Macon Telegraph*, December 2, 1888, p. 4.

The Wyoming Portion of the Custer Expedition of 1874 to Explore the Black Hills

Trek No. 25 of the Historical Trail Treks

Compiled by Mabel Brown

This Trek, dedicated to Miss Maurine Carley, who for the past 24 years has served as director of the historical trail treks, took place almost exactly 100 years after the original Black Hills Expedition. Hosts were the Weston and Crook County Chapters of the Wyoming State Historical Society, the Wyoming Recreation Commission and the Wyoming State Historical Society. Richard Dumbrill was chairman of the Trek committee. Approximately 140 people participated.

OFFICERS

Captain: Wyoming Highway Patrolman Guy Tolman

Wagon Bosses: Don Jording, Kenneth Sackett, Bill Townsend

Speakers: Richard Dumbrill, Mabel Brown, Betty Thorpe,
Lucille Dumbrill, Mary Capps, James Fletcher

Guides: Tom Shaffer, Mabel Brown, Betty Thorpe, Lucille
Dumbrill, Mary Capps, James Fletcher

Photographer: George Butler

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1974

Following registration, about 100 people gathered in the Junior High School auditorium for a program presented by Cameron Ferwada, environmental education forester of the Black Hills National Forest. He showed slides from the original Illingworth 1874 photographs and recent pictures taken from the same locations and compared the forest environment of then and now. Refreshments were served and a short "get acquainted" period was enjoyed.

SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1974

The trekkers gathered at the High School Sunday morning where they boarded school busses. There was a guide and narrator on each bus.

The caravan left Newcastle at 7:30 and traveled directly to Sundance. Time passed quickly as guides pointed out spots of interest and related the history of each. The highway from Newcastle to Four Corners and beyond is almost parallel to the old Black Hills Stage Trail.

At Sundance the group stopped briefly to pick up a few passengers and about 9:30 arrived at a point 12 miles northeast of Aladdin overlooking the Belle Fourche River. Richard S. Dumbrill read a paper reviewing the Custer Expedition.

SKETCH OF THE BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION OF 1874

by

Richard Dumbrill

On June 8, 1874, Brigadier General Alfred H. Terry issued orders to Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer to command an expedition to explore the Black Hills, which had long been a sanctuary for Indians. It was felt that there could be no real security for the army or the settlers in this area unless more was known about the area.

General Custer's orders were to take a sufficient force of men to assure the safety of travel and to penetrate the unknown and uncharted territory. He was authorized to be gone from Fort Abraham Lincoln, near Bismarck, North Dakota, for 60 days.

The impressive force assembled by General Custer consisted of approximately 1000 men, most of whom traveled on horseback or in 110 wagons, each pulled by six mules. The force drove around 300 cattle along with them for meat. Besides the arms that the men carried, they were protected by three Gatling guns and a three-inch rifle. The Expedition was said to be large in order to deter trouble, and this theory was apparently successful since no Indian trouble was encountered.

The Expedition was well equipped for the gathering of information about the area to be traversed. Indeed, this was the only legitimate purpose the Expedition could have had since by treaty this area was to be preserved for the use of the Indians. Several different professional men had responsibility for gathering the vital information.

William Ludlow, Captain of Engineers, U. S. Army, was to map the area traveled. N. H. Winchell, state geologist for Minnesota, was Expedition geologist and his notes and journal are replete with detailed descriptions of the geology encountered each day. William H. Illingworth, a skilled pioneer photographer, accompanied the Expedition with his heavy and cumbersome photographic equipment. The Expedition boasted several practical miners or prospectors to explore for gold. The success of their efforts, probably more than any other factor, led to "gold fever" and the

opening of the Black Hills. The Expedition also had a band, the first to accompany a major western expedition and it apparently was fully enjoyed by the men on the trip.

The scouts who guided the Expedition repeatedly warned General Custer that the Black Hills could not be penetrated by the wagons. Custer ignored their advice and pushed into the heart of the Black Hills, eventually penetrating them with the whole of his force.

The Expedition left Fort Abraham Lincoln July 2, 1874, and returned as ordered about 60 days later on August 31, having traveled approximately 883 miles. Side trips on horseback covered another 400 miles. The trip had a profound impact on the West and led directly to the settlement of the Black Hills.

By July 17, 1874, Custer and his men had traveled west and south from Fort Abraham Lincoln to the southeast corner of what is now Montana. The Wyoming portion of the Expedition began on July 17 or July 18. The location of the camp on the night of July 17-18, as located by the longitude and latitude in Captain Ludlow's notes, was very near the Wyoming border—just inside the South Dakota line, and a few miles south of the Montana line. On the morning of the 18th they traveled in a southwesterly direction to a camp on the Belle Fourche River. On the night of July 18-19 they camped on the north bank of the Belle Fourche. Both Captain Ludlow's account and Winchell's report mention that the route of Captain W. F. Raynolds, followed 15 years earlier, passed along the crest of the hills in the rear of the camp. On the 19th they remained in camp on the Belle Fourche. Winchell reports that it rained all that day. Toward evening on the 19th it was feared that the rain might cause the Belle Fourche River to rise and the wagons were moved across the river.

From this first stop on the Ryan Ranch we can see into the northeast corner of Wyoming. The Belle Fourche River lies four or five miles to the northeast in the valley that you can see. I have been unable to tell if the trail came up this ridge or one further to the north but in any event you can see how similar all the ridges are. On the morning of July 20, 1874, they passed up one of these ridges and that evening camped about three or four miles west of Aladdin.

On July 21 the Expedition skirted the Bear Lodge mountains and that night camped on the banks of a branch of the Red Water. This camp was on the Orville D. "Pete" Harper Ranch.

After a 22-mile march on the 22nd the group made camp on Inyan Kara Creek about four miles east of Inyan Kara Mountain. They stayed in this camp two days and while there climbed the mountain.

Heading almost due east on the morning of July 24 the Expedition moved through several valleys and reached Cold Creek where they camped that night. Custer called this valley Floral Valley

and was very impressed by its beauty. The next day they moved on up the valley, camping that night just across the South Dakota line.

On July 26 the Expedition crossed over the divide into the Castle Creek drainage and continued into the Black Hills of South Dakota.

After leaving Wyoming their route then took them deeper into the Black Hills to what they called their main camp near present-day Custer. From here they explored the southern hills for several days, going as far south as the Cheyenne River. From their main camp they retraced their route for several miles and then struck out to the north and east. With some difficulty they emerged onto the eastern flank of the Black Hills. Their route then led them by Bear Butte near Sturgis, and farther north across the Belle Fourche and into Montana—crossing their old trail at Prospect Valley. They then traveled along the easterly side of the Little Missouri River.

This was the most difficult part of their entire journey. The prairie had been burned, and the feed was short. Water was scarce and the men and animals were very tired. On August 20, they found water and grass on the Little Missouri and rested one day. From that point back to Fort Abraham Lincoln they were near water and had grass for the stock.

The night of August 29 found them a long day's journey from Fort Abraham Lincoln. They broke camp early the next morning and were traveling by 3:00 a.m. At noon they took a long lunch break, giving the men and animals a rest, and then started the last half-day ride into the Fort.

The men put up a good front as they neared the Fort. The scouts led the way. Custer rode at the center of the line of mounted officers following the scouts. They were followed by the band and the cavalry companies in columns of four. The wagon train followed the cavalry and finally the two companies of infantry brought up the rear. The Expedition of 1874 to explore the Black Hills had completed the task it had undertaken, and Custer was proud of the accomplishments.

Custer's wife Elizabeth describes their entry into camp in the following manner in *Boots and Saddles*:

When we could take time to look everyone over, they were all amusing. Some wives did not know their husbands, and looked indignant enough when caught in an embrace by an apparent stranger. Many, like the general, had grown heavy beards. All were sunburned, their hair faded, and their clothes so patched that the original blue of the uniform was scarcely visible. Of course, there had been nothing on the expedition save pieces of white canvas with which to reinforce the riding breeches, put new elbows on sleeves, and replace the worn knees.

The boots were out at the toes, and the clothing of some was so beyond repair that the officers wanted to escape observation by slipping, with their tattered rags, into the kitchen door. The instruments

of the band were jammed and tarnished, but they still produced enough music for us to recognize the old tune of "Garryowen," to which the regiment always returned.

By-and-by the long wagon train appeared. Many of the covers had elk horns strapped to them, until they looked like strange bristling animals as they drew near. Some of the antlers were brought to us as presents. Besides them we had skins, specimens of gold and mica, and petrified shells of iridescent colors, snake rattles, pressed flowers, and petrified wood. My husband brought me a keg of the most delicious water from a mountain stream. It was almost my only look at clear water for years, as most of the streams west of the Missouri are muddy.

One can speculate whether the hope of scientific discoveries really prompted the Expedition, but the scientific results certainly would have warranted the effort. Regardless of motives, the practical results of the Expedition and reports of gold brought prospectors and settlers into the Black Hills the next spring and soon they were a part of the settling frontier.

From the overlook on the Ryan ranch the group traveled to the Aladdin Campsite.

ALADDIN CAMPSITE

by

Jerry Iekel

In Cameron Ferwada's slide program and presentation yesterday evening he included a picture of the sign and inscription marking this campsite. Allow me to read to you the inscription on this marker which is located just down the road and visible to us from here.

On July 20, 1874 Gen. George A. Custer leading the first official government exploring expedition in the Black Hills camped at this point en route to the Black Hills to investigate rumors of gold in paying quantities. The trail in the foreground was left by his party which consisted of 110 wagons, 2000 animals and 1100 men, including engineers, scouts, geologists and practical miners. This expedition was in violation of the Treaty of 1868 which guaranteed the region to the Indians. In 1875 after Government negotiations with the Indians to purchase the Black Hills broke down, miners and others poured into this area.

On the morning of July 20th, the Expedition considered this their first day in the Hills.

July weather had been hot and dry, and water had been scarce. Several days previous to this, and farther north—on July 17th—Ludlow in his account had commented on the paucity of grass, the "cactus and prickly pear prevailing," and their making camp that evening with a view of the Black Hills to the south.¹ He even mentions that "toward morning, a severe windstorm routed us from sleep and covered us with sand."

On this first day in the Black Hills the Expedition traveled 18

winding miles. Ludlow's account briefly describes this day's journey:

The first day's journey was made into the hills. The morning opened threateningly, but subsequently cleared. Crossing the river and bending to the westward, a winding and easy ascent was made of the opposite hills. Reaching the summit the course was southerly, over a high, gently-rolling prairie, heavily grassed, with clumps of oak and pine beautifully interspersed.

A ravine cut into the shingle by a small stream was passed. From the sides of the cut exuded some salt of sulphur, and the water was strongly impregnated with alum, and possessed a decidedly inky flavor and astringency. Pursuing the southerly course the high table narrowed to a ridge and suddenly turned to the left; the trail descended into a valley thickly wooded with oak and pine.

Captain Ludlow then proceeded to describe with obvious enthusiasm the difference between this country on July 20, and where they had been just earlier:

The change from the hot, dry, burned-up landscape north of the Belle Fourche was wonderful. The temperature was delightful; the air laden with sweet wild odors; the grass knee-deep and exceedingly luxuriant and fresh; while wild cherries, blueberries, and gooseberries abounded, as well as many varieties of flowers. All these advantages, combined with that of an abundance of pure cold water, were ours, with rare exceptions, until the final departure from the hills.

Over a narrow ridge into a small grassy park, thence into another and another, the trail led to camp facing a lofty sandstone range of hills through which a narrow pass had admitted us, and at the foot of which a small stream of pure water flowed eastward.

They camped some three or four miles west of Aladdin on Hay Creek. Professor A. B. Donaldson, the Expedition's assistant geologist, described this evening at the Aladdin campsite. He writes as though overcome with it all. One historian notes that "Professor Donaldson was a geologist, but one would not suspect it from his record of that night." Let us conclude this Aladdin campsite visit with Professor Donaldson's account of a nightly extravaganza on this spot 100 years ago.

The sunset was of unusual splendor. The lines of stratus and each fleecy rack in the west, were tinged with orange, red and golden hues; while in the east, the purple twilight bow extended its broad arch of beauty, modest in its fainter glory. Towards the south, dark mountains of cumulus were edged with brightest silver, a gorgeous pathway fit for steps of deity. But these short-lived splendors fade away.

"And comes still evening on till twilight gray,
Hath in her sober livery all things clad."

The stars come out, one by one, and troop by troop, till all the constellations burn, the "music of the spheres" begins and "all the hosts of heaven rejoice." The band plays, and thus with mingled earthly and heavenly music, terrestrial beauty and celestial glory, the first day ends and the first night is ushered in to the strangers among the Black Hills.

At approximately 11:10 the group reached the Red Water Camp and heard another paper.

GOVERNMENT VALLEY, JULY 21, 1874

by

Lucille Dumbrill

Two years ago, very near this place and about this time in the summer, Dick and I were reading journals written by Captain William Ludlow and Professor N. H. Winchell as they accompanied the Custer Expedition into the Black Hills in 1874. By using the amazingly accurate location recorded by Ludlow, and a recent Forest Service map with longitude and latitude marked, we found ourselves very near this spot, the Red Water Camp of July 21, 1874.

Ludlow's account locates the camp on a small branch of the Red Water $44^{\circ} 30' 18''$ latitude and $104^{\circ} 15' 52''$ longitude, 14.3 miles from the previous (Aladdin) camp and 324.6 miles from Fort Abraham Lincoln. We are now standing in what was then referred to as "Government Valley."

Upon further study of the journals, more evidence confirmed our belief that we were near the camp area. Ludlow referred to the terrain and water supply for the camp as follows: ". . . the valley was found difficult to travel and recourse was had to a narrow ridge of hills on the right finally descending from which we camped in the Valley on a small creek issuing from a spring of 45° temperature, and flowing a stream a foot wide and several inches deep. This water, delightful from its clearness and coldness, proved to have been impregnated by the gypsum veins and to be endowed with highly medicinal properties."

Winchell described the same spring: "A beautiful spring of hard water, with a temperature of 45° Fahrenheit, is situated within the camp. It is so copious that it furnishes water for nearly one thousand men, with their horses, and 650 mules. The water, however, has a cathartic effect on those who drink freely. It rises from below a layer of white gypsum about a foot in thickness."

Orville (Pete) Harper, on whose ranch the spring is located, took us to the exact spot and showed us the spring described by Ludlow and Winchell. It is very near where we are standing and still has the properties described in the journals.

Other quotations from the journals made it evident that our location was the true one. They described geological formations which can be identified exactly by observation from here. Professor Winchell was extremely interested in this location, and described it in detail. On the morning of July 21, as the Expedition was leaving the Aladdin Camp, he noted, "Immediately on leaving camp . . . I discovered a deeper red color in broken spots

in the sandstone. . . A little farther on I see exposures of marl and sandstone. . . , the whole dipping east. . . not more than 8° or 10° , yet the height of the little mounds which here take the place of the flat-topped sandstone bluffs, shows that the formation must be considerably thicker. . . ." Exploring out from the camp, he wrote, "At a nice little creek about ten miles from camp, flowing easterly, red sections are exposed both in the creek banks and in the hills to the West, the dip being west. . . ." He wrote, "We are in a valley made by the excavation of the soft Jurassic beds with a range of bare red bluffs toward the North—indeed in nearly all directions around us."

Observation of the surrounding countryside confirms the belief that we are now standing in that valley.

Winchell goes on to describe the valley in more detail and refers to large quartzite boulders which you probably observed as you drove into the campsite. "On the surface of the valley in which we are camped, sometime half a mile from the range of sandstone bluffs formed by the Lower Cretaceous are seen very large quartzite boulders. These can be referred without much hesitation to the sandstone of that range. . . ." He goes into a very detailed description of the boulders and their geology which makes these boulders identifiable as the boulders of the journal.

The night of July 21 Private John Cunningham died of dysentery. The next morning, on July 22, Private George Turner was shot in the abdomen and loaded into the ambulance wagon for the trip to the Inyan Kara Camp.

As the Expedition left camp on the morning of July 22, Winchell added to the detailed description and the area and again described formations visible to us from here and from the road. "On leaving camp, toward the south, we enter a vast gypsiferous region. I had noticed a whiteness of the surface and a white rock capping the buttes and hills in the direction we were to travel before setting out from camp and even yesterday before camping, and had presupposed a change in the formation. . . . Here are a number of beds, the thickest of which forms a capping to a range of buttes and bluffs running east and west, and can be seen two or three miles. This lies below the gypsum beds I have already mentioned, but forms the floor of the flat on which we camped yesterday and hardens the water of the spring at that place."

Finally, his description of a specific butte, easy to identify, helps to determine not only the campsite, but the probable route the party took as it moved out toward the Inyan Kara camp of July 22. "A butte which lies just south of our last camp about a mile distant affords the first good opportunity to take a section of these gypsiferous beds. This is but one of a number that lie on either hand. It rises boldly and pyramidal above the flat on which it stands, and, with its white cap and its narrower white belts, constitutes at once a remarkable illustration of the effect of atmospheric

agents in demolishing these Red-Beds and exposing the contained mineral to the cupidity of man, and of the impunity with which nature displays her treasures when none but the shiftless Indian beholds them."

After identifying the formation and landmarks described in the journals, and verifying the exact existence and location of the spring, we knew we had found the location of the Expedition's camp of July 21.

I hope the reading of excerpts from the journals and identifying the landmarks described in them has conveyed to you some of the thrill and excitement we experienced as we located these places.

At 11:40 we again boarded the busses and travel toward Sundance was resumed. At the Aladdin Store another passenger joined us. Rich Anderson, a young man from Illinois, had read about the Trek in the *Rapid City Daily Journal* and joined the caravan here. He was walking from Illinois to the west coast and after traveling with the Wyoming historians returned to Aladdin and resumed his personal trek.

At Sundance there was time to visit the Crook County Museum after a lunch break hosted by the Crook County Chapter of the Society. Refreshed and again ready for travel, the group left Sundance for the Inyan Kara campsite at approximately 2 o'clock.

All along the way, from shortly before reaching Four Corners, a distinctive mountain could be seen in the blue distance. From afar it resembled a sleeping bear. It was this mountain that the busses now approached.

The vehicles turned off the road near a historical marker and arrived at a small area fenced with white pickets. Inside were the headstones of two of the soldiers of the Expedition.

ASCENT OF INYAN KARA MOUNTAIN—JULY 23, 1874

by

Mary Capps

On the morning of July 22 the Custer Expedition left the camp on the Red Water and moved southward up the Red Water Valley with Inyan Kara Mountain in sight all day. That evening they camped about four and one-half miles east of the mountain. The camp was located west and perhaps a little south of the soldiers' graves. Certainly the highway cuts through some part of the camp, and the historical marker is within the camp area.

Custer hoped an ascent of the mountain would provide information concerning the easiest passage into the high inner regions of the Black Hills. The command was to remain at the Inyan Kara camp for two days.

On the morning of July 23 General Custer with his staff, the scientific corps, and one reporter, escorted by two companies of

cavalry, visited the mountain. The cavalry was left behind at the base of the mountain and the climbing party began the ascent.

Reaching the crest of the steep outer rim from the east side, the climbers divided into two exploring parties. One group, led by Custer, followed along the ridge curving toward the south and climbed the boulder-covered south slope to the top. The other group, including geologist N. H. Winchell, proceeded west, down the inner slope of the ridge. Crossing the small, deep canyon which encircles the inner peak they found a stream of cold, clear water.

Professor Donaldson's detailed description of the climb and of the mountain could hardly be improved:

At an early hour in the morning, General Custer and his staff, the scientific corps, and one reporter, escorted by two companies of cavalry, left the upper camp on the Red Water to visit Inyan Kara, in Wyoming, latitude of 44 degrees 13 minutes, and distant from our line of march about five miles. . . . It covers about twelve square miles. Its shape is that of a horseshoe, the shoe is a sharp backed ridge, several miles in length and very steep on both sides. In the centre of the shoe is the mountain peak, rising several hundred feet higher than any part of the ridge, and separated from it by a horse-shoe shaped, rocky canon, 500 to 700 feet deep.

. . . The strata are very much broken and are inclined at almost every angle. On the west side of the mountain and about 300 feet down its rugged side, is a perpendicular, columnar wall, 250 feet high and a half a mile long. Except in its composition it resembles the Palisades of the Hudson. At its foot is a talus of immense masses. . . . The view of the mountain from the side of the canon opposite the wall can hardly be surpassed.

The wall which Professor Donaldson described is a formation similar to that of Devils Tower, and is composed of a similar porphyry material. Inyan Kara Mountain and Devils Tower are examples of a series of igneous intrusions along the northern Black Hills. These intrusions were masses of hot, plastic material pushed up by mountain-building forces into the outer layers of the earth's crust. Subsequent erosion has carried away the softer sedimentary rocks, leaving the hardened magma. The outer rim is sandstone and limestone—the Pahasapa or Madison limestone, which is the source of domestic water for Newcastle and other Wyoming communities.

The Missouri Buttes near Devils Tower, the Black Buttes just north of our present location and Bear Butte near Sturgis, S. D., are other examples of these igneous intrusions—monuments to nature's mountain building binge at the time the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains were formed.

Colonel Ludlow, the topographical engineer, measured the height of the mountain above its base and found it to be 1100 feet. Lieutenant G. K. Warren, who visited Inyan Kara in 1857, fixed its height at 6600 feet above sea level. Modern maps show the elevation of Inyan Kara Mountain to be 6368 feet above sea level.

Warren commanded the first official expedition into the Black Hills accompanied by geologist F. V. Hayden and his assistants, along with an escort of 30 men. Warren proceeded north from Fort Laramie and skirted the western edge of the Black Hills as far north as Inyan Kara, giving the white man his first real knowledge about the Black Hills.

Earlier visitors to Kara Mountain were Sir George Gore, on a hunting expedition in 1854, Father DeSmet in the 1840s and fur trappers and miners whose names will never be known.

The mountain was of special significance to the plains Indian tribes who inhabited the area before the white man came. According to one Sioux legend the Black Hills were the dwelling place of the Great Spirit, who had set aside the area as a temporary resting place for the spirits of the departed braves so that they would not become blinded by the splendors of the final happy hunting ground upon arriving there. Inyan Kara was a sacred place, often visited by the Sioux and other tribes. Reports have it that they would hang offerings on rocks and trees near the mountain to appease the thunder gods who were responsible for the mysterious rumblings heard during the calmest days and nights. The first white men to visit Inyan Kara also mentioned the sounds, but after 1833 there is no further mention of the rumbling.

The name Inyan Kara has been understood locally to mean "mountain inside a mountain," an accurate description of the mountain's physical appearance. According to the Indian guide Cold Hand, who was with the climbing party, the correct name was "He-eng Ya Ka ga." Geologist Winchell, who queried Cold Hand about the name, assumed that the spelling "Inyan" was a corruption of the term "He eng Ya." According to a dictionary of the Teton Sioux "Inyan" means stone; "Kara," or correctly, "Kaga," means to make or form—stone-formed. Dr. V. T. McGillicuddy, for years an Indian agent at Pine Ridge, claimed the term should have been "Inyan Kaga Paha" stone-made peak.

Professor Donaldson's report contains the only mention of the names carved on the summit of Inyan Kara. Again quoting from his report:

As difficult and even dangerous as the ascent, General Forsythe led his horse to the very top, and brought him down again in safety. In the hard, flinty album of the summit, engraved with cold chisel and hammer, in large and distinct characters, Arabic and Roman, is a date and an autograph, thus,

'74
G Custer

If the archaeologist is puzzled over this inscription, let him consult the commandant of this expedition.

Donaldson's words were prophetic. The archaeologist and quite a few others are puzzled by the fact that the name of G. Custer appears in two places at the summit, along with the date '74 and

the remnants of other names, now barely discernible. The letters "L U D" (perhaps Ludlow) appear below one of the Custer names. One of the inscriptions "74 G Custer" is chiseled much deeper into the rock and appears to be more recent than the others. Perhaps someone interested in preserving the names has reworked the original inscription. In a few more years the elements and the little lichens growing on the rock will erase all trace of the names, with the exception of the one that has been deeply engraved in the rock.

Professor Donaldson obviously enjoyed the climb and the opportunity to observe the great unexplored country stretching out in all directions. In this respect he was to be disappointed however:

The temperature of the summit is sensible lower than that in the plain below, and we found it pleasant to sit on the leeward side of the crest and in the sunshine. Of the extensive and magnificent views from the summit, we can only say nothing; for unfortunately on the day of our visit the air was so hazy that nothing could be seen beyond ten miles. A hazy air is unusual in this country. On account of obscurity of the air. . . Mr. Illingworth took but one view and that from a distance of about two miles.

The obscurity of air mentioned by Donaldson was probably caused by smoke from fires set by Indians south and west of Kara Mountain. The party waited two hours for the smoke and haze to clear, but finding it had grown more dense they returned to camp.

In 1973 Inyan Kara Mountain was put on the National Register of Historic Places. Mark Junge, a historian for the Wyoming Recreation Commission, says about Inyan Kara:

The place of Inyan Kara in the rich history of the Black Hills is a prominent one. . . It served as a landmark for early travelers and explorers and on several occasions served as host to dramatic events. . .

In June, 1972, members and friends of the Weston County Chapter climbed to the summit of Inyan Kara. They photographed the mountain, the surrounding country, the carvings, 22 varieties of flowers and four varieties of mushrooms and each other. Four bighorn sheep were observed near the summit, but they ran away before they could be photographed. Inyan Kara casts a spell on all who visit. Almost before you return to camp you will find yourself planning the next climb. Come climb with us next time. You will henceforth be known as a "He-eng Ya Ka-Ga Climber," and we'll give you a certificate to prove it!

THE GRAVES OF CUNNINGHAM AND TURNER

by

Elizabeth J. Thorpe

Almost a hundred years have passed since Professor Donaldson reported that the placid moon and twinkling stars looked down on the new-filled graves of Private John Cunningham and Private George Turner. Wind, rain and snow have carved the land. Summer's sun has brought forth countless blossoms to flourish and seed. Still, time, nature and man have dealt gently with this place. If Custer's cavalcade could pass this way today they would, perhaps, find that these headstones mark a familiar site—the graves of two of the four soldiers who lost their lives during the Black Hills Expedition of 1874.

The graves were marked in the 1960s through the efforts of Devils Tower VFW Post No. 4311 and Historian Bob Lee of Sturgis. After compiling information about the soldiers from the National Archives, Lee submitted it to Representative William Harrison's office and the VFW Post was able to obtain the marble headstones.

Though the life of a soldier is always precarious, the 1874 Expedition proved less risky for the men than Custer's other campaigns. While the men doubtless suffered hardships that the officers did not, their general health was reported good. Only four of the many hundreds of infantry and cavalry died—none by enemy fire. The illness which caused the death of three of the soldiers was chronic diarrhea, supposedly caused from eating the hot, fresh game killed along the way. Modern concepts would contradict this. The ailment could have resulted from diseases such as typhoid, enteritis or tuberculosis, but the deaths of all three most likely resulted from an electrolyte imbalance caused by severe loss of fluids and the continued journey under a merciless summer sun—a diagnosis impossible at that time.

Records show that John Cunningham, of H Company, 7th Cavalry, had enlisted for five years on March 9, 1871, at Boston. Born in Bridgewater, John was 22 at time of enlistment and had previously worked as a teamster. He was a rather slight young man, five feet, eight and one-fourth inches tall, with fair hair, grey eyes and light complexion. Some time after the command left Fort Lincoln on July 2, John began feeling poorly, but, as the medical officer believed chronic diarrhea to be neither serious nor unique in the command, he was ordered back to duty. He stayed in the saddle during the march of July 17 but grew weaker and found it harder to mount after rest periods. According to one report, John fell from his horse on July 20 and died near midnight in the camp on Beaver Creek, Montana Territory. His body was wrapped in canvas and laid in the ambulance. According to

journals quoted in *Custer's Gold*, after John collapsed the medical officer, now convinced he was not fit for duty, had him placed in an ambulance where he rode until the night of the 21st to the Red Water Valley camp and there died. Professor Donaldson, in his report to the St. Paul press, added that the boy's illness was combined with acute pleurisy. Donald Jackson, author of *Custer's Gold*, thought the lad's death was a "result of the neglect of the men claiming to be doctors." Moreover, any medical treatment may have been of the homeopathic variety which expounded that "like cures like."

But, whether John died at Beaver Creek Camp or at Red Water Valley, whether from disease or neglect, his death surely saddened his comrades of the expedition.

The shooting of Private George Turner of Company M the next morning was the culmination of a long feud. George, called "Joseph" in Donaldson's report, was born at Springfield, Ohio, in 1847. He enlisted at age 22 on November 24, 1869, at St. Louis, Missouri. As he listed his occupation as soldier, this was probably his second enlistment. George had blue eyes, brown hair, a fair complexion and was five feet, eight and one-half inches tall. He and William Roller had soldiered together for four years and nine months and had quarreled and fought much of the time. On the morning of July 22 William's temper flared over one of George's pranks. George had cross-hobbled Roller's horse so it couldn't walk without falling. Though the deserved confrontation had been brewing for years, George was unprepared when the furious Roller drew on him. He fumbled for his pistol which was not in its usual position and was shot at close range. Seriously wounded, he was placed in an ambulance for the 23-mile ride to the evening camp about four and a half miles due east of Inyan Kara Mountain. In spite of his wounds he got little sympathy for he had few friends.

As the train reached camp, Turner died. A post-mortem examination made by Dr. Williams showed that the wound must have resulted in death regardless of treatment. William Roller was placed under arrest to be turned over to the civil authorities for trial when the Expedition returned to headquarters.

Professor Donaldson's description of the burial is here quoted in full:

Upon a knoll, within the limits of the camp, a broad grave was dug. In the evening at a quarter to nine o'clock the whole regiment, by companies, was called into line to attend the burial of both soldiers. First in the procession was the band; second, an ambulance bearing the dead; third, the companies of which the deceased were members; fourth, other companies; fifth, regimental staff officers and civilians.

As the solemn cortège marched across the campus the band played a mournful dirge. A hollow square was formed about the grave. Side by side the two bodies were lowered into the vault. By the light of a lantern the funeral service was read. A platoon of soldiers then stepped to the edge of the grave and fired three successive volleys.

The dead heeded not. A trumpeter then came up and blew loud and long. No response came! He then blew the call, 'Day is closed, light put out.' The grave was then filled. As the placid moon and twinkling stars looked down upon the solemn scene, slowly and sadly we left the dead alone, 'to sleep the sleep that knows no waking.'

To hide the grave from the desecrating savages who would soon come prowling around, its surface was leveled off and a fire was kept burning upon it all the next day. A thousand thoughts 'come crowding up for utterance,' but we forbear and leave the reader to moralize upon this painful drama of real life.

Dick and Lucille Dumbrill's son, Doug, had sounded retreat and assembly to get passengers back into the busses at the various stops and now as Mrs. Thorpe concluded her story of the burial of the two ill-fated privates, from high above on a distant hillside, the sound of "Taps" drifted softly over a hushed band of listeners.

Clouds had been gathering ever since the members of the Trek left Sundance, and by 3 o'clock, when the party pulled out from the Inyan Kara stop, the skies were becoming ever darker. At about 3:30 when they arrived at Floral Valley the rain had become a reality. The busses waited along the highway until the rain eased, then pulled into the valley.

FLORAL VALLEY

by

Mabel Brown

The Custer Expedition of 1874, about which we have been hearing today, camped at this site 100 years ago on July 24 and 25.

It is unfortunate that this year is one of the driest in the history of the area. Because of this you will not see the valley in the beauty which inspired Brevet Major General George Armstrong Custer to send out a telegram of more than 1200 words describing the glories of nature which he observed.

May I quote from an account of the expedition in the *Black Hills Engineer* of November, 1929?

"This valley supplied with fine spring water contained the greatest profusion of wild flowers in almost incredible numbers and varieties. General Custer, because of this called it 'Floral Valley.'

"The party found here an old and deeply cut lodge trail running up the valley and, halting the command, the valleys leading out of Floral Valley were explored. The trail was said to be an old Voyageur Pack Trail and was one of the regular routes between the hostile camp on the Tongue River and the Agencies. Near the high point many old camps and abandoned lodge poles were found."

Ludlow says, "The flowers here were if anything, more abun-

dant that when they entered the valley and wooded and open country seemed about equally distributed.

"All the vegetation was luxuriant and fresh and we had no doubt that a portion at least of the park country we were in search of had been reached," he said. He continued to describe the beauty saying that a more beautiful wild country could not be imagined. Signs of bear and deer abounded and the woods frequently resounded with the clamorous cry of the crane.

The entire regiment reveled for a time in the delights of the place, the soldiers festooning their hats and the bridles of their horses with flowers while the band which accompanied the Expedition, seated on an elevated rock ledge, played "Garry Owen," "The Mocking Bird," "Il Trovatore," "Artists Life," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and other tunes.

In his report Professor Donaldson said, "In this valley every sound is echoed from the timbered borders and the mountain sides. The report of a rifle seems as loud as that of artillery on the plains. The music of the band was wierd and fascinating, it seemed to come from the caves of concealed genii and the fancy suggested the haunts of the muses. No wonder the Indians have strange superstitions in regard to such fairy dells and think them the homes of departed spirits."

Of this valley, Custer himself said, "This valley presented the most wonderful as well as beautiful aspect. Its equal, I have never seen; such too was the testimony of all who beheld it. In no private park, have I ever seen such a profusion of flowers. Every step of our march that day was amid flowers of exquisite color and perfume. So luxurious were they that the men picked them without dismounting from their saddles. Some belonged to strange and unclassified species. It was strange to look back and see the advancing columns of cavalry and behold the men with beautiful bouquets of flowers in their hands while the headgear of their horses was decorated with wreaths fit to crown the Queen of the May. Deeming it a most fitting appellation, I named it Floral Valley.

"General Forsythe at one of our halting places plucked 17 beautiful flowers of different species within a space of 20 feet. . . At the mess table, one of the officers suggested that it be determined how many different flowers could be plucked without leaving our seats at the dinner table. Seven different varieties were thus gathered!

"Professor Donaldson estimated the number of flowers in bloom at 50 while an equal number of varieties had already bloomed or were yet to bloom." The number of grasses, trees and shrubs was estimated at 25, making the total flora of the valley 125 species. "Through this valley," Custer continued, "wanders a stream so cold as to render ice undesirable even at noonday."

All of the reports of the Expedition were filled with the beauty of the valley.

The reports of Donaldson, Custer and the others were not exaggerations. I, myself, have 450 slides of wild flowers, counting flowering shrubs, all of which were taken in this very area. There are more than 2000 flowering plants in Wyoming and most of them can be found in or near this valley.

From Floral Valley the Expedition traveled toward the Cold Springs Creek camp, pausing for refreshments at the Buckhorn store.

The rain had come down quite hard and the turn-off to the Cold Springs campsite was boggy. The first bus slipped into an especially muddy spot and for a time it looked as if that place might become a 1974 campsite. The next bus, however, pulled the first one out, and the trek was continued to Cold Springs.

In this lovely valley, an extension of Floral Valley, the travelers stopped to enjoy the scenery and to hear a paper.

COLD SPRINGS CAMP

by

James Fletcher

In addition to the purely military reasons for undertaking the 1874 Black Hills Expedition, extensive plans were made to make scientific notations. These were to be primarily records of mineralization, drainage and topography, geology, water sources, vegetation and other resources. The scientific branch of the Expedition, therefore, was equipped with odometers, transits, sextants, a barometer, thermometers and chronometers.

In addition, the unit had doctors, veterinarians, a geologist, a paleontologist, a botanist and a photographer. The photographer made over 800 pictures, but only a few were turned over to the army for their records. The balance were printed for commercial use and most have since been lost.

Each day the unit engineers took compass readings along the route and transit readings to develop a system of bearings. Two odometers attached to wheels of separate vehicles indicated the mileage.

At each campsite the sextant and chronometers were used to determine latitude and longitude. These readings together with the compass-transit courses were used to develop a map of the area. The altimeter provided elevation readings wherever desired and added to the map information. The map made from these procedures was not intended to be very accurate but it gave a good general picture. At least one elevation was considerably in error—that of Harney Peak. But such an error could be expected when

an altimeter is subject to atmospheric "highs" and "lows" and to pressure changes caused by wind.

In addition to engineering data a large amount of geological and topographic information was recorded. The Expedition was well organized and provided a wealth of information about the Black Hills. Men of the unit were proud of their achievement.

May I ask how many people in the assembly here have ever driven horses or mules pulling a heavy, steel-wheeled wagon? Do you remember the hard work, dirt, sweat, and long hours involved in traveling any distance in summertime heat? Only such personal experience can give one insight into the ordeal of Custer's Expedition.

As is apparent in the various reports, the Custer Expedition was accompanied by a band which not only played marching music but entertained the men with tunes of the day. The Expedition of 1974 was also treated to the old musical favorites. A group of Newcastle High School students under the direction of Tim Thompson played "Garry Owen," the favorite of the Seventh Cavalry, "The Blue Danube," "Listen to The Mocking Bird," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and other selections popular in 1874.

Players were Jeannie and Patty Piana, JeriCay Boulden, Rene Lane, Deedee Caillier, Cindy Koski, Brad Hokanson, Doug and Clarke Dumbrell, Brant Williams, Paul Bower and band director Thompson.

The air was fresh and cool after the summer rain and it was with some reluctance that the Cold Springs Camp was left behind. Following the Castle Creek drainage area mentioned by Custer Expedition reports, the road again followed the Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail until the highway at Four Corners came into view.

A dinner at the Flying V Cambria Inn concluded the day's activities. Maurine Carley had been introduced and honored at the noon stop at Sundance. At the evening meal at the "V" she was presented with a five-gallon cream can by Mary Capps of the Anna Miller Museum in Weston County.

Already the question is "Where will we go next year?" Wherever it is, it will be exciting. Following these trails is one of the most "fun" activities of the historical society.

Book Reviews

Travels in North America, 1822-1824. By Paul Wilhelm, Duke of Wurttemberg. Trans. by W. Robert Nitske. Ed. by Savoie Lottinville. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1973) Index, Illus. 456 pp. \$20.00.

In 1822 Paul Wilhelm, Duke of Wurttemberg was 25 years old, with a sound training in natural science, and an urge to travel, observe and collect biological specimens. His first trip to the Western Hemisphere took place between October of 1822 and February of 1824. However, the report of his trip, *Erste Reise nach dem nordlichen Amerika in den Jahren 1822 bis 1824*, was not published until 1835 after his second trip, to which he makes occasional reference in this work. An earlier translation, without historic or scientific annotation, appeared in *South Dakota Historical Collections*, XIX (1938).

Sailing from Hamburg on October 17 the duke reached New Orleans on December 21, 1822. Two weeks later he left for a short visit to Cuba and returned to New Orleans on March 4. He then took a steamer to Bayou Sara, upriver from Baton Rouge. Here he visited several plantations ranging from elegant to quite poverty stricken and collected zoological and botanical specimens. As he could not obtain passage on a steamer for St. Louis, the duke sailed on April 10 for Shippingport at the Falls of the Ohio and paid a short visit to Louisville. On April 24 passage for St. Louis was finally obtained.

With a number of letters of introduction the Duke had a pleasant stay in St. Louis and was given passage on a keel boat of the Missouri Fur Company bound for the company's factory near Council Bluffs with supplies—largely gun powder. He arrived late July and a few days later Duke Paul visited Fort Atkinson some two miles distant. From Council Bluffs he traveled on, by land, to Fort Recovery, the trading post of Joshua Pilcher near the mouth of the White River in present-day South Dakota, and to Fort Kiowa held by the French Missouri Company. Blocked from continuing upriver by the fighting, some two weeks previous, between Colonel Henry Leavenworth's punitive expedition and two Arikara villages, the duke returned by water to Council Bluffs. Here Colonel Leavenworth provided a military escort for a side trip to villages of Otos and Sioux in the Platte River valley. On October 2, 1823 Paul Wilhelm started his homeward trip. He traveled by keel-boat to St. Louis, then by river steamer to New Orleans, and by brig from New Orleans on December 24, landing in Hamburg almost five months from the time he left Fort Atkinson.

As a natural scientist the duke reported on the animal and plant

specimens he noted and compared the climatic conditions to which he was exposed to those of Europe. His interests were not limited to scientific matters but ranged far and wide, encompassing nearly everything he saw or heard. He commented that Negro slavery should be abolished, but gradually so as not to disrupt the economy and society. He foretold the development of the upper Mississippi basin as "the theater of the New World." He was quite complimentary in his comments on the United States Army and of the national government's attitudes and endeavors toward the Indians. At one point the narrative digresses into a five-page discussion of the religious sects in the country. Early in the trip his comments on frontier society are about what one would expect from a youthful European aristocrat but as time went on he came to ignore, or accept, the crudities of the frontier people and their living conditions.

The journey from Hamburg to Cuba and back to New Orleans takes 84 pages of the text. From New Orleans to St. Louis via Shippingport covers 98 pages. From St. Louis to Ft. Kiowa and return home occupies 231 pages. Considering the usual difficulty of translating German into easy-reading English, Nitske had done a fine job. Annotations by Lottinville cover both scientific and historic matters. Twenty-four illustrations are provided; eleven are by Charles Bird King, Carl Bodmer and George Catlin. One signature of eight watercolors was done by Rosshirt from descriptions by the duke.

The book is handsomely printed and bound but has one serious weakness. Being a narrative of travel the maps provided are completely inadequate. A one-page map covers the area from New Orleans to Shippingport and Fort Kiowa and can give only the roughest outline of the duke's travels. The reproduction of Paul Wilhelm's map of Louisiana, inserted for historiographic reasons, is so detailed as to be nearly useless. It is a mystery why the detailed map of the area of Kaskaska, Illinois, and Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, is on page 364 when mention of the area, in the text, is on page 175. There should be some half dozen maps which would allow the reader to follow the wanderings in detail.

Because of lack of scientific annotation in the earlier translation this work has been practically unknown to biologists of various disciplines who are interested in the historic distribution of plant and animal life. With this new edition it should be a useful reference. To the historian, here are observations by a well educated foreigner of conditions in the very early Trans-Mississippi West. This is a valuable book.

*Assistant Editor
Arizona and the West*

HENRY P. WALKER

The American Territorial System. Edited by John Porter Bloom. (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1973) 248 pp. \$10.00.

How did America's territorial government develop? Were territorial governments consistent with Democratic and Republican principles? What of the quality of political leaders in the territories? How does our present administration of territories differ from 19th century administration? These are some of the questions dealt with in *The American Territorial System*, a collection of papers edited by John Porter Bloom, specialist in Western history at the National Archives and Records Service.

Mr. Bloom, who has to his credit the editorship of *The Territorial Papers of the United States*, has made use of a series of papers delivered by scholars attending a 1969 National Archives conference devoted almost exclusively to the political developments of territorial history from the Confederation period to the 1960s. While the reader will not find any raw sagas of life on the frontier, he will be introduced to the views of recognized scholars seeking to unravel the political evolution of our nation's territorial government.

The reader first becomes aware of Jefferson's contributions to the early formation of territorial government, and the constitutional principles underlying the Ordinance of 1785 and the historic Northwest Ordinance. Changes in the political administration of the territories have been traced to the Civil War, followed by a review of territorial officials, land survey policies, and politics during the last quarter of the 19th century. The reading concludes with a summary of the changes in territorial administration during the 20th century, and the parting comment: "Where do we go from here?"

A definite high point in the reading comes with the assessment of Senator Stephen Douglas' role as chairman of the Senate's Committee on Territories. One scholar portrays Douglas, committee chairman from 1847 to 1857, as an innovator in territorial government who attempted to extend greater independence to the territories as demonstrated in his doctrine of popular sovereignty. If such a view casts Douglas as a friend of westerners, a less charitable interpretation is presented of the Illinois senator by another scholar who flatly asserts that "none of Douglas' innovations altered the system."

The archivist-historian will welcome the periodic inclusion within the reading of sources that have been used and misused by historians to unlock territorial history. Even the physical dimensions of history have been presented as we find that one set of papers comprises 1146 volumes and occupies 325 linear feet in the Archives, while another set of records promises only three inches of history, etc.

Perhaps one of the most rewarding aspects of Bloom's editorial

work has been the attention given to current historical interpretation. While one scholar contends that territorial officials were generally sincere and effective administrators, another scholar refutes such thinking in a case study of Utah territorial courts, stating, "The men appointed to the supreme court in Utah were political hacks who had worn out their welcome at home and were appointed out West to get rid of them . . ." Carpetbag government no less!

One historian eruditely claims that settlement was held up in the western territories by land survey policies that retarded development, and that eastern and midwestern attitudes can be blamed for these policies. Another writer in the series of readings points out that a one-party or no-party system was most characteristic of territorial politics after the Civil War. Relying on a study of New Mexico's territorial governor George Curry who was appointed to that position in 1907, one historian examines the expanding power of the territorial governor at the beginning of the twentieth century. In consequence, one realizes that territorial government was more than simply a prelude to statehood; and that change, even though spontaneous rather than systematic, marked the evolution of territorial government.

Slightly disappointing has been the sparseness of editorial commentary by Bloom. More complete introductions to the readings would have strengthened the book and added to the reader's knowledge of the continuity of territorial history.

While some readers may be annoyed by the book's attention to the proceedings and discussions of that 1969 conference, the scholarly and well-documented quality of Bloom's book will appeal to all who are seriously interested in discovering the political foundations of territorial expansion.

Eastern Wyoming College

DON HODGSON

The Overland Trail. To California in 1852. By Herbert Eaton.
(New York: Capricorn Books. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1974.)
Illus. 330 pp. \$8.95.

Epic journeys hold a special place in the history and literature of civilized mankind. The Greek origins of western civilization focus on the struggles portrayed in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Determination and struggle occupy a dominant position in the settlement, growth, and maturation of this nation. Until industrialization became so much a part of America's life-style, the movement west molded the American character.

By using the pioneers' words, Herbert Eaton presents a light yet meaningful account of the tragedy and hardships endured by emigrants destined for the gold fields in California and Zion in Salt

Lake City. The expert interweaving of several diary accounts results in a flowing episode of advance along the Overland Trail in 1852. Many thousands sacrificed family bonds, personal safety, and security in an ordered society to reach for the economic and spiritual opportunities available in the Far West.

Stark reality, not romance, fills the pages of emigrant diaries. Lured by the call of Brigham Young, thousands of "Saints" found the Great Plains treacherous and even harmful to spiritual purity. Instead of faithfully observing Sundays as restful, religious days, the emigrants often had to place religious worship second to mileage. Traveling companions frustrated by swollen streams, a lack of wood, and prairie heat fell to feuding over whether resting on the Lord's Day was necessary or a sinful waste of time. Addison Crane complained of "The most horrid profanity and degrading vulgarity of obscenity of language" as being "nearly universal." The long, arduous days of slow movement in a hostile environment heightened tensions and undermined the most civilized traits. Out of necessity fastidious women grew accustomed to loading themselves down with the fuel of the plains—buffalo chips.

Practicality meant survival to the thousands moving west along the Overland Trail in 1852. Civilized virtues succumbed grudgingly for as one correspondent bluntly put it: "To enjoy such a trip (to California) along with such a crowd of emigration, a man must be able to endure heat like a salamander, mud and water like a muskrat, dust like a toad, and labor like a Jackass." As in most other situations money provided the key and not Christian charity; without money the emigrant could not obtain supplies, fix a broken wagon, or be floated across dozens of rushing rivers. At every step of the way con artists or "scalpers" preyed upon the weary emigrant. Considerable fortunes must have been made by toll collectors and ferry operators when they demanded, in some cases, a fee of five dollars per wagon and fifty cents per person and animal to provide transportation across the raging river. Except for sickness, which usually was diagnosed as cholera, the greatest danger encountered crossing the Great Plains was drowning, so emigrants wisely paid inflated prices to ferry operators.

California-bound pioneers quickly realized that after crossing the Great Plains they had encountered only the first of many great obstacles. Fortunate Mormons who terminated their westward advance at Salt Lake City escaped the drudgery and misery of the Great Basin desert and the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Eaton's *The Overland Trail* tells of human struggle and hope as does John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. The times and circumstances differ but whether the emigrants be destitute "Okie" sharecroppers of the 1930s or Illinois farmers of the 1850s, California seemed the land of glistening opportunity. But the road to opportunity was littered with broken friendships, graves and misery. Despite the apparent hopelessness of the situation the human

spirit remained firm. Those pessimistic about the survival of the human race in the midst of nuclear threats, food shortages and pollution would do themselves considerable justice to read *The Overland Trail* and *The Grapes of Wrath*. As long as the will to survive and endure remains, we need not fear passing into obscurity.

The strengths of this book by far outweigh a few minor inconveniences the reader has to bear. I was anxious to pinpoint the location of the emigrants but was unable to do so since the only map available was very general. More specific maps would add considerably, especially for those who live in the vicinity of *The Overland Trail* and desire to more exactly relate landmarks with travel accounts. I could only guess at the location of often-mentioned places as Kanesville, Mormon Ferry, and City of the Rocks. However, Eaton has performed an excellent job of letting the emigrants tell their own stories. Only rarely does the author interject clarifying or transitional statements. Thus *The Overland Trail* succeeds in telling how the movement west actually took place, and avoids telling it how popular writers think it should have happened.

An inexpensive paperback edition of this book is something I eagerly await. High school and college history teachers will find this book an invaluable aid since more students today want to know the realities of the past.

Laramie County Community College

JAMES R. JOHNS

The Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association: Federal Regulation and the Cattleman's Last Frontier. By William W. Savage, Jr. (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1973). Maps. Bib. Index. 150 pp. \$8.50.

In concise, direct language focusing on the operation of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association, William Savage examines the interrelationships of cattlemen, homesteaders, Indians, and the federal government from 1883 to 1893. The interaction of this quartet of disparate elements permits Savage to offer insights into the post-Civil War Indian and land policies of the federal government. In the process, Savage examines the role of the federal bureaucracy as it relates to ranchers and Indians as businessmen. Some incidental observations are also made about the stereotyped violent encounters between cattlemen and homesteaders.

From the beginning the Association was an anomaly—an organization coming into existence in response to bureaucratic encroachments by the federal government in an era when government regulations were uncommon. This organization's efforts to secure and retain leases to land in the Cherokee Outlet provided the

catalyst for the interaction of the Cherokee Nation, the federal government, and land hungry homesteaders. Finally with the sale of the Cherokee Outlet, the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association lost its reason for existence. Cattlemen, while continuing their ranching activities, turned to other business pursuits or expanded those in which they were already involved.

Yet it was not the cattlemen who lost in this ten-year cycle of moves and countermoves. The sale of the Cherokee Outlet by the federal government marked the end of Cherokee sovereignty. For the Cherokee Nation the maintenance of this revenue-producing land and the ability to manipulate the cattlemen with the federal government looking on was a manifestation of independence at a time when the loss of sovereignty by other Indians was already established fact.

This book is admirably brief and direct. It is also an important book since the study of the Cherokee Live Stock Association permits scrutiny of the end of an era—the close of the rancher's dominance of the West, the demise of Cherokee national sovereignty, and the role of the federal bureaucracy in the development of the West. Savage successfully challenges the Turnerian image of the "cattlemen-as-individualists" since ranchers in this instance relied strongly on the due process of law in preference to direct, personal (and possibly violent) action in potentially explosive situations. By extension Savage also challenges Edward Everett Dale's interpretation of the role of the Association. Here, too, Savage is convincing.

One other aspect which contributes to the success of this book is its design. Savage's publisher deserves commendation for deviating from the usual practice of placing footnotes at the bottom of the page. In this instance, no doubt prompted by the compactness of the text, footnotes are placed to the side of the text. While facilitating uninterrupted reading, this practice is aesthetically pleasing.

This book is highly recommended to professional historians and laymen who should find it stimulating and informative reading.

University of Kansas

LOUIS GEORGE GRIFFIN III

The Last West. A History of the Great Plains of North America.
By Russell McKee. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1974). Index. Bib. Illus. 312 pp. \$8.95.

The title proclaims this volume to be a history of the Great Plains; however, it is not a scholarly, carefully documented, or balanced treatment and does not utilize new materials which add to the historical record of the region. Russell McKee states that

his "original idea was to write a descriptive book for those who would rather read about the region than have to travel through it." But, "as the project progressed, it changed . . . and far from remaining a descriptive text, it comes out as it should: a book of stories about people and their response to an unusual landscape." With an eye toward the potential tourist, McKee has written a journalistic narrative comprised of historical fragments he found of interest.

McKee attacks the definition of the Great Plains advocated by Walter Prescott Webb as too simple and inclusive and that by Nevin M. Fenneman as too detailed. Unfortunately, McKee's definition might be characterized as too nebulous, being that "living assemblage of constantly changing natural units—landforms, plant types, and human and animal habitats—all lying on a strip of ground 400 to 600 miles wide and 2000 miles long just east of the Rocky Mountains." This area distinguished by "variety, movement, and surprising differences" is so vaguely defined that it truly is an "uneasy totality."

Serious students of the region's history will be disappointed by the numerous errors. Regional readers will be surprised to learn that Cabeza de Vaca lived the end of his life in royal favor and that Lewis and Clark, because of Sacajawea's nationality, hired Charbonneau as a cook. The inaccurate assertion that along the Oregon Trail "the large number of travelers clearly lowered the frequency of Indian clashes" is typical and forces careful consideration of other generalizations. A ready tendency to exaggerate is illustrated by the author's title for his chapter on the Louisiana Purchase, "The World's Biggest Real Estate Swindle." Careless mistakes mar the book. While the appendix lists the Badlands National Monument as a major attraction, it does not appear on the map of "Major Geographical Features of the Great Plains Region;" the text states that "as late as 1735, there were no horses north and east of the Missouri River," but on the map indicating the "Northward Diffusion of Horses into the Great Plains" the Northern Cheyenne are located in Minnesota and the Sioux in eastern South Dakota with horses as early as 1700.

The book lacks balance. The bulk of the volume is devoted to early exploration and recent history is so briefly treated that the Custer battle occurs only 40 pages from the end of the text. This imbalance produces an inadequate history of the Great Plains after the early nineteenth century. Treatment of the cattle industry is sketchy and events such as the Johnson County War are not mentioned. Territorial politics are so neglected that studies such as those by Howard Lamar and Lewis Gould are not included in the bibliography. Although the Indian wars receive some treatment, there is no mention of the Red Cloud War and the story of Wounded Knee is told without mention of the Ghost Dance. Consideration of the twentieth century is limited to a somewhat pessi-

mistic essay on problems such as erosion, water shortages, strip mining and their future implications.

To find merits in a book which lacks careful definition of its topic, contains errors and exaggerations, lacks balance and has major omissions is a difficult task. It appears that the author and publisher could have provided a more accurate and balanced survey of the history of the Great Plains and maintained a popular style with appeal to the general public and potential tourist.

Dakota Wesleyan University

JAMES D. MC LAIRD

Cheyenne and Sioux. The Reminiscences of Four Indians and a White Soldier. Compiled by Thomas B. Marquis. Edited by Ronald H. Limbaugh. (Stockton, Calif.: Pacific Center for Western Historical Studies, Monograph Number Three, 1973). Index. Illus. 79 pp.

This is a precious little book. Well, it is not really a book—it is the transcription of four short interviews with individual Cheyenne and Sioux and one reminiscence of a white cook for Indian scouts. The entire text is 72 pages, and both its brevity and its content are a welcome addition to our library of source materials on the plains Indian and the corrosive contact of white man's civilization with them.

All of the interviews were with Dr. Marquis in the 1920s, and two of them are essentially reprints of articles he first published in *Century Magazine*. Mr. Ronald Limbaugh, who edited this monograph, is a perceptive, analytical historian in his own right, and in this instance he has chosen not to force these individual stories into a narrative but to let them speak with their own plain eloquence.

The most impressive story in this collection is "Iron Teeth, a Cheyenne Woman." Born in 1834, "in the moon when the berries are ripe," she gives us the wrenching, first-hand account of the 1877 displacement and forced march of the Northern Cheyenne from Dakota to a reservation in Oklahoma and their return flight for which Mari Sandoz gives an admirable fictionalized account in *Cheyenne Autumn*. Iron Teeth's portrayal of the fear, starvation and freezing death is made all the more poignant by her quiet narration.

We read short, even cryptic, but still startling eye-witness accounts, previously unpublished, of such important events as the Sand Creek Massacre, Wounded Knee and the death of Sitting Bull. For instance, the personal narrative "A Cheyenne Old Man" briefly recounts the Battle of Little Big Horn and Fetterman's Massacre and characterizes both troops as actually having killed themselves in those battles when they perceived their desperate

situation. This reinforces a claim which Marquis made in *Wooden Leg, a Warrior Who Fought Custer*.

In all these related experiences we feel a personal absorption with the Indian-White cultural clash of the 19th century and the same kind of individualized empathy which we experienced in *Black Elk Speaks*, *Wooden Leg* or *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*.

Northwest Community College

ROY JORDAN

Dear Ellen. Two Mormon Women and Their Letters. By S. George Ellsworth. (Salt Lake City: Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, 1974). Index. 92 pp. \$12.

There is something universal in the lives of the two Mormon women, both named Ellen, who exchanged letters in the 1850s. There is romance in their talk of "bygone days," of love and of marriage, children, and friends. These personal letters reveal the sharp realities of birth, death, hardship and disappointments that come to all of us.

There is also something unique in this slim volume, especially to the non-Mormon. Several letters contain passages that are confessional in nature. They disclose a wife's reaction to her husband bringing home an additional wife, the fear aroused over the possibility of the State of Deseret going to war against the United States, and a family's solidarity when the father goes to prison in defense of his beliefs and life style.

S. George Ellsworth, a professor of history at Utah State University, has bound the letters together with great skill. The Mormon zeal for genealogy and reverence for the past are the foundation for the story. The author has selected poems written by the Ellens, used passages from diaries of their contemporaries, and interwoven a narrative to place the seven letters in historical perspective. All is in its proper place, solid and well documented. The fabric reminds me of a colorful and carefully stitched patchwork quilt.

Ellen Spencer Clawson and Ellen Pratt McGary were typical Mormon women. They had been childhood friends in Nauvoo, Illinois; they spent the winter of 1844-1845 in Winter Quarters; and had crossed the plains to Salt Lake City in the same caravan. Then their lives separated.

Ellen Pratt accompanied her father and mother on a Mormon mission to the Society Islands where she learned the language and became a favorite of the Polynesians. After returning to the United States, she married and settled in a rural community in southern Utah. Many thought she married beneath her station.

Ellen Spencer married Hiram B. Clawson, who became Brigham

Young's personal business manager, a leading merchant, bishop, and diplomatic missionary for the Mormon church. He was an amateur actor and played a dynamic role in the founding of the business and cultural community in Salt Lake City.

The book clearly delineates two patterns of Mormon family life. The Hiram Clawson family of Salt Lake City, with four wives and 42 children, was at the hub of history. Ellen Clawson was the first wife; she enjoyed social position and creature comforts available in the capital of Mormonism but shared her husband's love with three other wives. Ellen Pratt McGary's life in the outposts was in sharp contrast. Although she had "love in a cottage" with one husband, her life was harsh and her circumstances pinched and plain.

In spite of the differences in life style, the two Ellens were bound together by past remembrances, the personal interconnections of their sect, and their shared religious convictions. Many references are made to parties centered around the church community. Both partook of all life had to offer, wherever they were.

I recommend this book to all interested in the details of family living on the frontier. It is informative, thought provoking, and above all, warm, human, and delightful.

Cheyenne

SHIRLEY E. FLYNN

Pat Garrett. The Saga of a Western Lawman. By Leon C. Metz. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1974). Index. Bib. Illus. 328 pp. \$8.95.

The frontier manhunter, the man who pursues and kills or captures a resourceful badman, has captivated the minds of Americans for decades. Leon C. Metz presents a biography of the most noted of the western lawmen, Patrick Floyd Garrett, the killer of Billy the Kid. Metz, who is archivist of the University of Texas Library at El Paso, is well known for biographies of other gunmen of the Southwest, *John Selman: Texas Gunfighter* (1966), and *Dallas Stoudenmire: El Paso Marshal* (1969).

Patrick Floyd Garrett sprang into prominence in New Mexico Territory in 1880 when, as sheriff and deputy United States marshal of Lincoln County, he broke up a notorious band of thieves and killed its leader, Billy the Kid. Garrett, who desired a reputation as an "hombre to be reckoned with," became, in the words of the author, the "best-known and the most feared and hated southwesterner of his time." Aside from a stint as a ranger (1884-1885) for a cattleman's association in Texas and an inglorious tenure as sheriff (1896-1900) of Dona Ana County, New Mexico, Garrett devoted most his time to unsuccessful business ventures. He fell deeply into debt, drank heavily, and pursued a loose social

life. On February 29, 1908, a young goat rancher, with whom Garrett had quarreled, shot and killed the old lawman.

The author displays a considerable amount of research and presents his facts in a lively and often entertaining style, although the book falls short of expectations in some areas. The writer describes United States Marshal John E. Sherman, Jr., Garrett's superior in the pursuit of Billy the Kid, as an incompetent alcoholic. A closer examination of the nature of Sherman's office would reveal that the marshal was merely a court officer. The Department of Justice, the agency in charge of the marshals, was not adequately equipped to conduct the pursuit of bandits. The author singles out Secret Serviceman Azariah Wild as the most energetic federal officer to pursue Billy the Kid. Yet, a White Oaks journalist thought differently when he observed that Wild had obligingly "told everyone of his [secret] business" in Lincoln County and was, in addition, "a rank coward." (see *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, January 9, 1881) The writer argues convincingly that Wayne Brazel, the murderer of Pat Garrett, was not a part of a conspiracy, but that Brazel killed him out of "hate and fear." However, it would be helpful to explore an obscure incident which involved Garrett and one Will Brazel in 1897, when Garrett was sheriff of Dona Ana County. The *Las Cruces Rio Grande Republican* of June 11, 1897, reported that Garrett and a deputy had recently arrested Brazel and others for the murder of a sheepherder near Three Rivers. The relationship of Will Brazel to Wayne, if any, is not known. In spite of these observations, this biography will remain for some time the standard treatment of the life of Pat Garrett. It renders useless the popular work of Richard O'Connor, *Pat Garrett: A Biography of the Famous Marshal and the Killer of Billy the Kid* (1960), although Metz fails to list this book in his bibliography. Many obscure photographs accentuate the value of Leon Metz's work.

Arkansas State University

LARRY D. BALL

Contributors

KAREN L. (MRS. CHARLES M.) LOVE received her M.A. in American Studies from the University of Wyoming in 1972. Her undergraduate work was at Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio, where she earned her B. A. in 1967. Academic awards received by Mrs. Love include a Coe Fellowship, University of Wyoming, 1970-1972. The study of J. B. Okie was her master's thesis for which she received assistance through a grant-in-aid from the Wyoming State Historical Society. She is presently a Learning Lab instructor at Western Wyoming Community College, and has previously taught high school English in Montana, Nevada and California.

FRED R. GOWANS, assistant professor of Indian Studies at Brigham Young University has previously had articles in western history published in Utah State Historical Quarterly and is awaiting publication of a book on the history of Fort Bridger. He received the Ph.D. in Western history at BYU in 1972. Dr. Gowans is a member of numerous professional organizations including Phi Alpha Theta, Western History Association and several western state historical societies including the Wyoming State Historical Society.

DORIS LANIER, a native of Georgia, received both her B.A. and M.A. degrees from Georgia Southern College. She has published in *Intellect* as well as *Georgia Historical Quarterly* and *Tennessee Historical Quarterly*. She is an English instructor at Georgia Southern College, Statesboro.

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